Jan. 4, 1982

# THE NEW YORKER

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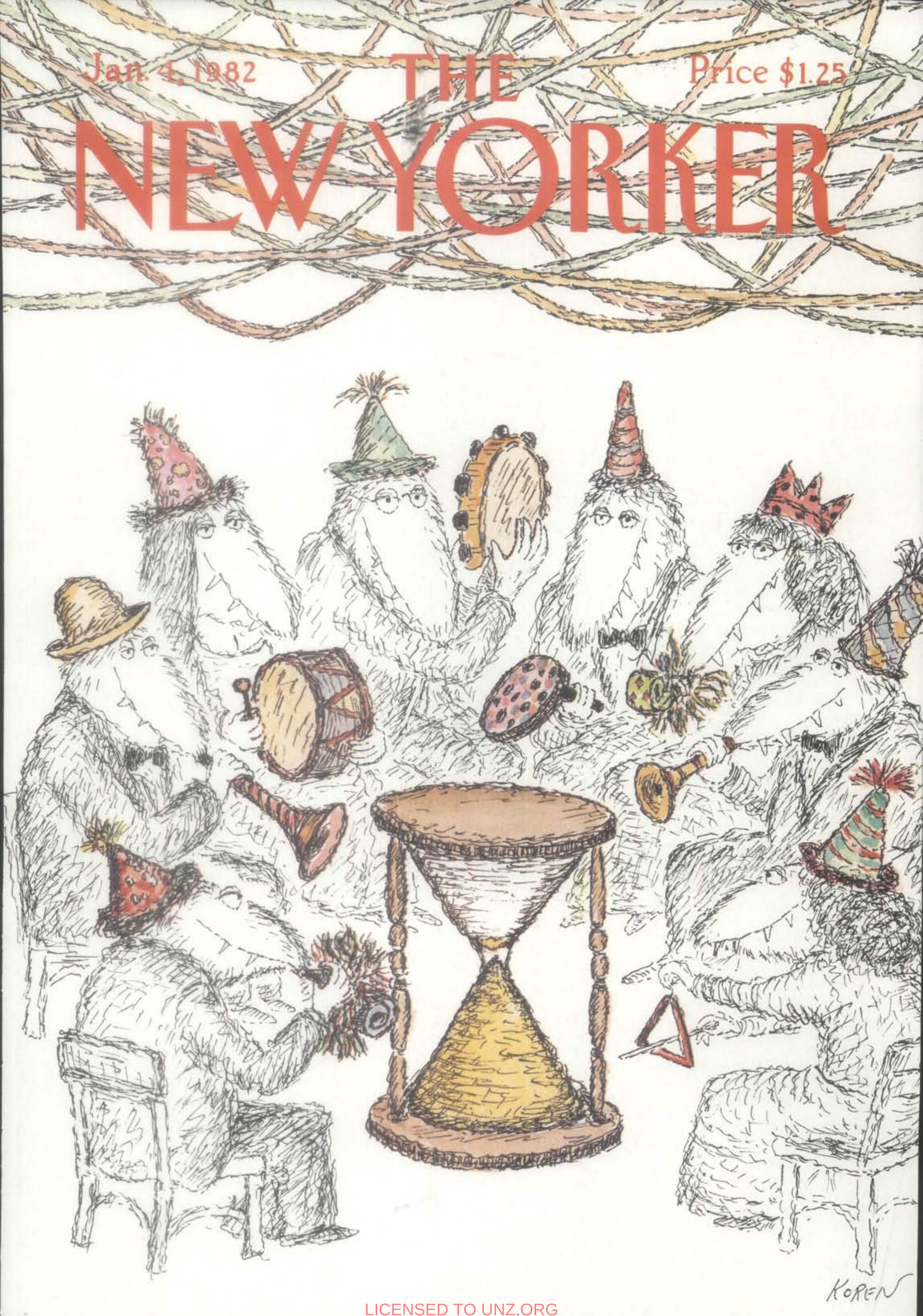

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Camelot**—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Also in the cast are Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**Candida**—One of Shaw's most charming plays, drained of wit and high spirits by a misguided director. Joanne Woodward merely survives in the title role; under happier circumstances, she might have triumphed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**The City Suite**—A musical entertainment by Keith Levenson, with a cast of nine. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday at 10 and Saturday at 8:30. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

**Cloud 9**—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, Veronica Castang, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Cotton Patch Gospel**—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Crimes of the Heart**—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. The cast is an ensemble as nearly perfect as one is ever likely to see. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Dreamgirls**—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Dresser**—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearean actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Duet for One**—An ineffectual little play about a woman violinist who has contracted multiple sclerosis and the psychoanalyst from whom she seeks help. With Anne Bancroft and Max von Sydow, who labor in vain. The author is Tom Kempinski. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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**Entertaining Mr. Sloane**—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Francis**—A musical based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi, by Joseph Leonardo (book), Stephen Jankowski (music), and Kenny Morris (lyrics). John Dossett has the title role. (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8, and New Year's Eve at 8. After a brief hiatus, the show will reopen on Tuesday, Jan. 12.)

**Grown Ups**—The title is satiric; all the characters in Jules Feiffer's latest play are emotionally under ten, however old they may be in chronological terms. Bob Dishy is sensationally good as an urban Jewish-American male on his way to total breakdown (12/21/81) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Head Over Heels**—A musical with a book by William S. Kilborne, Jr., and Albert T. Viola music by Mr. Viola, and lyrics by Mr. Kilborne. It is based on the play "The Wonder Hat," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht. With Beth Austin, Dennis Bailey John Cunningham, Gwyda DonHowe, and Charles Michael Wright. (Harold Clurman 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat**—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 18

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Key Exchange**—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Priscilla Lopez as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

**Kingdoms**—Napoleon and Pope Pius VII had a lot to talk about in the early years of the nineteenth century, but the playwright, Edward Sheehan, has failed to provide sufficient dramatic action to accompany their debate. In the cast are Armand Assante, Roy Dotrice, and Maria Tucci. (12/28/81) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration**—Two productions in a revival of sixteen plays and musicals that were originally presented during the sixties. Through Sunday, Jan. 10: **GODSPELL,** by John-Michael Tebelak and Stephen Schwartz. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, through Sunday, Jan. 10: **THE UNSEEN HAND,** by Sam Shepard. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

**Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music**—A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Jan. 2. After Sunday, Jan. 3, Miss Horne will take a two-week vacation and the show will reopen on Tuesday, Jan. 19.)

**The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby**—Dickens was simultaneously an accurate reporter of social evils and a sentimental fantasist, and both aspects of his genius are brilliantly manifested by the Royal Shakespeare Company's adaptation of his celebrated (but little-read) novel. Go at once. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets (if you can get them) are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesday at 2 and 7; Thursday and Friday at 7; and Saturday and Sunday at 2 and 7. Closes Sunday, Jan. 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 7:30: Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Dec. 31, Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288.)

**Magic Time**—A first play by James Sherman, set backstage at a small theatre in Chicago, where actors are about to go on in "Hamlet." The dialogue is mostly "inside" chatter, and there are many awkward moments, but there are some lively moments, too, and the young cast does well. (12/21/81) (Actors and Directors Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**March of the Falsettos**—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2.)

**Mass Appeal**—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C. Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

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**Miss Julie** and **Playing with Fire**—A Strindberg double bill. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Negro Ensemble Company**—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are very good, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**No End of Blame**—A play by Howard Barker. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, New Year's Eve, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 24.)

**Phoenix Theatre**—John Lithgow in a one-man show, **KAUFMAN AT LARGE,** adapted by him from the writings of George S. Kaufman. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Pump Boys and Dinettes**—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the good songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 8 and 11. Special performances Thursday, Dec. 31, at 11, and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3.)

**Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You** and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The Stronger** and **Hughie**—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3.)

**Tomfoolery**—A musical entertainment adapted from the music and lyrics of Tom Lehrer by Cameron MacKintosh and Robin Ray. With MacIntyre Dixon, Joy Franz, Jonathan Hadary, and Donald Corren. Directed by Gary Pearle and Mary Kyte. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Torch Song Trilogy**—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 869-3981. Final performances Wednesday, Dec. 30, and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 1-3, at 7:30.)

**Twelve Dreams**—A fantasy, by James Lapine, based on a case history of Jung's, about a little girl's self-destroying nightmares. The Jungian appurtenances are trying, but the script is expertly written, and the production, under Mr. L.'s direction, is rich and imaginative. The beautiful score was composed by Allen Shawn. With James Olson, Carole Shelley, Marcell Rosenblatt, Stefan Schnabel, Valerie Mahaffey, Thomas Hulce, and Olivia Laurel Mates (as the dreamer). All are good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Waltz of the Stork**—Melvin Van Peebles is the star, author, and director of a comedy with music. Previews through Sunday, Jan. 3. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 5. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The West Side Waltz**—Katharine Hepburn in a role tailored to her age and fame and not to her talents. Dorothy Loudon is adroitly comic in the chief supporting role (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Whistler**—John Cullum portrays James McNeill Whistler in a one-man show by Lawrence and Maggie Williams. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2:30 and 8; New Year's Eve at 7 and 10; New Year's Day at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 7 and 10; and final performance Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3.)

**Long Runs**—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Wood, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at

2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and Peter Evans play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Moves on Tuesday, Jan. 5, to the Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St., 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,016 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Eve, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and New Year's Eve at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 6, at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. On Tuesday, Jan. 5, Maurice Hines will take over for his brother. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:**

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Easy comfort belongs to this spring ensemble, with roots in French fashion of the 20's. From the Deauville Collection by Jantzen.

Nobody knows bodies better.

Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, *except Sundays, at 8.* Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

### MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—The annual Christmas show will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; New Year's Day at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30.)

**Big Apple Circus**—A one-ring circus in a heated tent in Damrosch Park. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. 860-7320. Final performances Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2 and 8; New Year's Eve at 8; New Year's Day and Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 6.)

**New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players**—Presenting a double bill of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. New Year's Eve at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 3 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 3, at 2 and 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 7-8, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 7. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

## DANCE

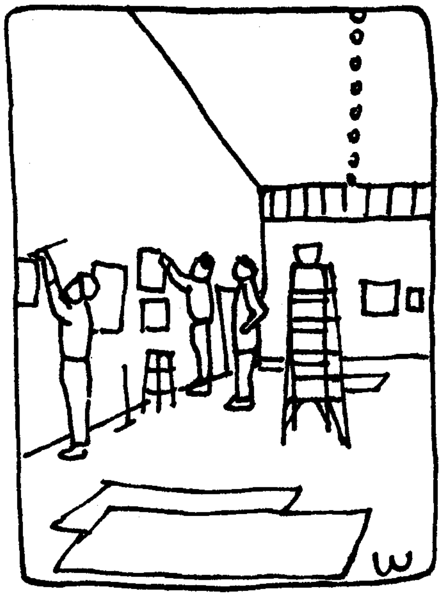
**New York City Ballet**—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2; Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 3, at 1 and 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "In G Major," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Duo Concertant," "Hungarian Gypsy Airs," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Andantino," "Capriccio Italien," and "Souvenir de Florence." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

**Pilobolus Dance Theatre**—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 2; Friday, Jan. 1, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3; and Thursday, Jan. 7, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Bonsai," "Walklyndon," "The Empty Suitor," "Monkshood's Farewell," and two solo dances. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2; and Tuesday, Jan. 5, and Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Ciona," "Walklyndon," "Shizen," "Untitled," and two solo dances. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31; Saturday, Jan. 2; and Wednesday, Jan. 6, all at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2: "Molly's Not Dead," "The Detail of Phoebe Strickland," "Day Two," and a solo dance. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

**Meredith Monk and Company**—A full-length work, "Specimen Days." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 10.)

**Holiday Festival of Dance**—New works and revivals by associated artists of the Theatre of the Open Eye, performed by choreographer/dancers Jean Erdman, Nancy Allison, Leslie Dillingham, Muna Tseng, Susan Tenney, and Rebecca Perrin. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8.)

**Riverside Dance Festival**—The Joyce Trisler Danscompany, the Mary Anthony Dance Theatre, the Pauline Koner Dance Consort, the Sophie Maslow Dance Company, the Alvin Ailey Repertory Dance Ensemble, and the Isadora Duncan Commemorative Dance Company, plus guest artists. (Theatre of the *Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St.* 864-2929. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 7:30.)



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## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is *therefore always advisable to call ahead.)*

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and stride pianist, will lead his trio; and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will take over the piano-bass duties. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **AL COHN** and **ZOOT SIMS,** longtime tenor-sax partners, copilot a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 3; and on Tuesday, Jan. 5, guitarist **TAL FARLOW,** who wandered out of semiretirement and onto the New York club circuit about a year ago—our good fortune—*will move in with his trio.* There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Dec. 30, intense, rhythmic, and vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER;** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 2, Flo & Eddie & the Raiders of the Lost Rock Band and Karla DeVito; Thursday, Jan. 7, British folkie Richard Thompson; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, folksinger **TOM PAXTON** and Interplay, an improvisational music and comedy ensemble. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine-thirty and one-thirty New Year's Eve. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a great hard-bop sideman and composer (he wrote a classic, "Freight Trane"), and Ella's accompanist for years, is working with bassist **RUFUS REID** through Saturday, Jan. 2. Music from *nine-forty-five.*

**Broadway Joe's,** 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

**Cachaça,** 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

**Café Pierre,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or, for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in New York. He's aided by his trusty sidekicks—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT**—in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, is in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Closed New Year's Day.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 30, the Rousers, China Choir, the Blenders, and Attention; Thursday, Dec. 31, Nitecaps, the Sirens, and Velveteen, with Lisa Burns; Friday, Jan. 1, the Stimulators; and Saturday, Jan. 2, the Same. Monday is showcase *night. Music long after nine-thirty.*

**City Limits,** 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, blues singer and songwriter **ALBERTA HUNTER** instructs audiences in the art of the blues innuendo. Sundays through Tuesdays, composer, singer, and pianist **ARTHUR SIEGEL** presents show tunes in medleys, one at a time, and precedes them with thorough, witty dossiers on their history. Mr. Siegel looks very much a product of the fifties—he has carefully combed wavy hair and horn-rimmed glasses and looks a great deal like Robert Q. Lewis. His performing style isn't self-indulgent or overbearing, and his arrangements are simple, unadorned, and straightforward—in short, perfect. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind, but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 30, the Irish Tradition and the Eagle Tavern Wren Boys; Thursday, Dec. 31, the

Lazy Aces String Band and Stivers & Becker with Ben Ford; Saturday, Jan. 2, the Lost World String Band; Sunday, Jan. 3, guitarist Guy Davis; Wednesday, Jan. 6, Louis Killen and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Jan. 7, Calle, Strade, Strasse; and Saturday, Jan. 9, Diamonds in the Rough. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

**Eddie Condon's**, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Jan. 3, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will be present along with trumpeter **TOM HARRELL**, saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**, bassist **BILL PEMBERTON**, and drummer **CONNIE KAY** from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

**Fat Tuesday's**, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, the master, is the current musical attraction. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Ginger Man**, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—made up of trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM**, guitarist **AL CASEY**, tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE**, trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS**, drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, bassists **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** (on Thursdays and Fridays) and **AL HALL** (on Saturdays), and pianist **GENE RODGERS**—goes at it at nine and ten-thirty on Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing will be added to the festivities on New Year's Eve, when the music will begin at ten.

**Greene Street**, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: pianist **JORGE DALTO** and his Latin-jazz combo through Saturday, Jan. 2; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** on Sunday, Jan. 3; bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** on Monday, Jan. 4; singer Carmen Lundy Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 5-6; and **SONNY FORTUNE**, the driving, hard-edged alto player, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

**Gregory's**, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman, from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins performing at ten; and Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to ten. Pianist Don Golson is at the piano from seven to ten nightly except Sundays.

**Griff's Plaza Café**, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists and bassists. Hummer-bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **VALERIE CAPERS** perform through Saturday, Jan. 2; on Tuesday, Jan. 5, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and still one of the best bop pianists, will arrive with a bassist. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Closed New Year's Day.

**Hanratty's**, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. Pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** plays just about everything that crosses his mind in a seamless stride style Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. Sunday and Monday, Jan. 3-4, have been set aside for pianist **RED RICHARDS**, whose hours will be from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

**Horn of Plenty**, 91 Charles St., at Bleecker St. (989-7727)—In the music room in this maze of dining rooms and floor levels, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** is presenting concert-style sets in which she plays piano and sings in her clear, unembellished, diminutive voice. She's here from six-thirty to eight on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, and Saturday, Jan. 2.

**Hors d'Oeuvrerie**, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays through Saturday, Jan. 2; on Tuesday, Jan. 5, pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** and his trio will come in. Music for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

**Jazzmania Society**, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Wednesday, Dec. 30, the Jazzmania All-Stars; Thursday, Dec. 31, a sextet that will feature guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, a tribute to the late jazz singer, Joe (Bebop) Carroll; Thursday, Jan. 7, **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his ten-piece band, **AMAZON**; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN'S** quartet. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays you'll hear even more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

**Jimmy Ryan's**, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed New Year's Day.

**Knickerbocker Saloon**, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Two good reasons—pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**—will perform until Monday, Jan. 4, and two more (pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER**) will turn up on Tuesday, Jan. 5. Music from ten.

**Lone Star Café**, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday, Dec. 30, rockabilly singer Robert Gordon; Thursday, Dec. 31, Shawn Colvin and Ralph Landis & Wildlife; Monday, Jan. 4, Doug Flynn, the singing second baseman. (He spends his winters performing onstage, occasionally with Loretta Lynn's band, but many people feel his most profound work is done in the summer in the wide open spaces between second and first.) Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

**Marty's**, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of baritone **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** through Saturday, Jan. 2. On Monday, Jan. 4, Barbara McNair will begin singing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty; only one show New Year's Eve, at ten. Dining.

**Michael's Pub**, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **DICK HYMAN'S PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY QUINTET** winds up its visit on Saturday, Jan. 2; on Tuesday, Jan. 5, pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, will take charge. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day.

**Mikell's**, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, Dec. 30, will belong to singer Clarice Taylor, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, to Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic electric violinist. Music from about ten until two.

**Other End**, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The **PERSUASIONS** sing some sublime street-corner a-cappella R. & B. through Thursday, Dec. 31. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

**Peacock Alley**, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

**Peppermint Lounge**, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday, Dec. 30, the Revelons; Thursday, Dec. 31, the Rockats, the Raybeats, and the Waitresses; Friday, Jan. 1, the Raybeats; and Saturday, Jan. 2, the Waitresses. Music from about midnight.

**Rainbow Room**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance septet are in their sixth year in this wonderful room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, Sundays from six to midnight, and from nine on New Year's Eve. Dining.

**Red Blazer Too**, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz**, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Thursday, Dec. 31, Joan Jett & the Blackhearts, and, later, at three A.M., Dec. 31, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, Kid Creole & the Coconuts; Monday, Jan. 4, the Donny Fury Band; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 6-8, Nils Lofgren; and Saturday, Jan. 9, the Shirts and the Rousers. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

**St. Regis-Sheraton**, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, the current tribute is one honoring Irving Berlin. It's entitled "They Say It's Wonderful," and it has a cast of four—Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Debbie Shapiro, and Terry Burrell. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

**Seventh Avenue South**, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Dec. 30, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN**; Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 2-3, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, bassist **WILL LEE**, pianist **KENNY KIRKLAND**, and others; Monday, Jan. 4, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, Jan. 5, Chuck Loeb; Wednesday, Jan. 6, Lisette Wilson; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, **AIR**—drummer **STEVE MC CALL**, bassist **FRED HOPKINS**, and saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL**—the avant-garde trio that plays red-hot ragtime. Music from nine-thirty. Closed New Year's Day.

**STAR AND GARTER**, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, drummer Vernel Fournier will head a trio; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and bassist **RON CARTER** will team up. Music from ten. Dining.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET** leads a quartet that features bassist **SLAM STEWART** through Saturday, Jan. 2; Sunday and Monday, Jan. 3-4, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will work with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **BILLY HART**; and on Tuesday, Jan. 5, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** will bring in bassist **RICHARD DAVIS**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **FREDDIE WAITS**, and tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**TRAMPS**, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). The schedule: **JOE TURNER**, the Kansas City blues shouter, New Orleans-style singer, Chicago-blues singer, and early rock-and-roll singer, is here through Saturday, Jan. 2; on Wednesday, Jan. 6, New Orleans-blues singer and pianist **COUSIN JOE** will arrive. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet, the **UPTOWN HORNS**, which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty. Closed New Year's Day.

**TRAX**, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 30, the Numbers and the Metromen; Thursday, Dec. 31, Marshall Crenshaw and **BUZZ & THE FLYERS**; Friday, Jan. 1, Catholic Girls, Chris Moffa, and Poptronics; Saturday, Jan. 2, the Nails and Neil Getz; Wednesday, Jan. 6, Candy Apple and Rhythm Method; Thursday, Jan. 7, the Locals; Friday, Jan. 8, Shrapnel; and Saturday, Jan. 9, Robert Hazard & the Heros and Blotto. Music after eleven. Dancing.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—New Year's Eve in the Top of the Gate will see dancing to guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his quartet and to saxophonist **HAROLD VICK**; from eleven. In the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform; on New Year's Eve, after eleven, percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will be on hand with singer La Lupe and the Latin band of Luis (Perrico) Ortiz; on Monday, Jan. 4, after nine-thirty, **TIPICA '73** and **CONJUNTO CLASSICO** will be present with guest soloist, violinist **BILLY BANG**. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **CLARK TERRY**, who still mugs and mumbles his way through a set of highly listenable mainstream jazz, leads his quintet through Sunday, Jan. 3. Mondays, and the rest of the week after Jan. 4, are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights, with trombonist **BOB BROOKMEYER** as a guest soloist. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

**WEST END**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Wednesday, Dec. 30, trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAREV**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet; Sunday, Jan. 3, bassist **AARON BELL** and the Trinity School Jazz Band; Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 6-8, trumpeter and vocalist **DOC CHEATHAM**; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 9-10, blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and his band, Two Tenor Boogie. On Mondays, and New Year's Eve, saxophonist Percy France is present with a quartet, and Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES**. Music nightly from about nine.

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### JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES**—Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 10.

**MILES DAVIS**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 10.

**JURY'S IRISH CABARET OF DUBLIN**—Singers, dancers, comedians, and instrumentalists. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

**HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ**—Saxophonists Pepper Adams, Sonny Fortune, Scott Hamilton, and Bob Wilber honoring their predecessors—including Sidney Bechet, Johnny Hodges, and Charlie (Yardbird) Parker. Also performing will be Tommy Flanagan, Connie Kay, Phil Flanigan, and Pug Horton. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

**PRETENDERS**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday through Monday, Jan. 9-11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**JAZZ FORUM**—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 9: Sonny Fortune, Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, Billy Hart, and Woody Shaw. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 1-2, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Buck Hill, Kenny Barron, Buster Williams, and Billy Hart. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

**SOUNDSCAPE**—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 9:30: Hilton Ruiz trio. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed on New Year's Day, and early closings are to be expected on New Year's Eve. Some, as indicated, will also be closed on Saturday, Jan. 2.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**GEORG BASELITZ**—Oils and drawings; first one-man show in New York by this German artist. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**THOMAS HART BENTON** (1889-1975) / **CAROL SUTTON**—A group of his Synchromist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through Jan. 30. / Color-field paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**ROBERT LOSTUTTER**—Watercolors and drawings by a Chicago Imagist; first one-man show in New York. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**ANTHONY PADOVANO / JOHN HELD, JR.** (1889-1958)—Smooth and textured abstract stone sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. / Watercolors (of skyscrapers, landscapes, flowers) from a half century or more ago, in no way reminiscent of his better-known cartoons of flappers and sheiks. Through Jan. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**DAVID ROTH**—Liquitex-and-string works. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**JAMES WEEKS**—Small-scale oils and drawings: figure studies (nudes, mostly) and still-lifes, all from the sixties. Through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth-century European paintings—sixty works in all. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works by Georges Braque, Paul Klee (paintings), Robert Delaunay, Henri Matisse (drawings), and others. Through Feb. 20. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Drawings predominate in a show of nineteenth-century works by European (largely French) painters and sculptors. Through Jan. 16.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**RICHARD HAAS**—Photographs and models of some of the trompe-l'oeil façades he has painted on buildings, among them his first mural, at 112 Prince Street. Through Jan. 15. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

**ROBERTO JUAREZ / JOSEPH BRUGUIÈRE** (1879-1945)—Paintings on canvas and paper. / Photographs: cut-paper abstractions and other experimental works from the twenties. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**ANDREW LORD**—Earthenware sculptures. Through Jan. 16. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**WILLIAM PALMER**—Landscapes, some of which the artist looks out upon from his upstate-New York studio windows. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**ROBERT ANDREW PARKER**—Watercolor paintings of the Himalayas and watercolor portraits of friends. Through Thursday, Jan. 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 31, and Saturday, Jan. 2. A small show of Mr. Parker's prints is at the Brooklyn Museum.)

**AD REINHARDT** (1913-67) / **HANS NAMUTH**—Watercolors and a few oils from 1945 to 1951, predating his monochromatic compositions. / Seventy photographs of artists, among them Saul Steinberg, Ad Reinhardt, Louise Nevelson, and Joseph Beuys. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . ¶ Stephen Mazoh & Co., 13 E. 76th St., is showing ten oils by Reinhardt which date from 1937 to 1952. Through Friday, Jan. 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**CHARLES SELIGER**—Abstract watercolors. Through Jan. 16. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, except Jan. 2, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

**WILLIAM T. WILEY**—New paintings and drawings. Through Jan. 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

**JIM YOUNGERMAN**—Narrative watercolors; some are remakes of familiar masterpieces with alterations and additions—an electric fan in Jan van Eyck's "Arnolfini's Wedding."

Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**Group Shows**—At **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Sarah Canright, Cynthia Carlson, Jonathan Santlofer, and David Sharpe; and constructions by D. Jack Solomon. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 41 W. 57th St.: Sculptures and constructions resembling or incorporating functional objects (bird cages, vacuum cleaners), by six artists: Gib Smith, Jeff Koons, Jo Shane, R. M. Fischer, Calvin Churchman, and Judith Shea. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **JANIS,** 110 W. 57th St.: A loan show of paintings and sculptures reflecting early-twentieth-century European movements, from Fauvism to Surrealism—Matisse's "Pink Nude," from the Baltimore Museum, for example, and Malevich's "Suprematist Composition: Red Square and White Square," from the Modern. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . **KENNEDY,** 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 31.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with it in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **ODYSSIA,** 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Balthus, Vija Celmins, Irving Petlin, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Robert Swain, Dec Shapiro, Edgar Buonagurio, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 9.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**ainer Fetting**—Figurative paintings. Through Tuesday, Jan. 5. (Boone, 417 and 420 West Broadway. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

**ohn Mason**—Drawings and sculptures by an artist represented in the Whitney's current show of ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

**arolyn Parker / Jackie Carson**—Photo-Realist paintings of buildings. / Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 30. (Starkman, 465 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

**ary Shaffer / Gerald Horn**—Abstract glass sculptures. / Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**on Polk Smith**—Nine black-and-white circular paintings from the year 1976. Through Jan. 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

**roup Shows**—At the **CONCORD,** 451 Broome St.: Paintings and other works on religious themes but not necessarily reverential. For instance, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt uses tinfoil to make an altar, and Italo Scanga's representation of Jesus is a stick figure on a carved totem. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Thirteen contemporary artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: Three artists: Joseph Raffael showing flower and fish monotypes, Alan Siegel showing chair forms, and Philip Wofford exhibiting abstract drawings and prints. Through Jan. 13. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **INGBER,** 460 West Broadway: Very small works (Man Ray's 7½-by-9½-inch collage is a comparatively large one) by Lindner, Tobey, and others. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. . . . **JACK,** 138 Prince St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Erté, Jean Cocteau, William Crovello, and Clayton Pond. Through Jan. 31. (Opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **LANDMARK,** 469 Broome St.: Recent paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the seventy-three artists who have had shows here since the gallery opened a decade ago. Through Wednesday, Jan. 6. (Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.) . . . **MARINO,** 489 Broome St.: Works on paper, ranging from artists' books to studies for sculptures, by about forty artists. Also, a room installation, by Kathleen Dinan, combining paper and steel. Through Jan. 27. . . . **PROTETCH,** in a second space at 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, John Hejduk, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Jan. 23. (Opens at noon; closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

## OTHER GALLERIES

**George Luks** (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

**Kazuo Shinohara**—Photographic blowups, models, floor plans, and section drawings for eleven private houses by this Japanese architect. Through Friday, Jan. 8. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Thursday, Dec. 31.)

**Group Show**—Works on paper in diverse styles and mediums by seven artists, among them Sharon Gold and Alan Saret. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Berenice Abbott**—A hundred and fifty photographs tracing the artist's years as a portrait photographer in Paris (the twenties) and as a documentary photographer in New York (the thirties). Through Jan. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In another room at the Center: A group show that pairs photographs of similar subject matter—for example, Abbott's Second Avenue El alongside Andreas Feininger's. (Through Jan. 10.)

**Eugène Atget** (1857-1927)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Richard Avedon / The Howes Brothers**—Paris fashion shows from the forties and fifties and a group of portraits. / Turn-of-the-century New England platinum prints by three itinerant commercial photographers who recorded all aspects of life there, from men and women in their workplaces to the homes of those for whom they undoubtedly worked. Through Jan. 16. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, from 1 to 6.)

**E. J. Bellocq** (1873-1949)—The first exhibition of all eighty-eight of his portraits of Storyville prostitutes. They were printed by Lee Friedlander from Bellocq's glass-plate negatives. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

**Richard Benson**—Photographs of the Brooklyn Bridge and other subjects. Through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

**Gerald Incandela**—Photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 2. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

**George A. Tice**—A retrospective of photographs from the past three decades. Through Jan. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

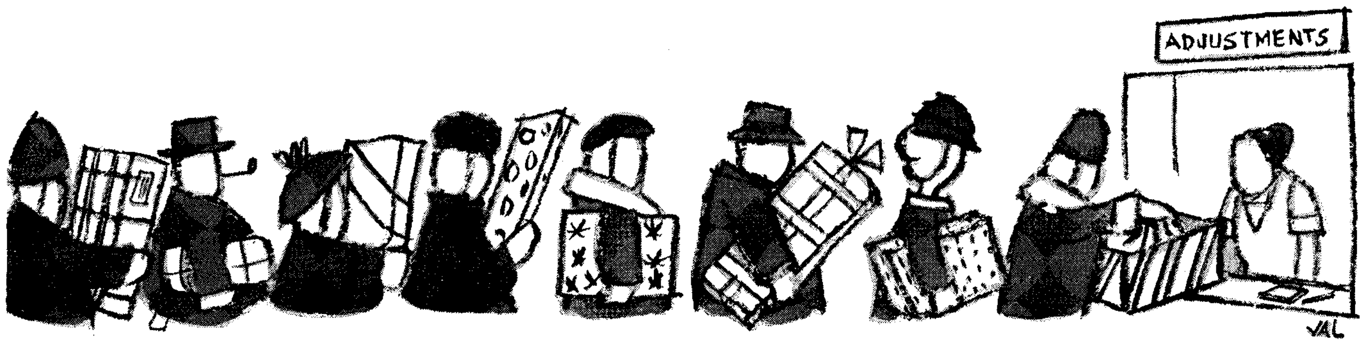
**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"American Photographers and the National Parks" documents (in close to two hundred photographs by thirty-five artists) the parallel histories of landscape photography and the national parks. There are historical and contemporary views by Watkins, O'Sullivan, Adams, Cunningham, Weston, and others. Through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Ninety-six early prints (by Beato, Frith, Curtis, Hine, and others) owned by the library. Through March 3. (Wednesday, Dec. 30, from 10 to 9; Thursday, Dec. 31, from 10 to 5; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 4-6, from 10 to 9; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, from 10 to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the **LEDEL,** 168 Mercer St.: Vintage prints by Ansel Adams, Ruth Bernhard, Alfred Stieglitz, and others. Through Jan. 14. (Opens at noon. Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.) . . . **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: A tenth-anniversary show of recent work by twenty-four photographers associated with the gallery; among them are Harry Callahan, Frank Gohlke, Emmet Gowin, Robert Heinecken, and Linda Connor. Through Jan. 23. (Closed Saturday, Jan. 2.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. A 1770 French evening gown and a 1759 wedding dress from the Netherlands are two of nearly a hundred and twenty-five costumes worn by nearly a hundred and twenty-five mannequins; almost all are creations of embroidered silks appointed with lace and ribbons, but here and there there are examples of clothes designed for outings of lesser extravagance, such as riding habits and a red woollen hooded cape from 1775 America. . . . ¶ A survey of decorative objects from Islam's Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Edouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—A show



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of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works date from the thirties. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** After Sunday, Jan. 3, the museum will be closed for several months while construction of its new galleries proceeds and its front door is moved from 53rd Street to 54th. More news when the dust settles.

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A survey of ceramic sculptures by six California artists: Peter Voulkos, John Mason, Kenneth Price, Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly, and Richard Shaw. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody. It includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago (costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Twenty hand-colored aquatints by Robert Andrew Parker. Through Jan. 24. (A complementary show is at Terry Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6; Thursday, Dec. 31 and New Year's Day, 10 to 5:45.)

**AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM,** 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**ASIA SOCIETY,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**CHINA HOUSE,** 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." All the works are from the John M. Crawford, Jr., Collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

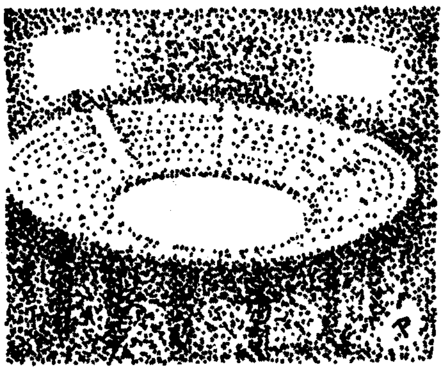
**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART,** 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor) but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

### EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

**JUST ABOVE MIDTOWN / DOWNTOWN,** 178-80 Franklin St., between Hudson and Greenwich Sts., six blocks south of Canal St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 11 to 6.—John Cage, Jessica Hagedorn, Geoffrey Holder, William Hellermann, Martin Mull, and Diane Keaton are among the artists, better known for their other talents, who are showing paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 2.



**THE KITCHEN,** 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, 1 to 6.—Peg Ahrens (music), Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; Defunkt (music), Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**METROPOLITAN OPERA**—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; conducted by Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Thomas Fulton. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 1, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Ariel Bybee; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 2: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley and guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell, and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, and Franz Mazura. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, Simon Estes, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 6: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, Simon Estes, and Bernd Weikl; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Judith Blegen and Tatiana Troyanos; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Renata Scotto, José Carreras, and Richard Stilwell; James Levine.

### ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

**NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8 (a nonsubscription concert): A program of music by Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Johann Strauss. On Wednesday the soloists will be Wilfred Delphin and Edwin Romain, duo piano, and Philip Smith, trumpet; on Thursday the soloists will be Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Mr. Smith. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 7-9, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 7:30: A Brahms-Prokofieff-Hindemith program, with Isaac Stern, violin.

**NEW ORLEANS PHILHARMONIC**—Philippe Entremont conducting an all-Prokofieff program, with Janos Starker, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

**BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS**—Gerard Schwarz conducting the Y Chamber Symphony in the last in a series of performances of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 30-31, at 8.)

**BACH ENSEMBLE**—Joshua Rifkin directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Judith Nelson and Julianne Baird, sopranos

Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Frank Hoffmeister, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8.)

**American Symphony Orchestra**—David Ramadanoff conducting a Stravinsky-Barber-Shostakovich program, with Gregory Fulkerson, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 3.)

**Musica Aeterna Orchestra**—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Marvis Martin, soprano; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and Leo Goeke, tenor. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

**New York Motet Choir**—Stephen Sturk directing a Renaissance Christmas program. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

## RECITALS

**St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble**—Louise Schulman conducting a program of Spanish Renaissance music, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

**Thruston Johnson**—Violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:30.)

**Robert Mann and Dudley Moore**—Violin and piano, with Joel Krosnick, cello, and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

**José Carreras**—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

**Juilliard String Quartet**—With Jorge Bolet, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

**Nancy Cirillo**—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

**Aspen Soloists**—Eriko Sato, violin; William Grubb, cello; and David Oie, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

**Chamber Music at the Y**—Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Daniel Phillips, violin and viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 5-6, at 8.)

**Diane Walsh**—Piano, in an all-Mozart recital. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

**New York Philomusica**—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

**Gervase de Peyer**—Clarinet, with Christopher O'Riley, piano, and Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

**Anthony Newman**—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program, with Sharon Robinson, cello; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Carol Wincenc, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

**New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble**—A program entitled "The Golden Age of Brass: Venice Around 1600." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

**Washington Square Contemporary Music Series**—A program entitled "Music, Computers, and Electronics." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

**John Browning**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

**Guarneri Quartet**—A Mozart-Verdi program, with Ida Kavafian, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**—James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Paula Robison and Carol Wincenc, flute; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and André-Michel Schub and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 5.)

**Chamber Music**—The Juilliard String Quartet, with Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2.)

**Jorge Bolet**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

**David Hollander**—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

**Ian Shapinsky**—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

**The Bach Winterfest**—The second in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Linda Comparone, flute; Joanna Jenner, violin; and Myron Lutzke, cello. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

## MISCELLANY

**Alfred Schnittke Retrospective Concert**—A program of his works performed by Continuum, a group including Jane Bryden, soprano; Marilyn Dubow, Geoffrey Michaels, and Elisabeth Perry, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, harpsichord; Joel Sachs, pianist-conductor; the Canticum Novum Singers, directed by Harold Rosenbaum; and a chamber orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

**Benefit Concerts**—Leonard Bernstein, Eugene Istomin, Benita Valente, Leonard Rose, Isaac Stern, and others, in a benefit for the Musicians Foundation and Carnegie Hall. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8.) . . . ¶ Teresa Kubiak, Gene Boucher, James McCracken, Jan Opalach, Paul Plishka, and Richard Woitach will be among the participants in a concert to benefit the Raymond Michalski Scholarship Fund. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

# SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**Professional Basketball**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Detroit, Wednesday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 8. (Games begin at 7:35.)

**Hockey**—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Monday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 9. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

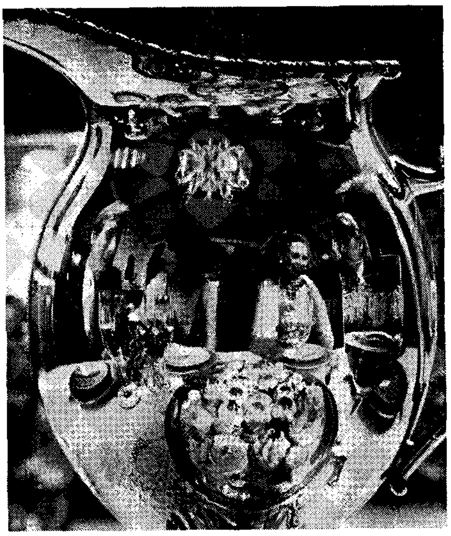
**Racing**—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Display Handicap, Thursday, Dec. 31; the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 2; and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Final days Wednesday, Dec. 30, at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 31, at 1:30. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30, from Friday, Jan. 1, through Friday, March 12.

**Trotting**—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights, except New Year's Day, at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 8, through Saturday, Aug. 7.

# ET ALIA

**Poetry and Prose Readings**—The eighth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by more than a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Thursday, Dec. 31, at 8, through the evening of Saturday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ John Hollander and Douglas Crase reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

**Ruckus Manhattan**—Red Grooms' three-dimensional walk-through model of Manhattan is back, with a taxi that can be climbed into (complete with passenger and talking driver) and a tableau depicting the purchase of the island from the Indians. (Burlington House lobby, 1345 Sixth Ave., at 54th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6; entrance fee of $2 or less, depending.)



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

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| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Jan. 3: A week-long program of Italian animated films (full-length and short) by Bruno Bozzetto.
From Jan. 5: "American Success" (directed by William Richert), with Jeff Bridges and Bianca Jagger.

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Chariots of Fire." (†)

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 31: "Arthur" (†); and "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
Jan. 1-7: "Arthur" (†) and "Nine to Five" (†)
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Arthur." (†)

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Reds." (†)

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 3: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Ragtime." (†)

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Atlantic City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Ragtime." (†)
Theatre 2: "Reds." (†)

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "On Golden Pond." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

**Loews New York 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Absence of Malice." (†)

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 31: "Time Bandits." (†)
Jan. 1-7: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.
Theatre 2: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 5: "Infra-Man" (1976; directed by Hua Shan). From Jan. 6: "Traveling Hopefully" (John G. Avildsen); and "In Our Water" (Meg Switzgable).
Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

**Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. From Jan. 8: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.
Theatre 3: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: "Pixote." (†)

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Pennies from Heaven." (†)

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Four Friends." (†)

**Paris,** 4 W 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut, in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Tales from the Vienna Woods" (Maximilian Schell; in German).

**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Absence of Malice." (†)

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire." (†)
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André." (†)
Theatre 3: "Pixote." (†)

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 5: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From Jan. 6: "Opera Prima" (Fernando Trueba; in Spanish), with Oscar Ladoire and Paula Molina.
Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: "The Devil's Playground." (†)

***Loews 83rd Quad,*** *B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)*
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 7: "Sharky's Machine' (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds. From Jan. 8: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 7: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson. From Jan. 8: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 7: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film. Jan. 8: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 7: "Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase. Jan. 8: To be announced.

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
Theatre 2: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
Theatre 2: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 7: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson. From Jan. 8 (tentative): "True Confessions." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 7: "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush), with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters. From Jan. 8: "Body Heat." (†)

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.
Theatre 2: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.
Theatre 3: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle" (1978; François Leterrier), with Sylvia Kristel.
Theatre 4: "Spaced Out" (Norman J. Warren), with Barry Stokes and Tony Malden; and "The Groove Tube." (†)
Theatre 5: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.
Theatre 6: "Arthur." (†)

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Cinderella" (1950), a full-length Walt Disney animated film.
Theatre 3: "Fighting Mad."
Theatre 4: "Time Bandits." (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Reds." (†)

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Neighbors" (John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Modern Problems" (Ken Shapiro), with Chevy Chase.

**National,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Jan. 3: "Mystery of Chess Boxing."
From Jan. 4: Theatre temporarily closed.

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Story" (John Irvin), with Fred Astaire and Melvyn Douglas.
Theatre 2 "Heartbeeps" (Allan Arkush),

with Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters.

**R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Theatre 2: "Sharky's Machine" (Burt Reynolds), with Reynolds.

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Dec. 30: "Ulysses" (1967; directed by Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick), with Bosco Hogan.

Dec. 31: "The Gay Deceivers" (1969; Bruce Kessler), with Kevin Coughlin and Larry Casey; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Leonard Frey, Cliff Gorman, and Laurence Luckinbill.

Jan. 1-2: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.

Jan. 3-4: "Lisztomania" (†) and "The Devils." (†)

Jan. 5: "Rashomon" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Takashi Shimura; and "Kyoshiro Nemuri: The Princess' Mask" (1963; Akira Inoue; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa.

Jan. 6: "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Jan. 7: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

Jan. 8-9: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Dec. 30: "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo; "A Little Romance" (1979; George Roy Hill), with Laurence Olivier, Arthur Hill, and Sally Kellerman; and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.

Dec. 31: "A Little Romance;" "Day for Night;" "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, and Oscar Levant, and "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and Walter Slezak.

Jan. 1: "The Pirate;" "An American in Paris;" "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn, Alan Bates, Irene Papas, and Lila Kedrova; and "Topkapi" (1964; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff.

Jan. 2: "Zorba the Greek;" and "Topkapi."

Jan. 3: "All About Eve" (†); and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Jan. 4: "Up the River" (1930; John Ford), with Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart, and Warren Hymer.

Jan. 5: "The Grapes of Wrath" (†) and "The Ox-Bow Incident." (†)

Jan. 6-7: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani; and "Two English Girls" (1972; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

Jan. 8-9: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 31: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Jan. 1-2: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927; Charles Riesner), "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman), and "College" (1927; James Horne), all silent films, with Buster Keaton.

Jan. 3-5: "Bilitis" (1977; David Hamilton), with Patti D'Arbanville; and "The Fox" (1968; Mark Rydell), with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood.

Jan. 6-7: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden." (†)

Jan. 8-9: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Jan. 2: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both films directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.

Jan. 3-5: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Gold

Albert Hubbell

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

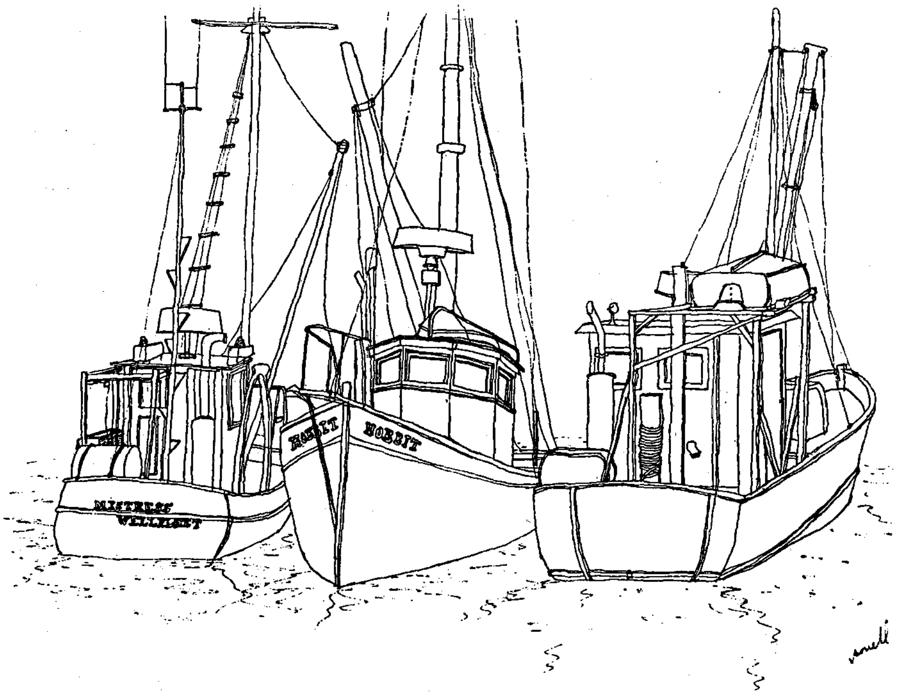
Diggers of 1933" (Mervyn LeRoy), with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, and Joan Blondell.
Jan. 6-8: "Twentieth Century" (†) and "The Informer." (†)
From Jan. 9: "All the King's Men" (†) and "Of Mice and Men." (†)

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Jan. 2: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "Man with Bogart's Face" ("Sam Marlowe, Private Eye;" 1980; Robert Day), with Robert Sacchi, Franco Nero, Michelle Phillips, and Olivia Hussey.
Jan. 3-5: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.
Jan. 6-8: "Coal Miner's Daughter" (1980; Michael Apted), with Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones; and another feature, to be announced.
From Jan. 9: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "The Blob" (1958; Irvin S. Yeaworth, Jr.), with Steve McQueen.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 2: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
Jan. 3-5: "City Lights" (1931; Charlie Chaplin, a silent film), with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 6-9: "Gaslight" (†) and "Wuthering Heights." (†)

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 30: "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom; and four 1917 Chaplin short films—"Easy Street," "The Cure," "The Immigrant," and "The Adventurer."
Dec. 31: A program of filmed performances by jazz musicians such as Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman, Roy Eldridge, and Anita O'Day.
Jan. 1-2: A program of eleven short surrealist films, including Hans Richter's "Rhythmus 21" and Man Ray's "Emak Bakia."
Jan. 3: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry, Ann Robinson, and Les Tremayne; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, and Hugh Marlowe.
Jan. 4: "The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T." (1953; Roy Rowland), with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Hans Conreid; and "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (1958; Nathan Juran), with Kerwin Matthews, Kathryn Grant, and Richard Eyer.
Jan. 5: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati; and "Jour de Fête." (†)
Jan. 6: "Short Eyes" (†); and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.
Jan. 7: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (†); and "Bed and Board" (1971; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.
Jan. 8-9: "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Murmur of the Heart." (†)

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 30: "My Little Chickadee" (1940; Edward Cline), with Mae West and W. C. Fields; and "Belle of the Nineties" (1934; Leo McCarey), with Mae West, Roger Pryor, and Johnny Mack Brown.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda, and Charles Coburn; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.
Jan. 2: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
Jan. 3: "The Philadelphia Story" (†) and "Little Women." (†)
Jan. 4: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Jan. 5: "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Henry Danielle; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.
Jan. 6: "Now, Voyager" (†) and "Dark Victory." (†)
Jan. 7: "Charlie Chan's Secret" (1936; Gordon Wiles), with Warner Oland; and "Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" (1940; Lynn Shores), with Sidney Toler.
Jan. 8-9: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory



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## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Lumière d'Eté" (1943; directed by Jean Grémillon; in French, no English subtitles), with Madeleine Renaud, Paul Bernard, Pierre Brasseur, and Madeleine Robinson. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "Prix de Beauté" (1930; Augusto Genina; in French, with English subtitles), with Louise Brooks. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6: "Goupi Mains-rouges" (1943; Jacques Becker; in French, with English subtitles), with Fernand Ledoux, Robert Le Vigan, and Blanchette Brunoy. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at noon; "The Bicycle Thief" (1948; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Les Rendez-vous de Juillet" (1949; Jacques Becker; in French, with English subtitles), with Daniel Gélin and Nicole Courcel. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 5: "Quatorze Juillet" (1932; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Annabella. . . . ¶ A two-day program of films directed by Sidney Lumet (who will be present at 8:30 on Jan. 4). Jan. 3 at 11:30: "Serpico" (1973), with Al Pacino. . . . Jan. 3 at 2: "The Group" (1966), with Candice Bergen, Joan Hackett, Elizabeth Hartman, and Shirley Knight. . . . Jan. 3 at 5: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975), with Al Pacino, John Cazale, Charles Durning, and Chris Sarandon. . . . Jan. 4 at 11:30: "The Anderson Tapes" (1972), with Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon. . . . Jan. 4 at 1:30: "A View from the Bridge" (1962), with Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Carol Lawrence, and Jean Sorel. . . . Jan. 4 at 3:30: "Network" (1976), with Faye Dunaway, Peter Finch, Beatrice Straight, and William Holden. . . . Jan. 4 at 6: "Bye Bye Braverman" (1968), with George Segal, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman. . . . Jan. 4 at 8:30: "Prince of the City" (1981), with Treat Williams and Jerry Orbach. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.) The museum auditorium will be closed for renovations from Jan. 5 until sometime in April.

**Whitney Museum,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Fire Walls Four" (1981; Bill Stephens), a multi-channel video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 30 at 8: "Contrathemis" (1941), "Stop Motion Tests" (1942), and "Color Sequence" (1942), all directed by Dwinell Grant; "Un Chant d'Amour" (1950; Jean Genet; in French, with no English subtitles); and "Pull My Daisy" (1959; R. Frank and A. Leslie). . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 8: A program of five films by Peter Kubelka. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 8: "Intolerance" (1916; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 8: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969; Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 8: "Film Portrait" (1971; Jerome Hill). . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 7: "La Chute de la Maison Usher" (1928; Jean Epstein, a French film, no English titles) and "Le Sang des Bêtes" (1949; Georges Franju; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 8 at 8: "Bells of Atlantis" (1952; Ian Hugo), "The End" (1953; Christopher MacLaine), "Little Stabs at Happiness" (1961; Ken Jacobs), and "Blonde Cobra" (1962; Jacobs and Fleischner). . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 8: A program of five films by Larry Jordan.

## IN BRIEF

**SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.**
**IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.**

**Absence of Malice**—With Paul Newman and Sally Field, directed by Sydney Pollack. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

**All About Eve** (1950)—Ersatz art of a very high grade, and one of the most enjoyable movies ever made. A young aspiring actress, Eve Harrington (Anne Baxter), intrigues to take the place of an aging star, Margo Channing (Bette Davis), on stage and in bed, and the battle is fought with tooth, claw, and a battery of epigrams. The ersatz has qualities of its own—glib, overexplicit, self-important, the you're-sneaky-and-corrupt-but-so-am-I-we-belong-to-each-other-darling style of writing. The bad taste, exhibited with verve, of the scriptwriter-director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, is more fun than any careful, mousy, dehydrated good taste. His nonsense about "theatre" is saved by one performance that is the real thing: Bette Davis, at her most instinctive and assured. Her actress—vain, scared, a woman who goes too far in her reactions and emotions—makes the whole thing come alive (though it's hard to believe that Anne Baxter could ever be a threat to Bette Davis). With George Sanders (as the critic Addison De Witt), Celeste Holm, Gary Merrill, Thelma Ritter, Gregory Ratoff, Hugh Marlowe, Barbara Bates, Walter Hampden, and Marilyn Monroe, who has one of her best early roles. Based on a short story and radio play by Mary Orr. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Director, Best Screenplay, Best Supporting Actor (Sanders), Best Costume Design (Edith Head, Charles Le Maire), Best Sound Recording. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

**All the King's Men** (1949)—Broderick Crawford's Willie Stark just might make you feel better about the President you've got. Robert Penn Warren's novel about the rise of a bullheaded demagogue (modelled on Huey Long) was turned into a rousing melodrama, full of graft, double-dealing, and strong-arm excitement. Robert Rossen adapted the novel and directed; the film took the Academy Award for Best Picture, with Broderick Crawford also winning Best Actor, and Mercedes McCambridge, as tough Sadie, winning Best Supporting Actress. It's by no means a great film, but it moves along. With John Ireland, Joanne Dru, John Derek, and Shepperd Strudwick; cinematography by Burnett Guffey. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; starting Jan. 9.)

**Arthur**—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Gramercy, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 7.)

**Atlantic City**—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers-runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Manhattan.)

**Body Heat**—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 8.)

**Breakfast at Tiffany's** (1961)—Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly is a tad refined for a girl who lives so improvisationally (on the money men give her), but for about the first three-quarters of an hour this picture, directed by Blake Edwards, has a fair amount of sophisticated slapstick comedy, especially at a cocktail party that ranks with the best screen parties of the era. If you've read the Truman Capote novella that the movie is based on (and even if you haven't), you may be dismayed to see things go soft and romantic. The film wanders, and Hepburn is forced to become too frail and too enchantingly raffish before it comes to its makeshift, fairy-tale end. The madcap Holly, with her attachment to a writer (George Peppard) whose apartment is just below hers, is, of course, very similar to Sally Bowles with her Isherwood, except that the setting here is New York not Berlin. Patricia Neal is amusing in the rather impenetrable role of an interior decorator who appears to be a lesbian but is also keeping Peppard. (It may be wise not to let the mind linger too long over that.) Mickey Rooney does a wild bit of racial caricature as the Japanese photographer who lives in the apartment above Holly's; it's the most lowdown and daring thing in the movie. The cast includes Buddy Ebsen, John McGiver, Martin Balsam, José-Luis de Villalonga, and Gil Lamb. The script is by George Axelrod; the cinematography is by Franz Planer; the song "Moon River" is by Johnny Mercer and Henry Mancini; Hepburn's clothes are by Givenchy, and Neal's are by Pauline Trigère. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 8-9.)

**Chariots of Fire**—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Art, Manhattan, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**Dark Victory** (1939)—Bette Davis in a kitsch classic, playing a rich doomed-to-die girl who throws herself away on meaningless pleasures and then finds redemption in unselfish love—with her doctor, George Brent. A gooey collection of clichés, but Davis slams her way through them in her nerviest style. The steals from all over include a Lawrentian stable groom, played by Humphrey Bogart. Ronald Reagan is among the heroine's swains, and

Geraldine Fitzgerald is her best friend. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

**The Devils** (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 3-4.)

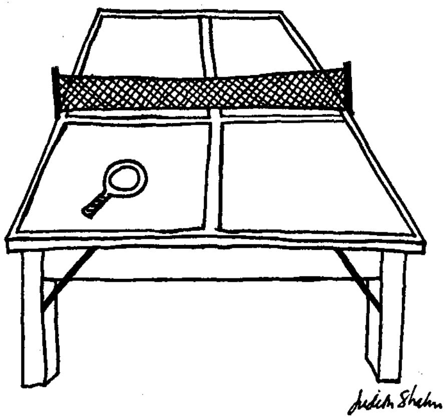
**The Devil's Playground** (1976)—The Marist brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. This semi-autobiographical first feature by the Australian writer-director Fred Schepisi isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes. With Thomas Keneally, Arthur Dignam, and Nick Tate. (12/7/81) (Embassy 72nd St.)

**East of Eden** (1955)—An amazingly high-strung, feverishly poetic movie about Cain and Abel as American brothers living on a lettuce farm in California in the years just before the First World War. Elia Kazan directed this adaptation of Steinbeck's novel, and it's like seeing a series of teasers: violent moments and charged scenes without structural coherence. As the romantic, alienated young hero, James Dean is decorated with all sorts of charming gaucheries; he's sensitive, defenseless, misunderstood. Maybe his father (Raymond Massey) doesn't love him, but the camera does, and we're supposed to; we're thrust into upsetting angles, caught in infatuated closeups, and prodded—"Look at all that beautiful desperation." When this Cain strikes his brother (Richard Davalos), the soundtrack amplifies the blow as if worlds were colliding; a short, heavy dose of expressionism may be followed by a pastoral romp or an elaborate bit of Americana; an actor may suddenly assume a psychotic stance and another actor shatter a train window with his head. It's far from a dull movie, but it's certainly a very strange one; it's an enshrinement of the mixed-up kid. Here and in "Rebel Without a Cause," Dean seems to go just about as far as anybody can in being misunderstood. With Julie Harris, who gives a memorably lyric performance, and Burl Ives, Jo Van Fleet, Albert Dekker, Lois Smith, Barbara Baxley, Timothy Carey, Jonathan Haze, Mario Siletti, Harold Gordon, Lonny Chapman, and Nick Dennis. Script by Paul Osborn; cinematography by Ted McCord; music by Leonard Rosenman. (Cinema Village; Jan. 6-7.)

**Four Friends**—With Craig Wasson, directed by Arthur Penn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Little Carnegie.)

**The French Lieutenant's Woman**—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Festival.)

**Gaslight** (1944)—Ingrid Bergman is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. She runs the gamut from antimacassar to antimacassar, and it's good scary fun all the way (with a prize at the end—the Academy Award as Best Actress of 1944). This pseudo-Victorian thriller is rather more enjoyable than one might expect. Bergman is, intermittently, genuinely moving. (Though one may suspect at times that she is feeling rather than acting, her hysteria in the musicale sequence is a good demonstration of how hard it sometimes is to tell the difference.) Boyer is expert, and the cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dame May Whitty, and Angela Lansbury (only in her teens, but you couldn't guess it). Patrick Hamilton's play has been toned up with smooth dialogue by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch, and John Balderston, and the full-dress production is directed by George Cukor. When you watch a picture like this one, you're so aware of how expensively careful it is that you can't help being a little impressed and more than a little depressed. (In this case, the expense included the cost of holding back the 1941 English version by Thorold Dickinson.) (Regency; Jan. 6-9.)



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**The Grapes of Wrath** (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Misérables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and head for the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The movie version is full of the "they-can't-keep-us-down-we're-the-people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film reveals is blurred by the film's gross sentimentality. This famous picture, high on most lists of the great ones of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet, because of the material, it is often moving in spite of the acting, the direction, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people's talk. John Ford directed the production, which in some externals is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, Charley Grapewin as Grampa, John Qualen as Muley, Eddie Quillan as Connie, Dorris Bowdon as Rosasharn, Russell Simpson as Pa, Zeffie Tilbury as Granma, Darryl Hickman as Winfield, and Ward Bond, Grant Mitchell, Joe Sawyer, Frank Faylen. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; cinematography by Gregg Toland. Academy Awards: Best Director, Best Supporting Actress—Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene when Ma burns her old postcards. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

**The Groove Tube** (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Criterion Theatres.)

**The Informer** (1935)—Victor McLaglen in his Academy Award-winning role as Gypo Nolan, the Dublin drunkard who turns stool pigeon and betrays his friend (Wallace Ford) to the police for the reward. The period is 1922, during the Sinn Fein rebellion. This John Ford film, taken from Liam O'Flaherty's fine novel, is perhaps too pure and diagrammatic for modern tastes—Gypo's frenetic, desperate squandering of the reward money, his spasms of fury, of pleasure, of terror, are more clarified than we require now. But if the scenarist, Dudley Nichols, and the director clinched their points, they also had the discipline to keep the work all of a piece—naïve yet powerful. With Preston Foster, Heather Angel, Una O'Connor, Margot Grahame, Joe Sawyer, and J. M. Kerrigan. The score is by Max Steiner. (Remade by Jules Dassin in 1968, with a black cast, as "Up Tight.") (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 6-8.)

**Jour de Fête** (1949; "The Big Day")—As a director, Jacques Tati has a spare, quick, improvisatory touch. As a comedian, buoyancy and impersonal eccentricity in the face of disaster are his special style. In this film, photographed by Saint Severs, with villagers playing many of the parts, Tati is the postman who attends the village fair and sees a documentary on the advanced, mechanized American postal system. He is overcome with enthusiasm for speed, and though he has no helicopter, he has a bicycle. He takes off, and causes the unpredictable to happen. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 5.)

**Lisztomania** (1975)—In a couple of sequences, the picture erupts successfully, with a wholehearted, controlled, comic-strip craziness, but, for all his lashing himself into a slapstick fury, the director, Ken Russell, can't seem to pull the elements of filmmaking together. Roger Daltrey is Liszt, Paul Nicholas and Veronica Quilligan are Richard and Cosima Wagner, and Sara Kestelman is Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 3-4.)

**Little Women** (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naïve and cloying scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the atmosphere, the Victorian sentiments, and the Victorian strengths of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as willful Jo; she has a joyous tomboy abandon when she first enters Laurie's mansionlike home, and cries out, "What richness!" She strikes absurdly romantic poses, and they're exquisite. Joan Bennett is very amusing as vain, selfish, pretentious Amy; Frances Dee is Meg (she's charmingly funny when she's being proposed to by John Lodge, as the tutor); Edna May Oliver is Aunt March; Douglass Montgomery is Laurie (at times, full face, he resembles John Updike; too bad his bright lipstick makes his teeth look an uncanny white); Paul Lukas is the gentle, older man who courts Jo. The cast also includes Henry Stephenson, Samuel Hinds, Mable Concord as Hannah, and Nydia Westman. Directed by George Cukor, for the most part imaginatively and with unusual delicacy. (The sequence with the play that Jo stages is particularly fine.) The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Spring Byington as Marmee is sugary and sacrificial (she's a pain); and Jean Parker, as frail Beth, is not the world's greatest actress—she simpers a lot, though she's very touching when she goes to thank her gruff benefactor (Stephenson) for the piano he has sent her. Screenplay by Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. (Remade in 1949 at M-G-M.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 3.)

**Murmur of the Heart** (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French (Thalia; Jan. 8-9.)

**My Dinner with André**—With Wallace Shawn and André Gregory, directed by Louis Malle. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**Nine to Five** (1980)—A feminist-revenge fantasy in which three office workers—Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton (in her film début), and Jane Fonda—each with a complaint against the lecherous petty-tyrant boss (Dabney Coleman), kidnap him, get the business humming, and institute reforms, such as equal pay for equal work, flexible hours, hiring the handicapped, and providing day-care services. Tomlin confirms herself as a star whenever she gets the material, and Dolly Parton's dolliness is very winning, but it's easy to forget that Jane Fonda is around—she seems to get lost in the woodwork. The director, Colin Higgins, is a young fossil who sets up flaccid, hand-me-down gags as if they were hilarious, and damned if the audience doesn't laugh. Written by Patricia Resnick and then reworked by Higgins. (3/9/81) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 1-7.)

**Now, Voyager** (1942)—A campy tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder—"Let's not linger over it." The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a schlock classic. With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, Franklin Pangborn, James Rennie, Frank Puglia, and Janis Wilson as Tina. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

**Of Mice and Men** (1940)—When Lewis Milestone prefaced the credits of his version of the John Steinbeck play and novel with a scene showing George (Burgess Meredith) and Lennie (Lon Chaney, Jr.) fleeing a posse, he was no doubt aiming for economy and tension. He couldn't have guessed that he was starting a new vogue, and that it would become almost standard practice for a film's action to precede the credit information even when the action made no sense. The story, about the friendship between two lonely, vagrant ranch hands—the small, bedraggled, intelligent George and the simpleminded giant Lennie—is gimmicky and highly susceptible to parody, but it is emotionally effective just the same. The film was beautifully put together and has a fine Aaron Copland score. Betty Field's silly, vain, hapless Mae is a small acting classic, and the cowboy star Bob Steele is amazingly good as her sadistic husband, Curley. With Leigh Whipper, memorable as the lean, bitter Crooks (an unjolly black man), and Charles Bickford. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; starting Jan. 9.)

**On Golden Pond**—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (Cinema I.)

**he Ox-Bow Incident** (1943)—A Western set in Nevada in 1885 that is also an attempt at a poetic tragedy about mob violence. Two cowboys (Henry Fonda and Harry Morgan) ride into a small, lonely cattle town and become involved in the hysteria of a lynch mob. Three innocent men (Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Francis Ford) are hanged, and we see not only their fear and despair but the varied motives of the members of the posse who take justice into their hands. It's easy to be put off by the studio sets and lighting and by the forties' approach to a "serious" subject, but the director, William Wellman, has made the characters so vivid that after many years people may still recall Frank Conroy as the sadistic Southern major, and the rapid changes of expression of William Eythe, as his son. With Harry Davenport as Mr. Davies, Leigh Whipper as Sparks, and Jane Darwell as the lewd, raucous old woman who enjoys the excitement—a much better performance than her Ma Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath." From the very fine novel by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. The book has ambiguities that Lamar Trotti's script couldn't encompass; reading it expands the movie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 5.)

**Pennies from Heaven**—A startling, stylized big M-G-M musical, set in the mythology of the Depression. When the characters can't say how they feel, they open their mouths, and the voices on hit records of the thirties come out of them. And as they lip-sync the lyrics their obsessed eyes are burning bright. Their souls are in those voices, and they see themselves dancing just like the stars in movie musicals. The dance numbers are funny, amazing, and beautiful all at once; several of them are just about perfection. And though some of the dialogue scenes are awkwardly paced and almost static, they still have a rapt, gripping quality. There's something new going on—something thrilling—when the characters in a musical are archetypes yet are intensely alive. Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken, Vernel Bagneris, Jessica Harper, Tommy Rall, Robert Fitch, and Jay Garner all seem to be working at their highest capacities. This is also true of Danny Daniels, who did the choreography; Ken Adam, who designed the production; Bob Mackie, who did the costumes; Gordon Willis, who was the cinemetographer; and Dennis Potter, who wrote the script, which is adapted from his six-segment BBC series. The film was directed by Herbert Ross, who took a plunge. But he didn't go far enough. The material is conceived in terms of extremes—melodrama and pathos on one side and the dream world on the other. Normal life is excluded. Yet Ross keeps trying to sneak normal life back in: he treats the piled-on sentimental gloom tenderly, as if it were meant to be real. As a result, the picture doesn't come together (as "Cabaret" did). But it's extraordinary; it's still quite a plunge. (There are breathtaking re-creations of paintings by Edward Hopper and Reginald Marsh and of famous photographs of the thirties.) (12/21/81) (Ziegfeld.)

**The Philadelphia Story** (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, shaping it for her tense patrician beauty and her eccentricities, and she had her greatest popular trimph in it on Broadway (in 1939) and on the screen. There's conventional Broadway shoddiness at its center: the material plays off her public personality, pulling her down from her pedestal. As Tracy Lord, a snow maiden and a phony—which is how the movie public regarded Hepburn, according to the exhibitors who in1938 had declared her "box-office poison"—she gets her comeuppance. The priggish, snooty Tracy is contemptuous of everyone who doesn't live up to her high standards (and that includes her father, played by John Halliday, and her ex-husband, played by Cary Grant); in the course of the action, she slips from those standards herself, learns to be tolerant of other people's lapses, and discovers her own "humanity." Shiny and unfelt and smart-aleck-commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of M-G-M professionalism. There isn't much real wit in the lines, and there's no feeling of spontaneity, yet the engineering is so astute that the laughs keep coming. This is a paste diamond with more flash and sparkle than a true one. The director, George Cukor, has never been more heartlessly sure of himself. The cast includes James Stewart, who took the Academy Award for Best Actor for his performance as the journalist who has a sudden romantic fling with Tracy, and Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, Mary Nash, Henry Daniell, and Virginia Weidler. The additions by the adaptor, Donald Ogden Stewart, are brief and witty; Hepburn's gowns are by Adrian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 3.)

**Pixote**—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

**Prince of the City**—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema.)

**Ragtime**—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner, Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Loews State.)

**Raiders of the Lost Ark**—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but not emotionally. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (57th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, Embassy 1, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

**Reds**—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. In the first half, she's presented as a tiresome, pettishly hostile, dissatisfied woman, and the film moves on the messy currents of sexual politics. In the second half, she is made to set off on a (fictitious) dangerous journey to go to Reed, who has been imprisoned in Finland; she makes her way across the icy tundra in scenes that seem to belong to a different picture (something Zhivagooey), and then the film embraces her, because she's doing what a woman is supposed to do—go through any hardship to be with her man. This second half moves more swiftly but with conventional epic situations and very familiar visual rhetoric. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional, with Beatty playing a man who dies for an ideal. It's rather a sad movie, because it isn't really very good. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g.: Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**Short Eyes** (1977)—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be, and the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate—and so the most frightening—movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Piñero as Go Go, Bruce Davison as the child-molester, Joe Carberry as Longshoe Murphy, and José Perez, Nathan George, Tito Goya, Don Blakely, Shawn Elliot, and Kenny Steward. (Thalia; Jan. 6.)

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**Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me** (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 7.)

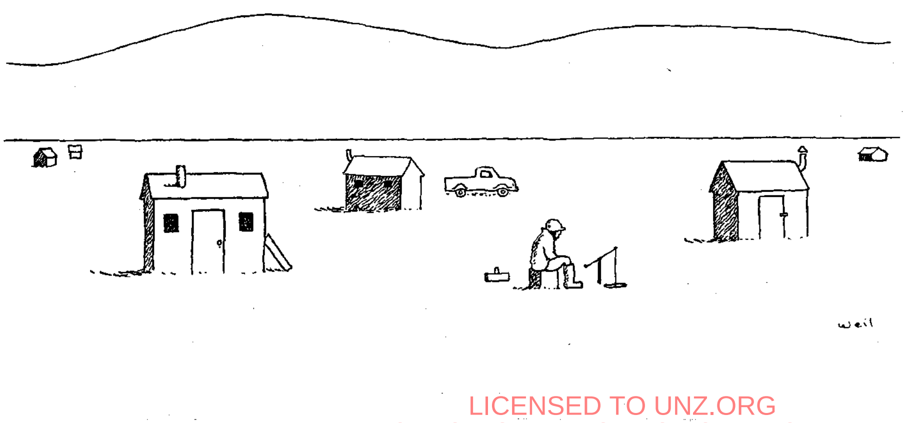
**Ticket to Heaven**—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler. As the hero's friend, Saul Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy; directed by Ralph L. Thomas from his and Anne Cameron's script. (11/23/81) (Cinema II.)

**Time Bandits**—Written by two members of the "Monty Python" group, Michael Palin and the American expatriate Terry Gilliam, who also directed, this surreal adventure fantasy has been conceived as a movie for children and adults. It's about a little English boy who is hurtled from one era to another by a pack of six dwarfs who have stolen The Supreme Being's map of the holes in the space-time continuum, and it's as picaresque as you can get, with Ian Holm as Napoleon, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Sean Connery as Agamemnon, Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being, who's too busy to get his three-piece suit pressed, and David Warner, who's a great looking Evil Genius—he wears talons and a Nixon nose out of a David Levine drawing. (The light shining up from hell make his nostrils red.) All this seems to do something for the eight-to-twelve-year-old boys in the audience—the ones known to be very high on d & d (dungeons and dragons)—which it may not do for adults, who will probably see and hear a lot of jokes without feeling much impulse to laugh. The whimsical rhythms of the vaudeville-skit humor often seem to be the result of mis-timing; the interludes with Palin and Shelley Duvall as wonky sweethearts are especially musty—the two of them seem more amused than the audience. Gilliam has a cacophonous imagination; even the magical incongruities are often cancelled out by the incessant buzz of cleverness. It's far from a bad movie, but it doesn't quite click together, either. The director doesn't shape the material satisfyingly; this may be one of those rare pictures that suffers from a surfeit of good ideas. With David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon, and Tiny Ross as the bandits; the boy is Craig Warnock. Songs by George Harrison. (Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Dec. 31.)

**True Confessions**—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 8, tentative.)

**Twentieth Century** (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protégée, Lily Garland (née Mildred Plotka), who has become a movie star, that established her as a comedienne. Lombard's talents here are not of the highest, but her spirits are, and in her skintight satins she incarnates the giddy glamour of thirties comedy. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. The script, by Hecht and MacArthur from their play (which was a reworking of Bruce Milholland's play "Napoleon on Broadway"), is freely, carelessly irreverent, with affectionate, corny ethnic humor and wisecracks about religion. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style—punching up the lines. With Ralph Forbes, and a batch of character actors whose faces were once as familiar to audiences as the faces with great names: Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levison, Etienne Girardot, Edgar Kennedy, Edward Gargan, and Herman Bing. (The material was recycled in the 1978 Broadway musical "On the Twentieth Century.") (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 6-8.)

**Wuthering Heights** (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer; Alfred Newman did the music. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Cecil Kellaway, and Alice Ehlers at the harpsichord. The Ventura area (about forty miles north of Los Angeles) was used for the Yorkshire moors. (The novel was first filmed in England in 1920; the many movie versions include one that Buñuel made in Mexico in 1953, an Egyptian production, and another English version, directed by Robert Fuest in 1970 and starring Timothy Dalton and Anna Calder-Marshall. There have been at least seven TV versions—the Heathcliffs have included Richard Burton, Keith Michell, Charlton Heston, Richard Boone, and Tom Tryon, and the Cathys have included Rosemary Harris and Claire Bloom.) (Regency; Jan. 6-9.)



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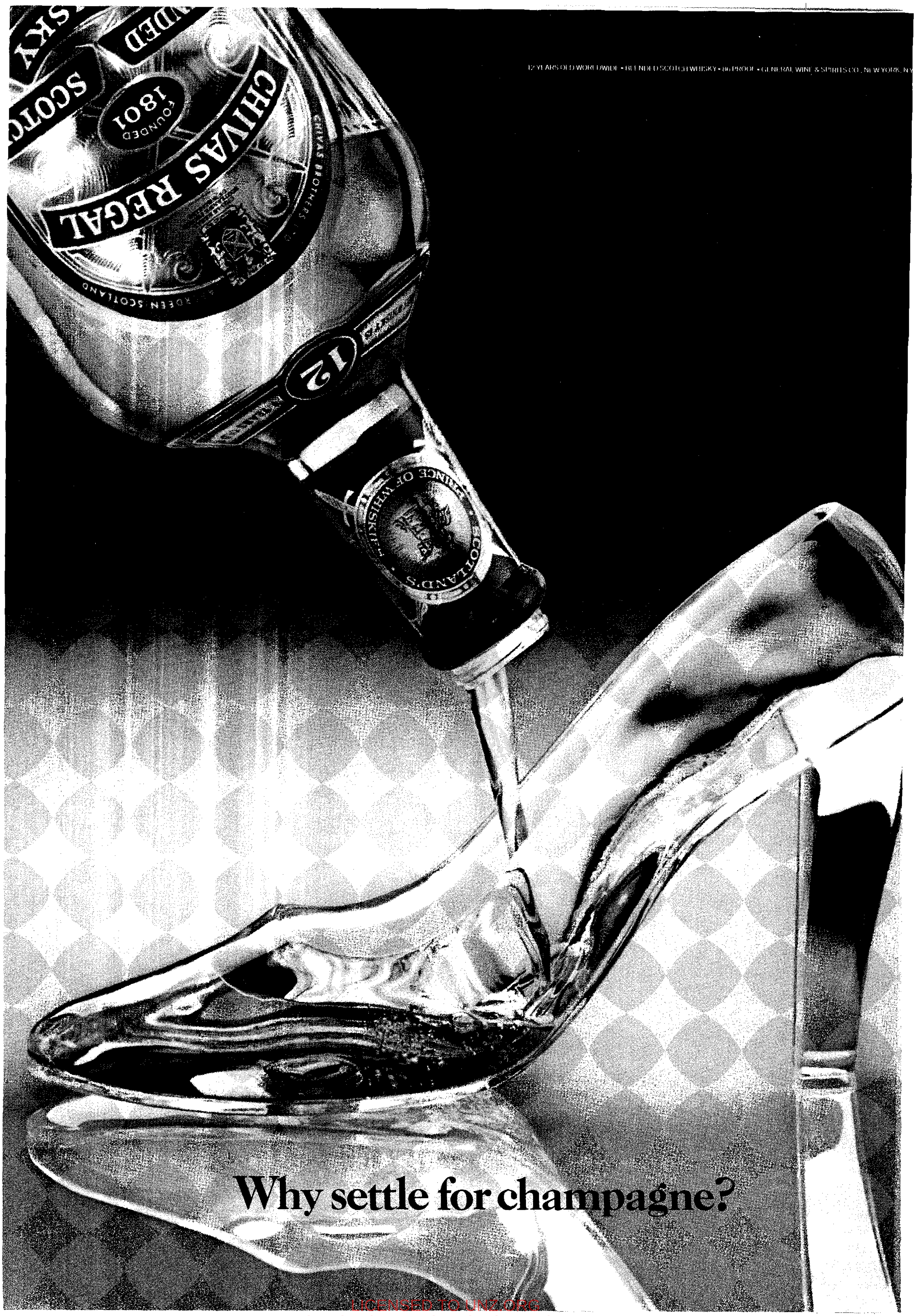
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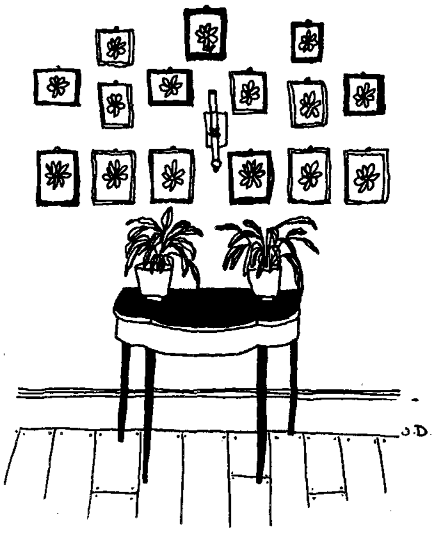
# THE NEW YORKER

## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

### *Notes and Comment*

SEVERAL weeks ago, before martial law had been declared in Poland, a French opinion-polling organization managed to ask some six hundred Poles what sort of party they would vote into office if free elections were held in their country. The most successful party was a Christian Democratic Party, which got forty-three per cent of the hypothetical vote; the next ones were a Socialist Party and a Liberal Party, with twenty per cent each; the last was the Communist Party—the only party that has been permitted to exist in Poland since 1945—which received three per cent of the vote. Now those who have proved to be acceptable to only three per cent have, making use of the Polish Army and the "security forces" (which, considering their actual role of extinguishing the law and brutalizing the population, might better be called the "insecurity forces"), attacked the dissatisfied ninety-seven per cent of their countrymen, and are attempting by means of shootings, beatings, imprisonment, and almost every other known form of repression to terrorize them into submission and obedience. In effect, the government has declared war on the nation. (It openly refers to martial law as "a state of war.") Since the nation itself is the "subversive" force that the regime is battling, the regime has had to adopt the tactic of outlawing virtually all of daily life—of suspending the life of the country. In an incredibly detailed and exacting series of decrees, which, taken together, amount to a sort of Bill of Rights in reverse, the regime has either banned or disrupted, among other things, all publishing or broadcasting by citizens; all public assembly, including sports events, plays, movies, and night clubs (the one exception is religious services); all unauthorized use of copying machines; all distribution of printed materials; all use of the telephone or telex (both have been suspended); all unauthorized travel from one town to another (except over the Christmas holidays within one's own province); all foreign travel; and all education (except for nurseries: the regime as yet expects no opposition from three-year-olds). At the same time, workers in certain industries *must* go to work during the day, for they risk the death penalty if they fail to; *must* stay at home at night (in obedience to a curfew); and, in some cases that have been reported, *must* sign papers declaring that they will not oppose "Socialism," on pain of immediate arrest. It is reported that tens of thousands of people have been arrested and imprisoned, but there is a sense in which the whole of Poland has been put in jail, with each Pole being trapped in the darkness and solitude imposed by government censorship, and with the country as a whole being cut off from the rest of the world by the travel restrictions and by one of the most thorough information blackouts that the world has recently seen. In these circumstances, a special obligation falls on those of us who, in countries outside Poland, have the good fortune still to enjoy liberty. Solidarity has been a Polish movement aimed at renewing the political life of Poland, but in its courage, its spontaneity, its freshness and exuberance, its nonviolence, its respect for and dependence on the ordinary person, its political and moral creativity, its openness, its trust, and its faith in the better side of human nature it has been a landmark of universal significance in the history of the development of liberty over the centuries. In spirit, anyone anywhere who loved liberty has had to belong to Solidarity. Now the Communist military junta in Poland has—for the moment, at least—smashed the organization of Solidarity and rounded up its leadership. But we on the outside who became spiritual members of the organization in the year and a half of its existence are still at large. When Hitler's armies were poised to conquer France, Churchill offered to merge the French and English peoples into a single nation. The governments of free countries today cannot merge with the Polish people, but private citizens, in a sense, can. Romuald Spasowski, the former Polish Ambassador to the United States, who defected to this country last week, urged in a moving statement, "Whatever the future will be, don't be silent, Americans. To defend freedom is in your tradition. Show your solidarity, show your support and humanitarian assistance to those who are in such need at this hour." We—everyone who lives in freedom—should take up this invitation. For every member of Solidarity who is jailed in Poland, ten should spring up here. While the Poles are in chains,



we can show our support. While they are silenced, we can speak.

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## *Receptions*

PEOPLE have been doing a lot of receiving in New York City lately. Here are some of the receptions we have attended:

At the Whitney Museum, about nine hundred people turned out for the evening opening of a show called "Ceramic Sculpture: Six Artists." On the fourth floor, the visitors walked around looking at things like Robert Arneson's "Fragment of Western Civilization" and David Gilhooly's "Tantric Frog Buddha Camping Out." Then they repaired to a lower level for cocktails, pretzels, and potato chips. Strolling between a Calder and a Rosenquist, they said things like "You *were* at Randy's last Saturday," and "Wait until you hear about you know *who*," and "Viola! I haven't seen you since Venice!"

At Books & Co., on Madison Avenue at Seventy-fourth Street, about seventy-five people gathered early in the evening to sample wine and cheese and to examine a new, illustrated edition of "Moby Dick," which has just been published by the University of California Press. Andrew Hoyem, a tall, blond man, who is the director of the Arion Press, in San Francisco, designed the Arion edition of the book, which was published in 1979 in a limited edition of two hundred and sixty-five copies. "The California edition actually constitutes the trade edition of our book," Mr. Hoyem told us. "Barry Moser did the illustrations, and from the outset we decided not to depict scenes from the narrative—just wood engravings of whales and whaling, and so forth—because we didn't want to interfere with the reader's imagination."

At the City Gallery, on Columbus Circle, a couple of hundred people attended the late-afternoon opening of a show of paintings, graphics, and sculpture by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Wine and cheese were abundant, and we fell into conversation with a tall young man in bluejeans named John Shea, who was talking with a gray-haired woman in a rose dress named Elizabeth Horman. Mr. Shea is an actor, and he told us he had recently finished making a movie called "Missing," whose cast also includes Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek. "It's a true story, and I play Mrs. Horman's son," Mr. Shea said. "But Mrs. Horman and I didn't meet until a couple of weeks ago." Mrs. Horman beamed.

At the New York Public Library, eight hundred people attended a five-thirty reception marking the opening of an exhibition called "American Photographers and the National Parks." On the third floor, we caught up with Robert Glenn Ketchum, the curator of the exhibition—it contains some of his own photographs—and he told us that he had begun planning such a show five years ago, and that the National Park Foundation had agreed to sponsor it. "Then the Transamerica Corporation stepped in to underwrite things," he continued. "The exhibition was first shown in Oakland this spring, and it will travel through the country until 1983." The reception—a mammoth one—included wandering mimes, a string trio, a brass quartet, a jazz quintet, cocktails, ham with mustard sauce, jambalaya, black-eyed peas with cucumbers, corn relish, corn bread, and dill butter.

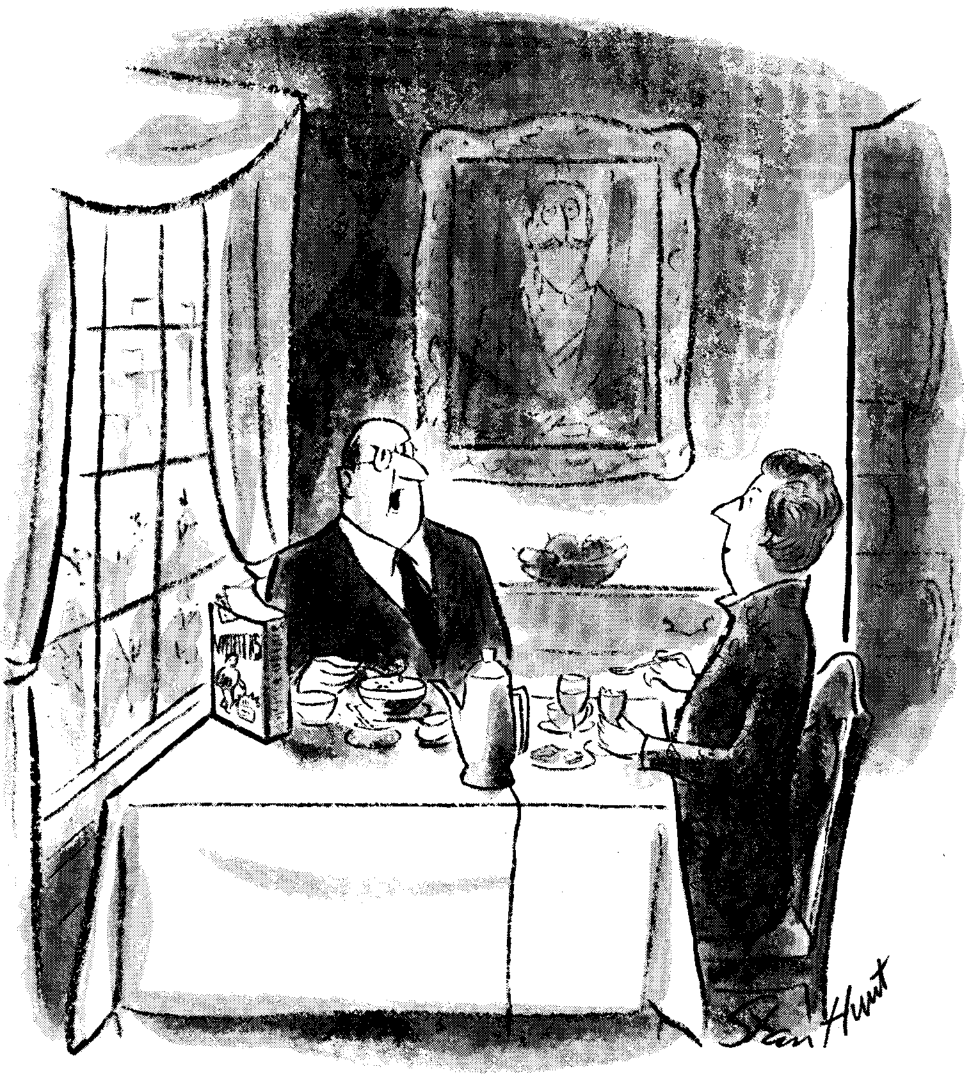
At the French Institute/Alliance Française, on East Sixtieth Street, about three hundred people assembled in the evening for a champagne reception previewing an exhibit called "French Menus—1757-1976." Jacqueline Chambord, the Institute's director of cultural activities, explained that the menus—nearly all of them originals—were from several private collections, and she escorted us through a ground-floor gallery, where we saw, among other things, a menu from a supper given on November 4, 1757, for Louis XV and Mme. de Pompadour. We also noticed an elaborately designed satirical menu from 1870, which offered things like *cheval à la mode*, *bisque Bismarck*, *bombes glacées à la Krupp*, and *sardines antédiluviennes*.

In the Board of Directors Room of the New York Stock Exchange, about a hundred people showed up for an informal reception and buffet luncheon that the N.Y.S.E. was giving for members of the press. Jo Anne Murphy, of the Exchange's public-information department, greeted us at the door and told us that the room—a vast and ornate place, involving a lot of green and gold, and with a ceiling of stained glass—had been used for board meetings since the building went up, in 1903. While people helped themselves to cold cuts, bœuf à la Deutsch, and salad, we went over to a corner and inspected an urn of reddish-brown Siberian jasper on a green malachite pedestal (the whole thing about eight feet high), which had been given to the Exchange in 1903 by Czar Nicholas II.

On a balcony adjoining the Hilton Room of the Waldorf, a hundred and seventeen regional representatives and district sales managers of Avon Products, Inc., got together for a reception preceding a banquet that honored them for being the highest-selling Avon people in their areas. While a pianist played Gershwin, the representatives and sales managers talked shop, sipped champagne punch, and ate shish kebab and quiche. One of the sales managers—Johnna Faiella, of Beacon, New York—told us that she had been with Avon for six years. We asked Mrs. Faiella whether she had had any unusual experiences while she was working for the company, and she said, "Well, once I went out to recruit a new representative, and when I arrived at her house—it was a trailer, really, in a trailer park—I was greeted by a six-foot bear."

At the Spaced Gallery of Architecture, on West Seventy-second Street, about a hundred and fifty people arrived around six to sip fruit punch, walk on tatami mats (before entering the gallery, guests were asked to remove their shoes), and view a collection of wood-block prints from Kyoto, Japan. Judith York Newman, an architect, who runs the gallery in conjunction with her own studio, told us that she had picked up the prints on a recent trip to the Far East. "We don't have much space for display here, but we do at least have one wall that's sixty feet long," she said.

In the lobby of the General Assembly Building of the United Nations, about four hundred United Nations delegates and their guests took seats to listen to an evening concert by Lionel Hampton's seventeen-piece band, together with the guest soloists Gerry Mulligan, Kai Winding, and Milt Hinton. Mr. Hampton is about to take his band abroad, and near the end of the concert—after the musicians had marched single file through the audience playing "When the Saints Go Marching In"—Jeane J. Kirkpatrick, the United States Ambassador to the United Nations, handed Mr. Hampton a plaque appointing him "Ambassador of Music to the World." Afterward, the musicians and about a hundred guests gathered on the twelfth floor of the United States Mission to the United Nations, just across First Avenue, for a reception that included cocktails, crudités, and artichoke soufflé. As people stood looking out over the United Nations buildings, parts of Queens, the Queensboro and Williamsburg Bridges, and lights sparkling on the East River, we spoke with Ambassador Kirkpatrick, and told her that we thought the concert had been a great idea. "The concert was a *good* idea," Mrs. Kirkpatrick replied, with a smile. "What was *great* about this evening was Lionel Hampton."



*"I eat Wheaties for breakfast because Wheaties is the breakfast of champions."*

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## *The Return of Mr. S.*

OUR Mr. *Stanley* is back? True. He dashed in here, wearing Levi's and a bulky Irish sweater, with his every tooth still there, all his old energy and guileless ways intact. He's been lying low in the woods near the Montauk Point lighthouse, he told us, at one with the ocean waves, watching leaves grow, studying snowflakes, and chopping wood. What lured him back to the city, he said, was hearing about the Executive Coach, which makes the New York-to-Boston and Boston-to-New York run daily in four hours each way, door to door. "*If* your doors happen to be the Essex House, on Central Park South, and the Marriott Hotel in Newton, which mine are not," Mr. Stanley added. "But those are minor details. Here. There's hope for us yet." He took off, leaving us with this report:

Have just spent best two-day vacation of past decade. Took in both New York and Boston, without hassle of visiting World Trade Center, Faneuil Hall, or other obligatory shrines. Just got blast out of knowing they were *there*, before cutting back to my grains of sand. Travelled via Executive Coach, new bus service. In operation seven weeks. Shell of vehicle—called MCI-MC 9—made by Motor Coach Industries, which makes same shell for Greyhound. Conventional MCI-MC 9 carries forty-seven passengers. Quota on Executive Coach: sixteen plus driver plus hostess. Way to travel! Departed city on button as scheduled, at 6:30 P.M., with freezing, teeming rainstorm outside.

Started up Broadway, past Lincoln Plaza Cinema. Moviegoers getting soaked in rain. Inside Executive Coach, all dry, all cozy, all warm. Like nice, homey, oversized, modern-décor living room. Thick beige carpeting. Swivel armchairs in matching leather tip back and back as well as go around and around. Table in rear to eat, play chess, confer, or whatever at. Large rectangular tank full of tropical fish behind driver. Color television with VCR video-cassette player. Telephone to outside world. Lavatory with real washbasin in middle of counter, plus shelves, carpet, curtains, real soap, real cotton-terry-cloth towels, vase of fresh geraniums. Kitchenette with theatrical-dressing-room-type lights overhead, bar with white Formica top, bright, California-hued dishes and mugs, refrigerator, microwave oven, cushiony bar stools. Non-jarring p.-a. system. Entire works custom-designed for Executive Coach. Jolly sign in rear: "OUR SHIP DOESN'T ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THIS, SOMETIMES IT'S WORSE." Good joke touch. In keeping with mood of club of Boston lady passengers returning from wild weekend in New York. Ladies *very* jolly. Very talky.

"Hi, I'm Irene," club president informed busload. "And this is my friend Margaret. This is my friend Elaine. This is my friend Rebecca. This is my friend Mary Anne. We saw Greta Garbo in Bergdorf's this morning. I said, 'That's Greta Garbo.' I said, 'Let's go where she goes.' We also saw What's-His-Name. We went to the Music Hall. We did everything. We went to Sardi's. That's where we saw What's-His-Name. Wait till we tell our husbands."

Passing Stadium Motor Lodge in Bronx. Drinks served by hostess wearing brown-and-tan skirt-jacket combo in keeping with coach décor. White hair. Steel-rimmed specs. Chubby. Full, friendly face. Red cheeks. Like Mrs. Santa Claus.

"My name is Fran," hostess said, putting glass of cold white wine in wire rack on wall next to my swivel chair, up front. "I'm here to make you comfy. You comfy?"

Complimented Fran on drink holders.

"We try not to let drinks slop," Fran said. "If the road makes the coach shake like rock'n'roll to Dublin, the driver tells me not to serve."

Reached country. Onto Route 684. Very dark outside. No sights. Just road signs illuminated by headlights. White letters on green: "BREWSTER—8 MILES." Tremendous windshield on MCI-MC 9. Like Captain Kirk's in "Star Trek." Windshield wipers as long as golf clubs. Silent. No squeaks. No squoosh-squoosh.

Fran served box suppers. Sandwiches from Kaplan's deli at the Delmonico. Corned beef on rye. Chicken salad on rye. New pickle. Cole slaw. Good stuff. Top quality. Freshly perked hot coffee. No slosh. Great. Irene, Margaret, Elaine, Rebecca, Mary Anne holding off on supper. All of them too busy with second drink of Executive Coach two-drink limit. Too busy smoking. Too busy talking. Too busy ensemble-singing "Down by the Old Mill Stream."

Driver over p.-a.: "Fran, I suggest you not serve for twenty minutes. We're going to be on a rough stretch here."

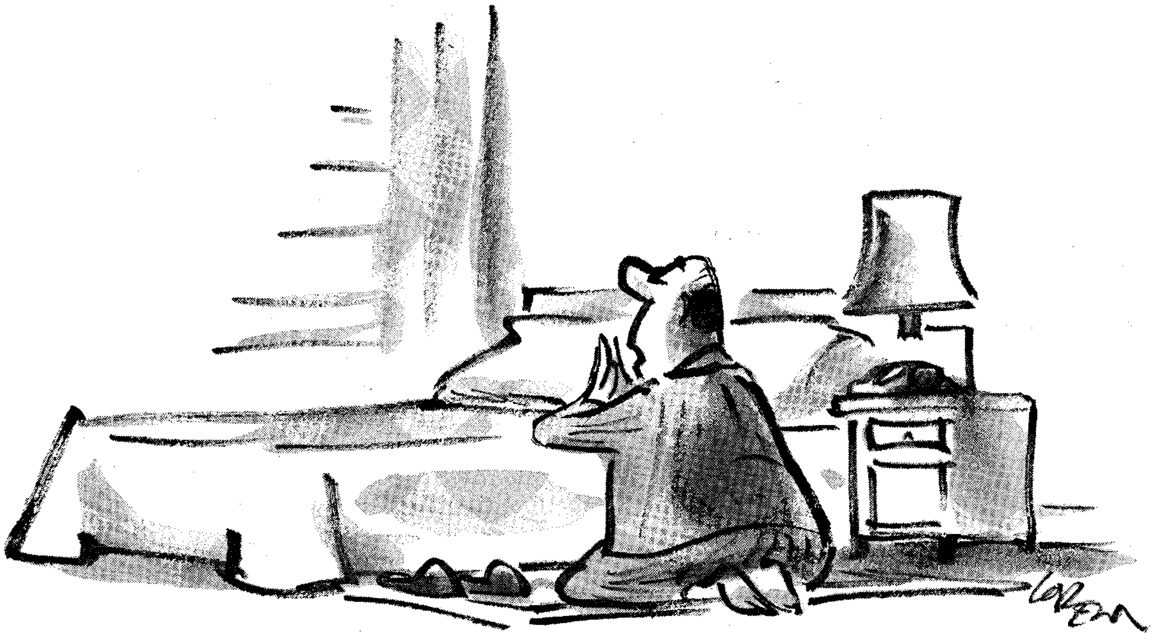
Irene, Margaret, etc., pretended envy of passengers finished with sandwiches. Pretended to be fainting from hunger. Sang "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain."

Driver and Fran discussing Executive Coach problem with reservations. Three passengers didn't show. Plane shuttles cancelled because of weather, so people asking for Executive Coach. Had to be turned down. Three reservations wasted because of no-shows. Driver and Fran very upset. Said E.C. policy of leaving exactly on button still good policy, no matter what.

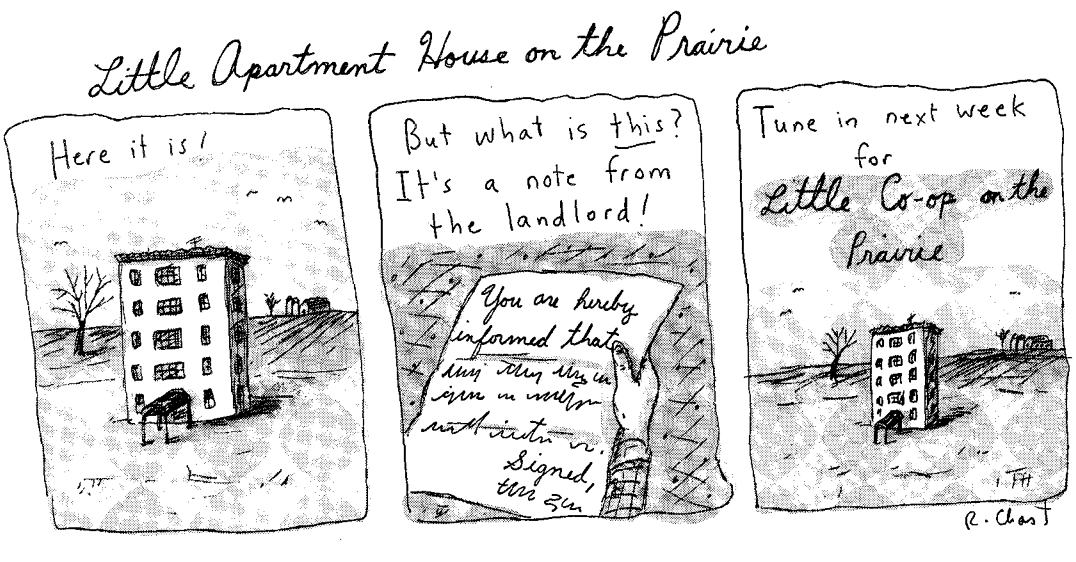
Outside Hartford, Route 86 smooth. Rest of suppers served. Fran drew dark curtain behind driver. Vote taken among passengers to select movie to be shown on VCR video-cassette player: "All the President's Men" or "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" or "The Godfather" or "Godfather II" or "Love at First Bite" or "10." Irene, Margaret, Elaine, Rebecca, Mary Anne screamed, yelled, campaigning for "Love at First Bite." Strong lobby. Their strategy to get "Love at First Bite": Loud group recitation of entire *plot!* Comprehensive report on what was funny in movie before movie *started!* Coach lights out. Lots of laughing at George Hamilton as Dracula in movie. Dracula-Rumanian accent not too bad. All passengers either liking Dracula stuff or mesmerized by it. Movie over by time we reached Framingham, Mass. Fran, putting coach lights on again, gave lowdown on E.C. movies: usually passengers vote unanimously for "10."

Disembarked right in front of Marriott Hotel in Newton. Pouring rain. Decided against hassle to get downtown. Stayed put. Took eighteen seconds to check in, get key, go up to room. *Quelle service!* On table at picture window with view of Charles River: milk, homemade chocolate-chip cookies. Courtesy management. Bed turned down. Neutrogena soap in bathroom. Sewing kit with thread of six different colors, windshield-ice scraper, lint mitts, pens in fine working order, knitted shoe bags, shower cap, *TV Viewer* magazine—all courtesy management. TV set in fine working order. Hooked up to movie service called Spectradyne Movies, at $5.25 per, charged on bill. Nobody else needed to vote for preference on offerings: "Altered States," "For Your Eyes Only," "Stripes," "Tarzan, the Ape Man." Watched "For Your Eyes Only." Then hit hay.

Ice, sleet, freezing staccato rain roughing up Charles River in A.M. Breakfast via room service: half grapefruit, bran muffins, coffee. Traffic outside bumper-to-bumper on bridge going downtown. Accurate weather forecast on Boston PBS: rain, rain, rain. Don't watch morning TV at home near Montauk, so



*"And please protect me from the appearance of wrongdoing."*


Little Apartment House on the Prairie
Here it is!
But what is this? It's a note from the landlord!
You are hereby informed that
Signed,
Tune in next week for Little Co-op on the Prairie
R. Chast

watched talk shows. Learned lot. Mostly women on shows talking about bad deal given women. Women on shows looking unhappy. Not relaxed. Unhappy-looking woman said men taking advantage of women for five thousand years, so time to change. Men should stay home, take care of babies. Talk extremely belligerent. Switched to woman telling about buying Lincoln rocker for thirty dollars, getting rocker recaned for sixty dollars, so got rocker worth two hundred and fifty dollars for only ninety dollars. Nice to see *happy* woman. Switched. Got free medical info from Dr. Isadore Rosenfeld, apparently very popular doctor on talk shows, very popular doctor with popular people. Learned lot from Dr. Isadore Rosenfeld about how to treat alcoholism. Good free advice: don't drink too much—especially with pills. Switched. Watched man called Jeff, wearing leopard-skin vest, dancing boots, teach dance called The Gigolo. Jeff taught John Travolta, m.c. said. Jeff, with dumbbells, instructed viewers to work out along with him, with dumbbells. Went along with Jeff, pretended to hold dumbbells, went down on one knee to dance The Gigolo. Too hard.

Headed downstairs. To Health Club. Big setup. All free to guests. Saunas. Swimming pool—forty feet long, heated to eighty-three degrees. Gunite hydrotherapy spa heated to hundred and five degrees. Plenty of towels. Exercycles. Rowing machine. Leg press. Dumbbells. Sit-on treadmill. Sit-up board. Curling. Weight lifting. Tried everything. Great workout. Felt shipshape. Tried doing The Gigolo with dumbbells. Too hard. Cute girl named Jennie, wearing Wallabees and maroon warmup pants over black tank suit, in charge. Jennie said she was lifeguard, said pool was neat. Showed off for Jennie. Did thirty-eight laps. Felt swell. Lounge area with Ping-Pong, played Black Knight pinball game, Pac-Man video game, Phoenix video game. Great way to relax. Wished woman accusing men of taking advantage of women for five thousand years could sample spa. Very therapeutic. Wound up three-hour stint in spa with long session in Gunite hydrotherapy and another thirty-eight laps in pool. Tried The Gigolo again. Mastered it. Fulfilling. Still pouring outside. Spent rest of day with Spectradyne Movies in room. And practiced The Gigolo.

Rain letting up at take-off time, 7 A.M. next day, for trip back to New York. Biggest group among passengers—half-dozen men all wearing tweed jackets, flannel trousers, all looking like Secretary of State Alexander Haig, sitting with each other around conference table, discussing plan to attend electronic-typewriter convention in New York. Other passengers—suit-wearing men, suit-wearing women, priest—very quiet. All reading *Wall Street Journal*. Breakfast served by different hostess, young, slim, with long blond hair. Hostess introduced self as Wendy. Tweed-jacketed bunch very loud laughers. Big laughs at what each Haig said to others. Brown-haired Haig said to gray-haired Haig, "This beats driving. Every time my father drives to New York, he gets a ticket." Much loud laughing at this joke.

Wendy served cranberry muffins. Hot coffee. Nice to look out big windows. Farms. Sheep. Tractors. Pick-up trucks. Bare-limbed trees. Ski areas getting ready. Nice to read Mass. Turnpike Authority sign, red letters on white: "SEASON'S GREETINGS." Took walk to kitchenette for second cranberry muffin. Passed Haigs, all discussing business. "Technologically, you can't beat the electronic concept in Japan." Also, "I still can't accept the concept that Sears satisfies the businessman." Also, "The U.S. office-automation market is growing at breakneck speed, due to expansion of the office-automation concept." Impressive talk.

West on Route 90. Sign: "LIVE WITH 55." Then Route 86 to Hartford. Tried swivel armchair in various positions. Leaned way back, head almost touching floor. Put feet way up to window level. Made several three-hundred-and-sixty-degree turns. Crossed legs. Swung side to side. Fine exercise, almost as good as Marriott spa.

One of Haigs to Wendy: "I guess you spend your afternoons shopping in Saks Fifth Avenue."

Wendy: "My favorite store is Bloomingdale's, but I like to browse in Tiffany's."

Glad to see sign "WELCOME TO NEW YORK THE EMPIRE STATE."

Put feet up again. Took snooze. Last stretch. Counted trucks. United Chrome Tile Corp. AFI Food Service Distributors. North American Van Lines. Michelin. Ripco. West Farms. Pennsylvania House Traditional Furniture. Mayflower Electronic Devices. United Van Lines. United Van Lines truck driver blew kisses to Executive Coach.

"WHITE PLAINS—10 MI."

More trucks. Modern Packaging. Jahn Foundry Corp. American Tourister. Miller Foods. Grand Union. Allied Container Corp. Spring Air Back Mattress. Pathmark Corrugated Containers. Finast. Dellwood. Frito-Lay.

Counted transporters. Horses. Automobiles. Boats. Golf Carts.

Arrived Essex House on button—11 A.M. Over and out.

# THE STUTTGART FOLDERS

Martin Van Buren, eighth President of the United States, stared gloomily out of his office window.—*First line of "Oregon!," by Dana Fuller Ross.*

The President swiveled in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and stared unseeing out of the window of the Oval Office and cursed his lot.—*First line of "Raise the Titanic!," by Clive Cussler.*

He was seated in the dark, alone, behind the desk of Hajib Kafir, staring unseeingly out of the dusty office window at the timeless minarets of Istanbul.—*First line of "Bloodline," by Sidney Sheldon.*

One year later: It was a gray, brutally cold March day in Moscow. Dmitri Chakhovsky stood before the window of his small, plainly furnished office inside KGB headquarters. He stared down to a deserted Dzerzhinsky Square, his thoughts on the approaching spring.—*First lines of "The Windchime Legacy," by A. W. Mykel.*

DiMona, meanwhile, has just published a novel with Morrow entitled "To the Eagle's Nest," which he says has the most commercial opening line of any novel ever published. He may be right. The opening is "Adolf Hitler slipped off his bathrobe and stood naked."—*Washington Star.*

"AND what are you staring at, Herr Himmler?" Adolf Hitler asked as he strode into the high-ceilinged conference room.

"Uh, nothing, Führer," Himmler said, blushing and looking away.

"Nothing? And what about you, Herr Reichsmarschall?" he asked, turning to Göring. "Why did your eyes practically pop out of your head?"

Göring cleared his throat as if to speak, and then just looked at the floor. There was a long pause.

Then Grand Admiral of the Navy Doenitz spoke up, in a wavering voice. "It's simply that . . . if the Führer will permit me . . . you're . . . in the altogether."

"I'm buck naked—that's what you're saying, isn't it?" Hitler asked. "Do you think I don't know that? Of course I'm *au naturel*, and, what's more, I plan to remain this way for a very long time to come." He clasped his hands behind his bare bottom and began to pace at the head of the table. Several of his generals took cautious second glances from under the bills of their caps at their leader's root-white, plump nudity.

"You've got a good body," Doenitz added lamely.

There was another silence. Then Reichsführer of the Schutzstaffel Himmler swallowed hard. "You plan to go around like that . . . regularly?" he asked.

"Yes, I do. And what of it?"

"If I might make so bold as to point out—"

"Yes?"

"Well, if people saw you, it might . . . it might embarrass the Reich."

Hitler looked hard at Himmler for a moment. "I'm surprised at you, Herr Himmler," he said quietly. "I thought you were a man of greater vision. Do we actually care about the Reich?"

"No, Führer."

"Do we care whether the Reich lasts a thousand years or twenty minutes?"

"No, Führer."

"Do we care in the slightest about this red herring of a war which we have thrown across the path of the non-Aryan world?"

"No, Führer."

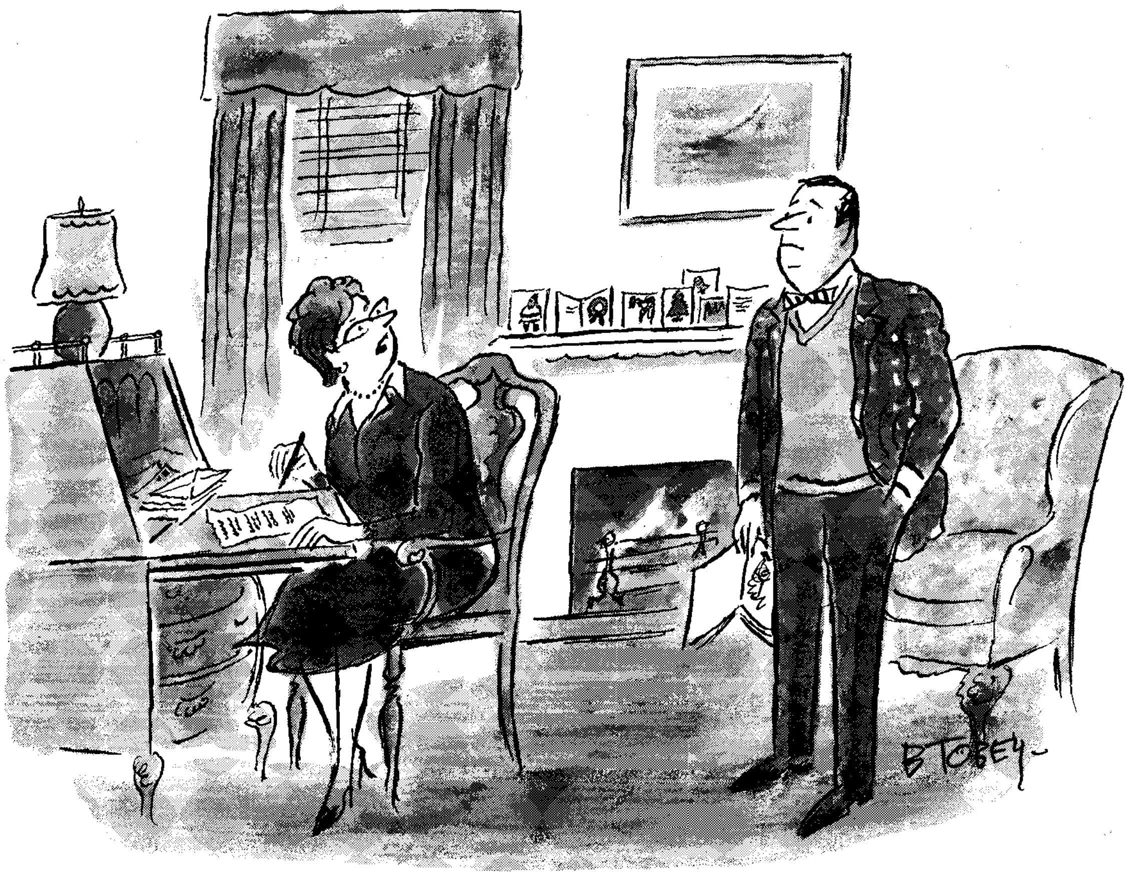
"What is our real goal, our secret dream that no one else knows? What is this dream that we have dreamed together so many times?"

"Our dream is that the Third Reich, in the person of its Führer, Adolf Hitler, shall become the greatest plot device the world has ever known," Himmler said, in the singsong tone of one repeating an oft-recited maxim.

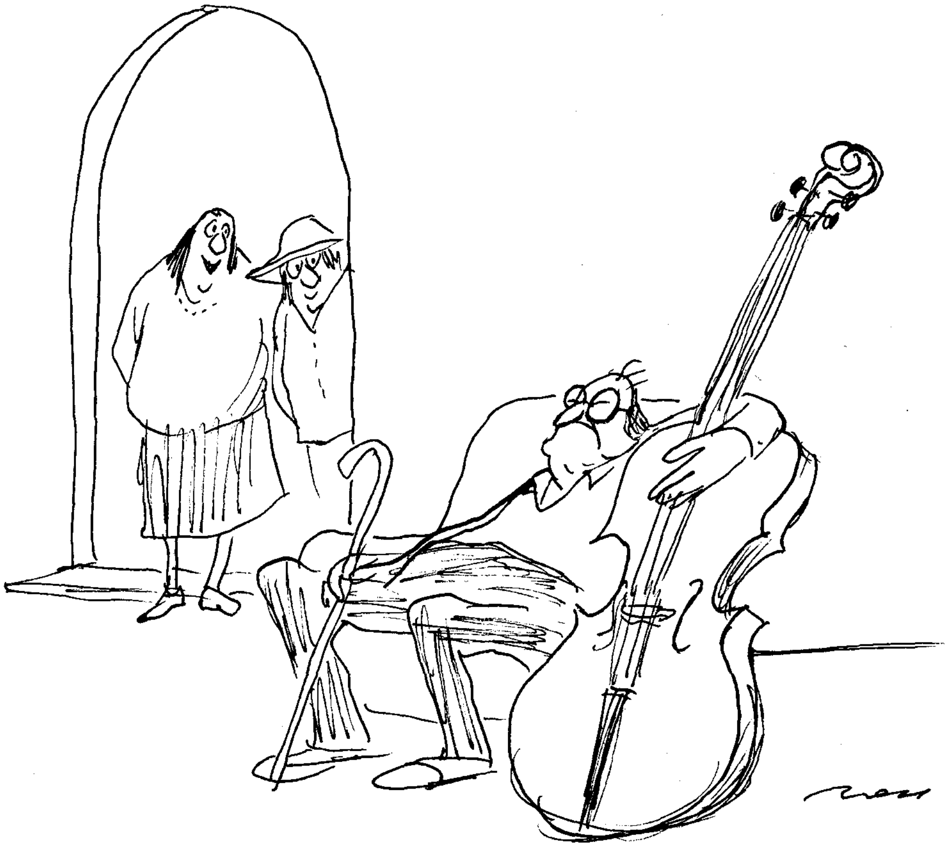
"The greatest plot device the world has ever known!" Hitler suddenly shouted. "A mighty dream! For which we should strive mightily!"

He turned to Goebbels. "Tell me, Herr Minister," he asked, "how goes it with the Plot Restructurement Corps? Are you meeting with success?"

"Excellent success, Führer," Goebbels answered, keeping his eyes with some effort on his



*"Am I the only one in the whole world who still makes New Year's resolutions?"*



*"They were some hot couple in the old days."*

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leader's face. "We have already removed the structurally impure elements from all the major literary works of the English and have inserted fear-of-Nazi-menace as the main instrument of plot. Might I read you a sample of our recent work?"

"Please."

An aide appeared at Goebbels' side with a manuscript, and Goebbels read:

### The Elsinore Agenda
By William Shakespeare

Bernardo: Who's there?

Francisco: Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

Bernardo: Long live the king!

Francisco: Bernardo?

Bernardo: He.

Francisco: You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo: 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco: For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.

Bernardo: Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco: Not a mouse stirring.

Bernardo: That's good. Because the Führer is a nut on the subject of Denmark, and we're supposed to watch out for Nazis.

Francisco: Gee, that's right. Thanks for reminding me. I sure hope we don't see any Nazis around here—

"Enough!" cried Hitler, stopping Goebbels with a gesture of his hand. "I can see that your corps has made most satisfactory progress, and you will persevere until every plot ever devised has fallen before you!"

For a moment, Hitler examined his waist, absent-mindedly pinching its folds. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "we must look to the future. Consider Napoleon. He thought he would be an agent of plot for centuries. Yet today hardly anybody ever uses him, even once in a while just to give a story a nudge. And why is that? Because that military genius, that greatest general of modern times, that master of nations, did not possess the will to disrobe, even just down to his briefs. Alexander the Great, Caesar, Genghis Khan—did any one of them have the moral strength to walk about this world as naked as he came into it?"

"You're covered with goose bumps, Führer," Göring interrupted. "Can I get you a shawl or something?"

"What would you have me do?" Hitler asked, ignoring him. "Would you have me stare unseeing out a window, like some petty plot functionary? The American Presidents think that all they have to do is be President and stare out a window and someone will write about them. They sit in their Oval Offices and indulge their bad moods and think that is enough. But would any of them ever get naked? In the Oval Office? Right at the beginning of a story? Of course not. Because they are a mongrel race." He grabbed a book from one of the bookcases that lined the conference room from floor to ceiling. "Tell me—is this how you would have literature use your Führer?" He began to read:

### The Taft Enigma
Chapter 1

President William Howard Taft, the twenty-seventh President of the United States, stared savagely out of the windows of the Oval Office. The fresh smell of flowers and other plants in the Rose Garden wafted to him through the same window that he was looking out of, and other windows as well, all of which were open in the pleasant weather, but the smell did not cheer the President up that much, because he was thinking about various things that concerned his Administration (1909-13) that were not going the way he wanted them to. Even if the weather was nice, it didn't make any difference to President Taft, because he was unhappy. So what if the weather was great—President Taft still had things to worry about, because he was President. "Damn it," he thought, "here I have been a prominent Ohio jurist, United States Solicitor General, Dean of the Cincinnati Law School, author of the policy of 'dollar diplomacy' in China and Latin America, and still I cannot persuade Congress to pass my bill providing for the creation of the parcel-post system." President Taft began to pace back and forth like an animal of some kind in that office where so many Presidents had paced before him.

An aide wearing the type of clothes aides wore in Taft's day came in. "Should I close the window, Mr. President? Is that too much air on you?" he asked.

"What? Oh, I hadn't even noticed that the window was—"

"Forgive us, Führer! We were blind!" cried Himmler.

"We understand now, Führer!" cried Goebbels.

Then, as one, the generals and ministers leaped to their feet, eyes shining, fingers fumbling with their buttons.

—Ian Frazier

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The allergic reaction to food is aggressiveness, hostility, inability to accept criticism and impulsive actions, Schauss said. But he emphasized there is no particular food that is the culprit. One person can be allergic to apples, another to apples.

—*Iowa City Press Citizen.*

Northern Spy for hostility, Winesap for impulsive actions.

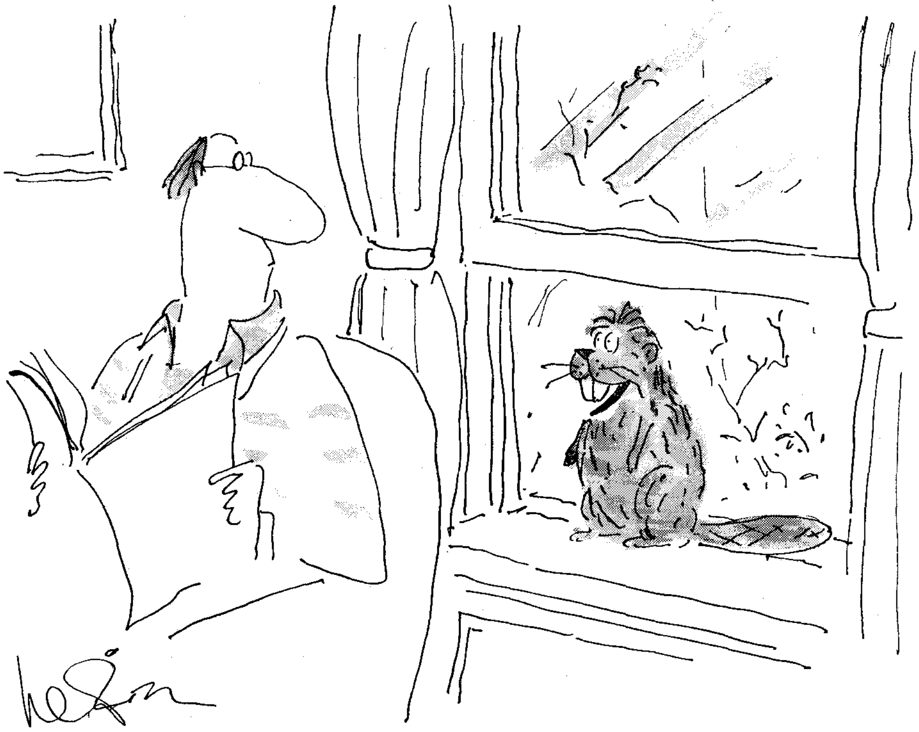
# REFUGEES

THE poet Zinbanti is tall and elegant and he was shot in the back eleven years ago. The wound healed, of course. The doctor who, rattling the bullet in his cupped palm, spoke to reporters after the operation said that it had passed within a centimetre of the heart. "Zinbanti's heart is somewhat larger than you expect to encounter, even in a man of his height, one of the African race," the doctor said. "It is an extraordinary heart, gentlemen, at the extreme end of the spectrum." The journalists—there were two of them, and their very presence in that country, in the wake of Zinbanti's escape attempt and the immediate tightening and proliferation of security, was a kind of miracle—wrote the doctor's words down carefully, and photographed him holding the bullet in the air. The New York *Times* clipping that documents this event is now yellowing and frail; it was tucked inside one of Zinbanti's letters to Alfred, inserted between a long description of scarabs and a short one of his second wife. Perhaps Zinbanti has never heard of Xerox machines, Alfred thinks. Perhaps there is not a single Xerox machine in his whole country. No wonder they are always on the brink of revolution. The bullet in the photograph is in very sharp focus. The doctor, pinching it lightly between thumb and forefinger, stares at it like a child at a moth. Alfred exhales cigarette smoke, closing his eyes. It is very odd, when you think about it. Even a narrow-minded, provincial, elderly physician could be moved, when speaking of Zinbanti, to talk of hearts, of extremes, of the thread by which a life is said to hang.

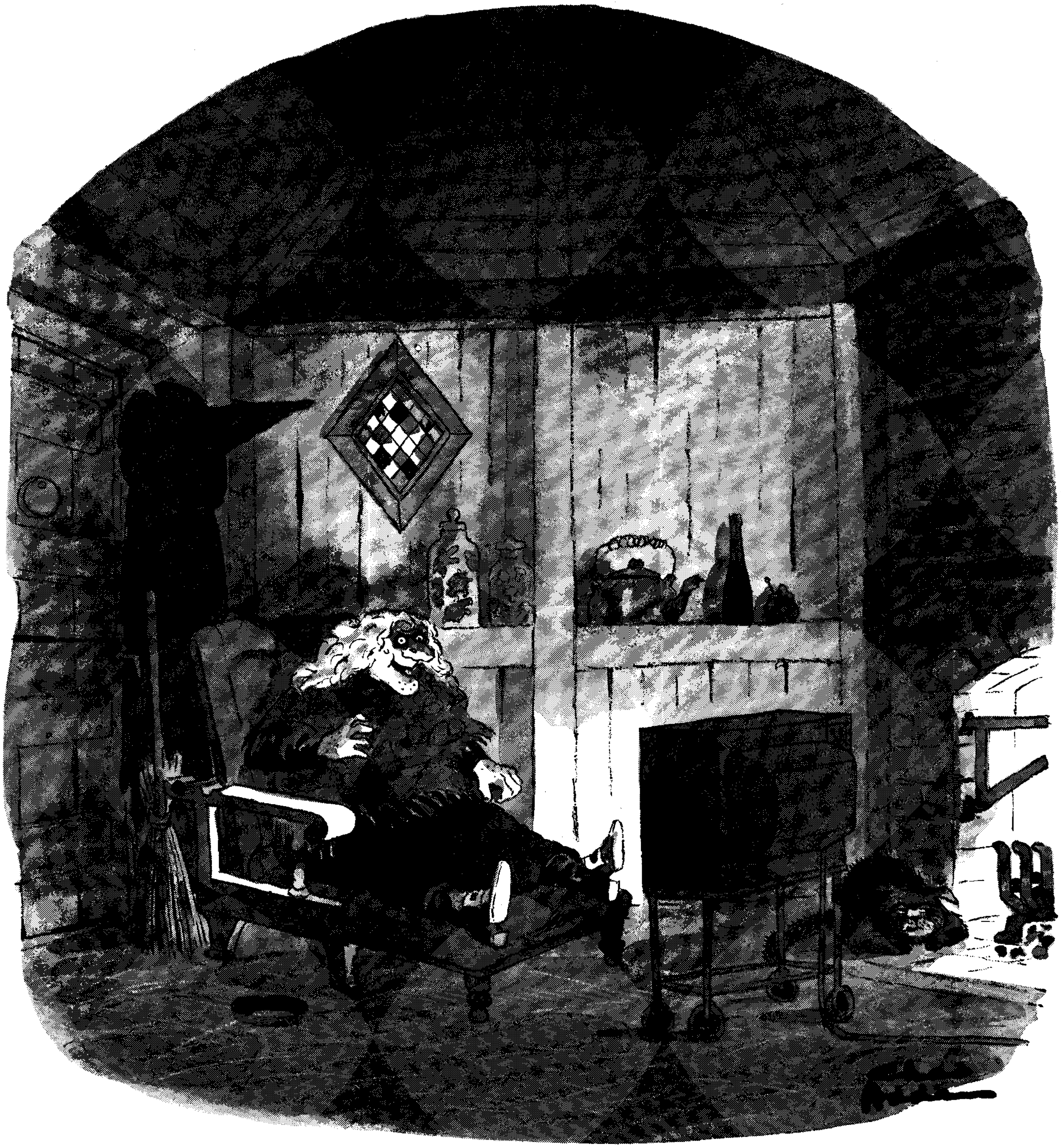
For nearly a year now, Alfred has been startled by Zinbanti's letters: the angular clarity of the handwriting, the stamps engraved with sleeping lions. He began writing to Zinbanti with reluctance. Upsinger, the chairman of the English department, hoped that Zinbanti would stand as a candidate for the Telemann Endowment, which involved a series of lectures to be given at the University of Colorado at Boulder. Upsinger believed that a correspondence between poets would be the most certain way to Zinbanti's heart. Alfred wrote to Zinbanti; he was pleased with the sharpness and charm of his own letter. Zinbanti considered. He seemed to pause, falter, and retreat; Alfred, in the name of the Telemann committee, persisted. It was clear by that time that Zinbanti was the man they wanted. His newest work, "Flora and Fauna"—written during his eight years in prison following the escape attempt—had exactly the kind of slender, undaunted reputation that Upsinger was looking for. Alfred coaxed. He researched Zinbanti's life, finding old photographs of Zinbanti's village in an ancient encyclopedia: the women with their scarified brows, matchstick legs, and glossy bellies; the children combing fallen grains of wheat from the dust with knobby fingers. Alfred called Zinbanti. The connections were invariably riddled with static, and Zinbanti proved extremely telephone-shy. When he finally agreed—one night after Alfred had been talking into the rise and fall of static for nearly forty minutes—to accept the Telemann Endowment, Alfred got drunk on Gordon's gin, which he somehow associated with Africa. He woke in the dead of night with a feeling of confused urgency; he had been dreaming of escaping in a helicopter from a barren, level country that, even in the dream, he knew he did not recognize.

Now, lying on his bed, he thinks of that country. There was a single highway, ashen and gray, immaculate as only highways that cross immense deserts can be. There were no lines on the highway. Alfred stares at the ceiling. He is smoking one of Lisa's cigarettes; when they were living together, he used to steal them from the pocket of her russet suède jacket whenever they were in movie theatres. She is the only woman he has ever known who keeps her cigarettes in her pockets. This cigarette he stole during "The Last Metro." In the darkness, she misinterpreted the lightness of his touch. "Christ, Alfred," she said. "Can't you even wait until the cartoon is over?" She is married; they used to go to movies often. "I'm not psychologically equipped to have a lover," she said the last time. "Really. You don't believe me?" "No," he said. Once, when she buried her hand in the popcorn carton—grainy cardboard printed with shooting stars—he kissed the butter from her knuckles. Her hand had gotten so slick with butter that her wedding ring had slid from her finger to the bottom of the carton. "Like a Cracker Jack prize," Alfred said.

"It's not funny, Alfred," she said. Without looking at him, she slipped the buttery ring deep into the bottom of her russet suède pocket.



*"If I'm not being too personal, how much do you pay for a cord of wood?"*



*"Will Leonard rise from his sickbed? If not, what will Ernestine do with four children to support and no insurance? Listen tomorrow . . ."*

• •

He has also taken one of Lisa's gray suède Italian gloves; this he intends to return. The glove rests on his bedside table, palm upward, fingers innocently curved. When she calls him n the middle of the night—which she often does—her voice is guarded, as f in preparation for his pleading and his reproaches. There is a small gray feather, which he found on a windowsill, cupped in the palm of the glove.

"THINK of it as if you are taking in a refugee," Lisa had told him when she moved in six weeks ago. "Think of me as a sort of boat person." She opened the door of his refrigerator and stood on one leg, staring into the interior. Her leg was long and thin. One bare foot rested lightly behind the knee of the other leg. "Haven't you got anything to eat? What do you do, collect old jars of mayonnaise?"

"You're in exile," he said.

"I know," she said. "Jacob has

probably taken a contract out on me by now. I'm the object of a lot of redirected aggression, you know? Jacob's very ambitious about his career. He's virtually a second Konrad Lorenz. It's not easy to love a second Konrad Lorenz—not unless you're a graylag goose. Alfred, I count five jars of mayonnaise in here."

"Would you like an egg-salad sandwich?"

"God, no," she said.

Then, two weeks ago, Lisa left him, packing her things in a bag made of parachute silk. She was not exactly going back to her husband, she said. It was just that her husband, although ambitious, is also tranquil, and that right now, at this point in her life, she is extremely interested in tranquillity in men.

"It used to be the other way around," Alfred said. "Men were interested in tranquillity in women."

"Times change," she said. "I can't help it, Alfred. It attracts me."

"Of course he's tranquil," Alfred said. "He's had all of this time without you—time to do nothing but chart flights of migratory songbirds. I could be tranquil, too, if my primary interest in life was the flight of the scarlet tanager."

"I doubt it," she said. "I doubt you'd be tranquil, even then. Look what a mess your psyche is in over this Zinbanti negotiation."

She was sitting up in bed, with the quilt drawn up around her knees. She was always cold in the apartment; they often fought over the thermostat. He could see the slenderness of her knees below the quilt.

"Now it's all changed around," she said.

"Now what is all changed around?"

"The air of tranquillity you used to have. It's gone. You've lost it."

"I could get it back."

"You can't. It's Zinbanti. Your eyes, the way you *narrow* them whenever I say his name. You hate Zinbanti."

"I don't hate Zinbanti—"

"You're a very distracted man, Alfred."

Because Lisa and Alfred were both on the Telemann committee, they had watched a number of films of Zinbanti reading from his works. He is oddly photogenic. He has a long throat, slender sloping shoulders, and a slight concavity—like that of a basketball player—at the base of the spine, detectable even beneath his suit coat. But the wound seemed to have left in Zinbanti something of the shade of premonition you can see in the eyes of antelope, in which the iris seems too large for the eye, overshadowing the white. He will not lecture in a place where he cannot have his back to the wall. In fact, Zinbanti walks with the slightest of shrugs, his shoulder blades contracting and flaring with each step. Alfred had observed the shrug in film clips and pointed it out to Lisa. "That shrug is to Zinbanti what tousled white hair was to Frost," he told her. Lisa did not seem to be listening. She was staring at the screen; her eyes were wide. In the splintering sunlight of an African noon, Zinbanti was reading a poem called "Onyx." "It's very interesting to interpret that shrug psychologically," Alfred said. "Zinbanti knows that each time he appears in public he is vulnerable, and with each step he takes he shrugs at the danger."

Lisa did not turn her head. She continued to stare at the narrow screen.

"Then again," Alfred said, "it may be only some sort of complicated tendon damage."

"Alfred," Lisa said, "you're gray with jealousy."

He was startled. "Of what?" he said. "Of Zinbanti?"

"Listen to the way you talk about him, sometime."

"What about the way I talk to him?"

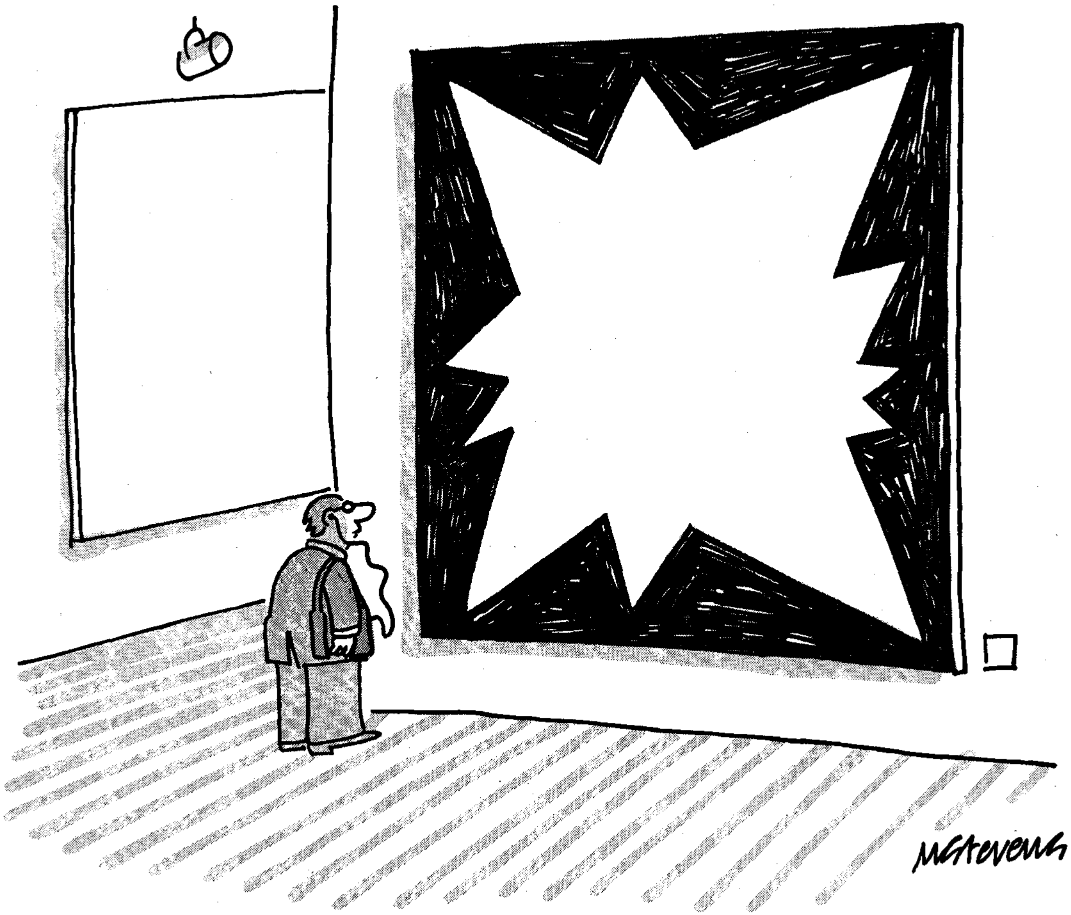
"You have this *aggrieved* tone. You're worse than Upsinger. Upsinger adopts this self-reproachful humility. You're so isolated, all of you. You can't comprehend Zinbanti because you have no interaction with the land, the light, other species—"

"To tell you the truth," he said, "the only other species that interests me right now is you."

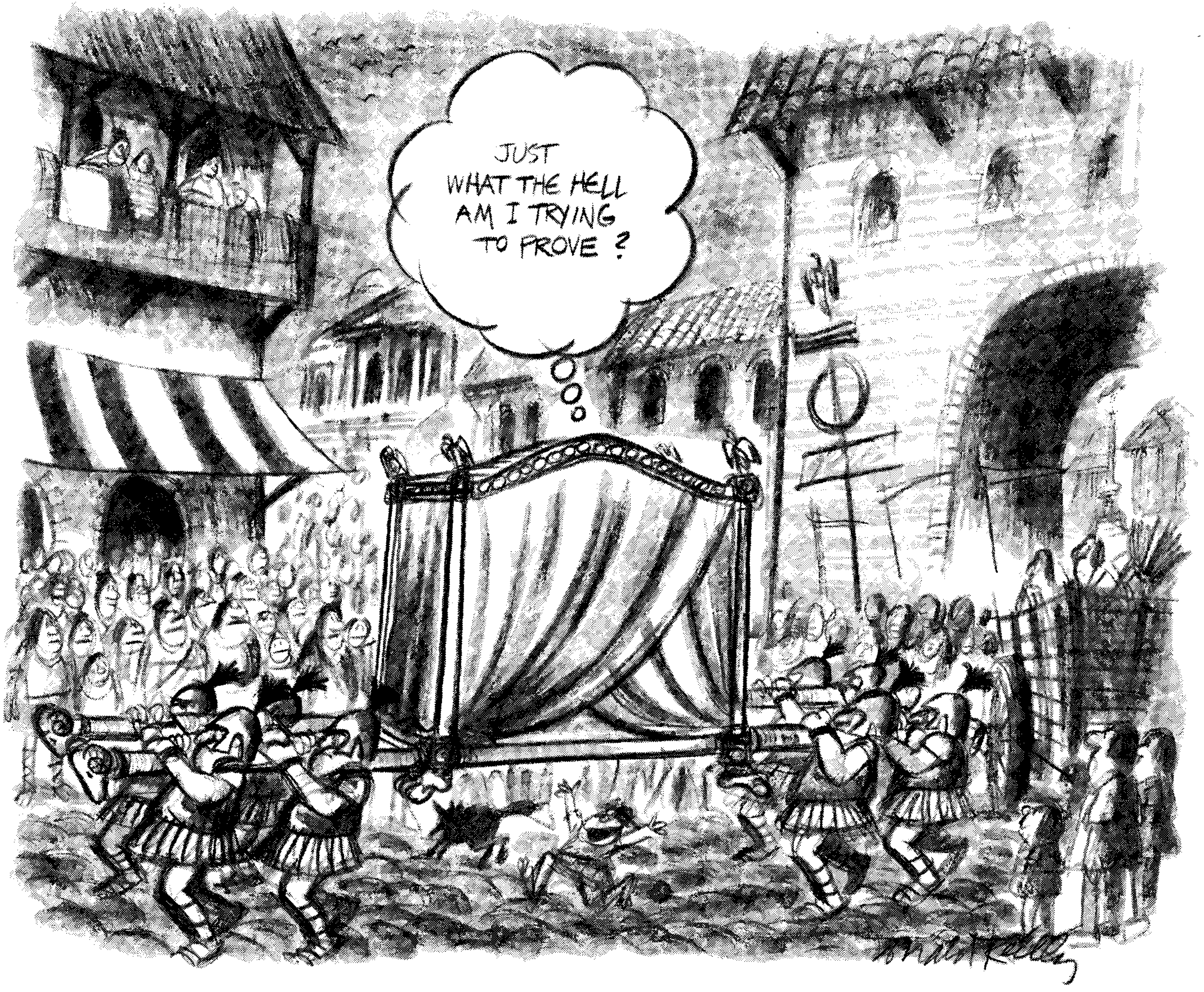
"I'm not another species."

"In some ways you are," he said. "I think it's green, by the way."

"What is green?"



"POW!"


JUST WHAT THE HELL AM I TRYING TO PROVE ?

"*Green* with jealousy. Not gray." She stared straight ahead. On the narrow screen, Zinbanti nodded politely to an invisible audience. His cheekbones gleamed like amber.

NOW Alfred turns on his side; the quilt is rumpled and he smooths it absent-mindedly. He dials the telephone number of Lisa's husband's duplex. The telephone rings fifteen times. He imagines that each of the rings has a peculiar airiness, as if the ceilings of the duplex were very high.

"How long were you going to let it ring?" he says.

"I don't know," Lisa says. "How long were you?"

"What are you eating, a salami sandwich?" She had once had a fierce love for salami sandwiches. She ate them even in bed. In the mornings her breath tasted poignantly of salami.

"No," she says. "Grilled cheese."

"Can you come to the airport in the morning?"

"Is this to get Zinbanti?"

"Yes," Alfred says. "He gets in at five-twenty."

"That's awfully early," she says. "All right."

"I'll see you."

"Alfred," she says. "Don't go around hanging your hat on a ghost."

"What?"

"It's a proverb."

"What kind of proverb?"

She hangs up. He holds the telephone next to his ear, hoping she will pick it up again. A tiny, reproving voice comes onto the line, urging him to replace the receiver in its cradle.

IT is still dark when she meets him in the doorway of the duplex. She is wearing an ancient kimono, sashed with one of her husband's neckties, and a pair of white suède cowboy boots. There are no lights on in the house behind her.

"Where's Jacob?" he says.

She looks at him, tilting her chin slightly. "He's in the field," she says.

"What field?"

"Field," she says. "As in *field* work."

"I know," he says. "Where is the field?"

"Oh," she says. "Michigan."

He follows her into the dark kitchen, which he has never seen before. She turns on the light. The kitchen is utterly bare, except for a single stack of Oreos on the pink linoleum counter. Lisa is running water into a battered coffeepot.

"He won't let me use this one while he's here," she says. "I threw it against the wall the first week we were married. He hates it. He says he keeps hearing the bang it made against the white plaster wall." She holds the coffeepot up. Alfred looks at it closely.

"What is he doing in Michigan?" Alfred asks.

"I don't know," she says. "He's got some orchard staked out. Little tape recorders camouflaged by leaves. He's recording orioles."

"You didn't tell me he was gone."

"I didn't know exactly what I was getting into," she says. "It just seems to me now that there ought to be a sort of interval between a husband and a lover—"

"Interval?"

"A sort of white space," she says.

"Can we go to bed?"

"No," she says. "We can have coffee. Then we can drive to the airport to get Zinbanti."

When she goes upstairs to dress, he counts the Oreos in the stack: nineteen of them. He steals the top two and puts them in his pocket. They will probably crumble, he thinks. There are grounds in the coffee she has made for him.

THE road to the airport seems particularly light and barren of traffic, like the road in the country he saw from the helicopter in the dream. It is less than an hour's drive from Boulder to Denver. Lisa is wearing a dark skirt—linen, he thinks—and high heels. There is a nick in one of the wooden heels. She is smoking; the interior of the Datsun pickup is now slightly cloudy. He has stationed a small plastic palm tree, with a curved stem and an umbrella of green leaves, on the dashboard. He stole it from a restaurant in Mexico; in the restaurant Lisa had eaten two bowls of green chili and rested her bare foot gently on his knee.

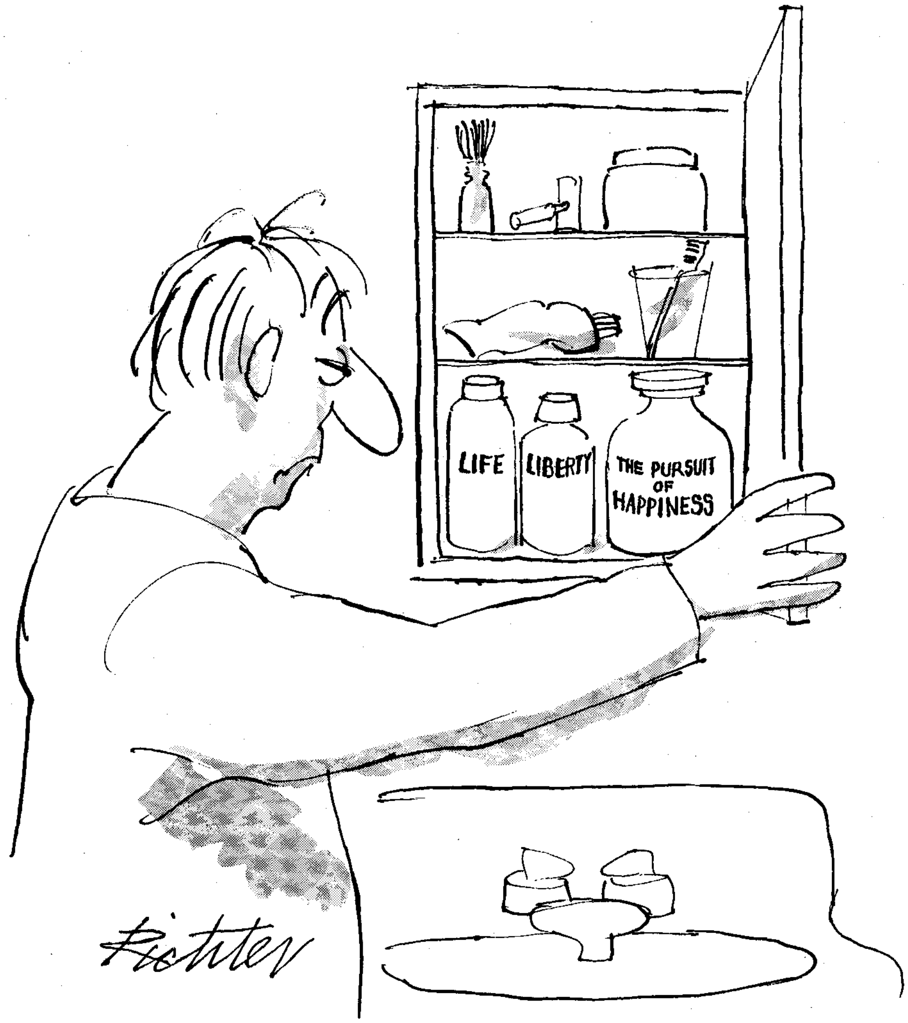
"Christ, this is an ungodly hour," Alfred says.

"This is a godly hour," she says. "It's called dawn."

"Why did you get all dressed up for Zinbanti?" he asks. "No one has seen you in anything except Levi's and that Olive Oyl T-shirt for nearly a month."

"I like that T-shirt," she says. "It helps me think."

"Great," he says. "You could probably finish your book if you spent a month in Disneyland."



She bites her lower lip. She hates him to mention her book, which—as far as he knows—is about domestic architecture in women's literature. She is strict with herself, and writes each afternoon; she also rations cigarettes like someone during a war. He stole the cigarettes because they reminded him of the feral, slightly ashen taste of her mouth when he kissed her. He once found an earring of hers in one of his pants cuffs—a small, frail gold stud—and he thought for a time of having his own ear pierced, but he did not know whether it was the left one or the right one that meant you were gay. He could not risk the confusion.

Now she is staring straight ahead. The horizon is smoky; only the highway is clear. On either side, the land is flat. A single crane, marooned on an abrupt rise of gray earth, strikes him with its air of desolation and its neat, crooked, mechanical elegance. It seems to him as rigid with apprehension as a giraffe that has caught the scent of lions.

"Machines have personalities," he says.

She laughs.

"No, they do. Look at you and your coffeepot."

"A coffeepot isn't a machine."

"You're upset because of what I said about Disneyland."

"No," she says.

"You *are*."

"Don't look so despairing," she says. "Just because we don't sleep together the first time my husband goes to camp in an orchard."

"I'm not despairing."

"Yes you are," she says. "You are *visibly* despairing."

In the airport terminal, since they are early, he buys two cups of coffee. "They have the bitterest coffee in the world," he says. "Right here in the Denver airport."

"Why?" she says.

"It's a mystery," he says.

She looks at him, puzzled. She is holding the Styrofoam cup against her lower lip. "It smells all right," she says.

The cup is patterned with small leaves, perfect and vivid green against the white Styrofoam. He has never seen leaves like that anywhere before. They are like willow leaves, extremely thin, with one central vein. He is amazed. "Look at that," he says. He holds his cup up for her to see: it is the ordinary kind, with a simple brown geometric pattern. "These came out of the same machine," he says. "One right after the other."

"They probably just ran out of your kind," she says.

"I love your mouth when you drink," he says.

She smiles, revealing the slight gap between her two front teeth.

"Great," he says. "That's the first time you've smiled all morning."

She immediately stops smiling.

*"Don't kid yourself. It gets cold in Miami, too."*

METAL detectors make Lisa feel shy, he thinks. She goes through ahead of him, making herself as small as possible, brushing her hair away from her forehead with one hand, as if she were about to have her picture taken. Perhaps she thinks that her bones will appear on the oval screen that the fat man is intently watching. Alfred watches her—the nape of her neck, the shrug of her jacket over her thin shoulders—as he is shedding things into the small white enamel tray that the fat man's partner pushes toward him: an old class ring, a Coors belt buckle, his wristwatch. He ducks slightly, going through the metal detector's framework, although his head is several inches below the doorway's horizontal beam.

"Obeisance," he says, to no one.

The fat man behind the screen looks up at him, narrowing his eyes.

"We are all hostages to fate," Alfred says.

"Step aside," the fat man says.

Lisa is on the other side. He can see that she is biting her lower lip; they will be late for Zinbanti. Lisa slides a golden bracelet up and down her narrow forearm.

The fat man rummages through Alfred's things. He holds the Timex up to the light. Alfred is standing between the fat man and a low, uneven counter of cement blocks. "We regret the inconvenience," the fat man says. "We are renovating the airport. We've had to improvise certain security measures." The fat man's uniform has a curiously handmade quality. Alfred stares at the white shirt, mysteriously unwrinkled, the collar quite fresh. The fat man is wearing a long dark tie. The tie is patterned with small green-eyed tigers.

"We'd be caught a little shorthanded if anything really *serious* came up," the fat man's partner says.

"You're not supposed to tell him that," the fat man snaps.

"It's terribly early in the morning, you know," Alfred says. "I may be a little light-headed—"

"You don't look like a man who gets light-headed over nothing," the fat man says.

"It's not over nothing," Alfred says. "It's over a woman, really."

"What woman? That woman over there?"

"Yes," Alfred says.

The three of them stare at Lisa. She looks straight back at them.

"What's that little bulge in your pocket?" the fat man says.

"Oreos," Alfred says.

The fat man's assistant sighs. "Keep it up," he says. "We've got all day."

Alfred empties his pocket. He holds the Oreos forward in the palm of his hand. He can see that Lisa is beginning to assume the wide-eyed, arrogant expression she gets when there is trouble.

"Yes," Alfred says. "She's leaving me. She's already left."

He realizes he has spoken so softly that even the fat man, who is right in front of him, cannot hear.

The fat man's partner, courtly as a magician, hands Alfred his things. He buckles his belt thoughtfully. The partner watches, unblinking. He is wearing a tie that is patterned all over with tiny gazelles. "Yes," he says. "We've had to improvise here. We're on our own."

"You told him that before," the fat man says.

Lisa takes Alfred by the arm. "That was very odd," she says. "You were there for nearly fifteen minutes. What the hell did they ask you about?"

"It wasn't fifteen minutes," Alfred says.

"It seemed like half an hour," she says. "What did you do, say something smart-assed to tick them off like that?"

She is walking quite fast. Strands of her hair have fallen down the nape of her neck. The gold bracelet looks too big for her, as if she had borrowed it from a much stouter woman. He has never seen her wear her hair knotted like that before.

"It was sort of an interrogation," Alfred says.

"*Ha*," she says. "You think that was an interrogation? Who the hell do you think you are? Those men didn't know you from Adam. We are here to meet Zinbanti. Zinbanti was in prison for eight consecutive years. Beatrice Catron from Smith says that during the course of a lecture he gave in London last summer he pulled up his shirt and the scars were like the stripes of a tiger."

"Dramatic effect," Alfred says. "I'm sure Beatrice was very awed."

"She was. Anyone with eyes to see would be. He didn't do it for dramatic effect. He did it very calmly, quietly, like a man taking off his shoe in a shoe store."

"It's a good way of making a point, I'll admit that," Alfred says.

"Three of those years were in solitary. He ate little beetles off the *walls*."

"I realize that," Alfred says.

"You can't realize it," she says. "No one who has not been in solitary can realize what it is like."

"What it can do to a man."

She doesn't laugh. She looks at him, tilting her chin, and he could have bitten his tongue. "I've seen photographs of his cell," she says.

"Lisa, everyone's seen those—"

"Zinbanti scratched his working drafts in the plaster. Then he made a sort of paste of saliva and dust and he painted over the walls so that he could go on to the next draft—"

"Lisa," he says. "This is my last offer. Come back to me tonight."

She tilts her head away from him, brushing the strands of hair from her forehead. "I don't know why you keep on, Alfred," she says. They have reached the gate, and she turns to face the wall of windows. He looks to see what she is watching. For a long while he can see only clouds, and then from one of the clouds a tiny point of silver emerges. The silver assumes a shape. It grows steadily larger.

"Long, thin scars," Lisa says. "Crossing his spine like the stripes of a tiger." The plane descends as slowly as a leaf.

ZINBANTI comes down the airliner's ramp as if there were some specific question for each stair in the entire flight: Would this one bear his weight? Was this one sabotaged? He carries a briefcase close to his chest. Oddly, the people behind him, who would ordinarily have pressed forward, making small, impatient sounds, wait quietly at the top of the ramp, watching Zinbanti's descent. Zinbanti comes off the flight of stairs with a sudden leap, and crosses the runway swiftly.

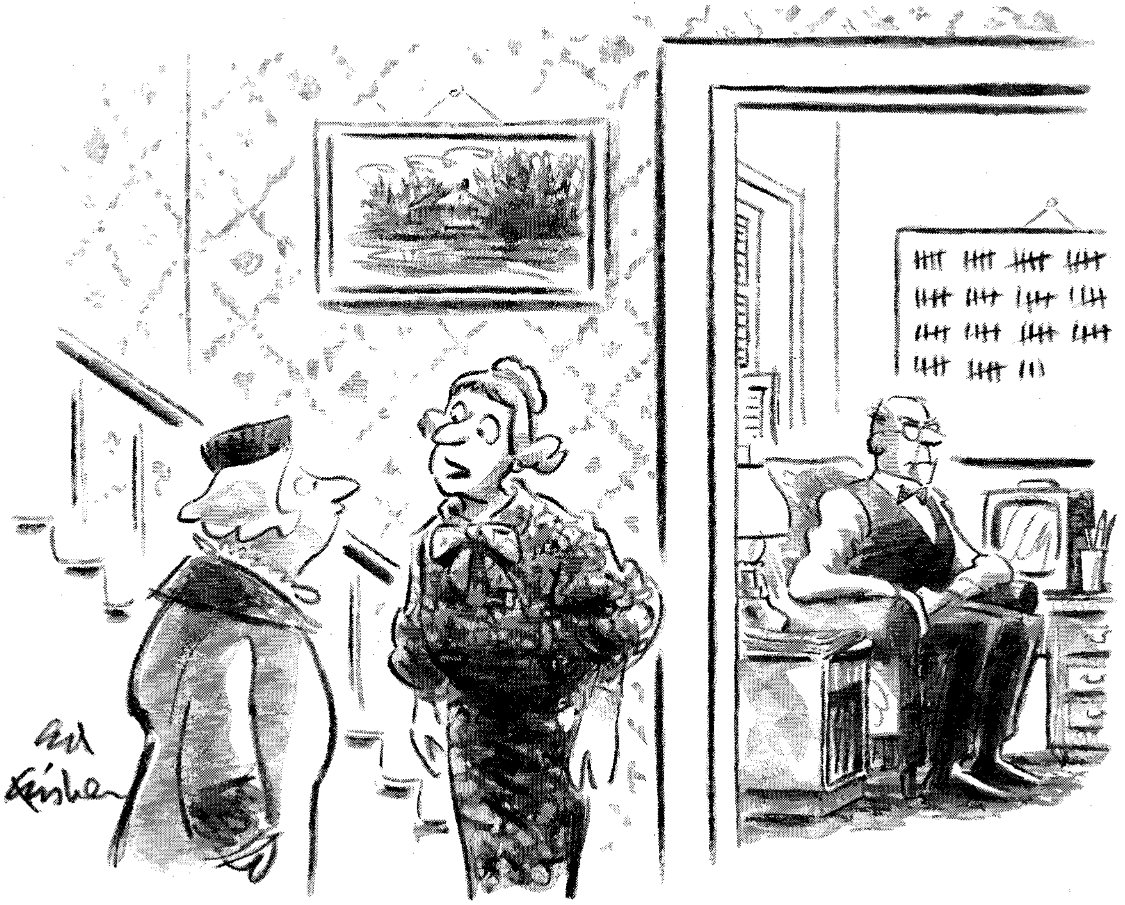
"I recognize you from your photographs," he says. "How do you do?" He looks at the two of them curiously. Lisa looks at him. Her eyes are wide. "I haven't slept for days," Zinbanti says. "Not since I left Milan."

"No?" Lisa says. "You couldn't have slept on the plane?"

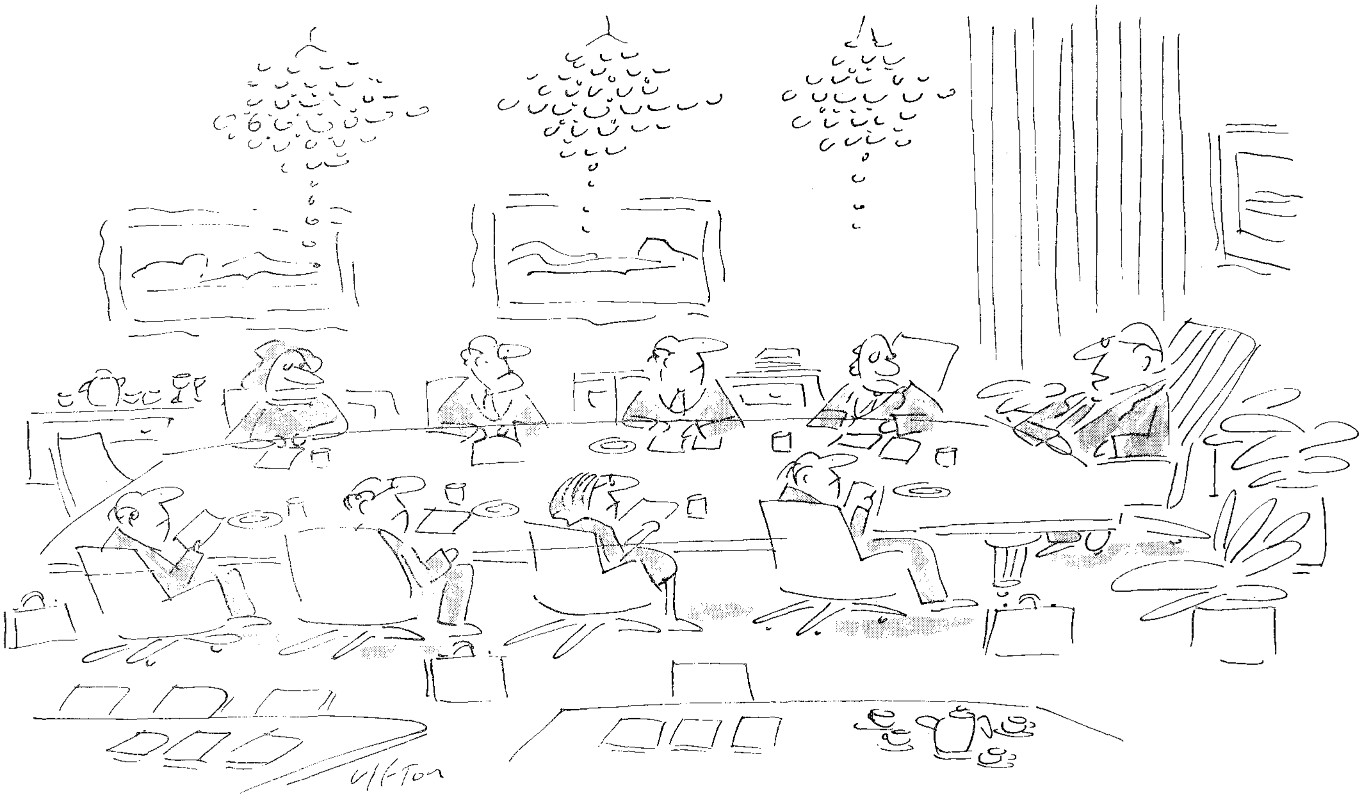
"I suffer from the curiously neurotic conviction that if I fall asleep on an airplane the pilot of the craft will also, instantly, fall asleep."

"You must find it alarming," Alfred says.

"No," Zinbanti says.



*"Believe me, I'd like to know what he's keeping tabs on, too, but there are some things you just can't ask a man like Herman."*



*"Today, for a change, I thought we could discuss existence in general."*

• •

"I simply stay extremely wide awake."

His accent is very light, even tentative, and it seems to come and go, like that of a child imitating an actor. He looks at Alfred. Zinbanti's cheekbones are high and arched, and they gleam as if from perspiration. When he takes Alfred's hand Alfred can feel the bones in his fingers, hard and slender. "I admire your work," Zinbanti says. "Especially the long poem 'The Flaw in the Crystal.' "

"Yes?"

"I have lectured on it," Zinbanti says. "I always hoped that you would be willing to illuminate certain points for me. There was one student at Oxford—a very observant young woman—who asked me a question, after the presentation of the poem, which I found extremely cogent. I could not answer it myself. She believed that there was an essential quality of 'randomness' to the work, an attempt to duplicate a pattern of thought which would belong to the mineral itself. Forgive me, is crystal a mineral? Not exactly, I believe. I believed that the thought patterns of crystal would be quite uniquely *formal*, in fact, rather than fractured."

Alfred gives Zinbanti a long glance that he hopes is shot through with openness and fraternal understanding. "You know how students like that are," he says. "They'll say anything to get your goat."

Zinbanti bites his lower lip. "I see," he says. "Perhaps we shall speak of this later?"

He takes quick, long-legged strides. Lisa seems to have made herself narrower and fleeter to walk beside him. "You will get a good look at the country," she says. "Between Denver and Boulder—"

"I always like to know something of the lay of the land," Zinbanti says. "I believe that on this continent also you are subject to constant, forceful winds?"

"They come and go," Lisa says. "Sometimes it's windy, and other times it's not windy. We can drive into the mountains if you'd like. Perhaps this weekend, as soon as you are free."

Lisa's eyes are wide; she is walking swiftly. Her long legs, in dark stockings, seem extraordinarily fine. Perhaps it is the heels, Alfred thinks. She has never taken those nimble, angular strides before; even if it is Zinbanti's fault, Alfred admires the invention. They pass through the aisle near the metal detector, Zinbanti moving slightly ahead. The fat man looks up from his screen as they pass. He looks hard at Alfred. His left eye screws shut in a wink. Alfred is startled; he stops in his tracks, staring into the fat man's clear gray eye. He shrugs slightly, and begins to walk even faster. Zinbanti and Lisa are several yards down the corridor ahead of him. Lisa is talking rapidly. Zinbanti inclines his head gracefully, listening to her. She smiles up at him. Alfred begins to run. Zinbanti's cheekbone is only inches above her slightly open mouth. In the lobe of his ear is a slender golden ring.

—ELIZABETH TALLENT

•

The EPA is here from Washington . . . to help you.

That's the message from the new regional administrator of the once-feared agency. Lester A. Sutton says that under the Reagan administration, the Environmental Protection Agency has made a fundamental change. It's no longer out to track down the environmental miscreant, to loudly proclaim how the powerful are despoiling the earth; it's here to help business and government achieve what everybody wants.

Don't laugh. He's serious.—*New England Business.*

We're not laughing.

# FIVE POEMS

## WALKING

At dusk the world smells of iodine.
The mountain creaks like a ship's mast;
but you, without even thinking about it,
surrounded by tree trunks, know that at this hour
the sea goes into its nest of dry old straw.

How fine that you have so much sea in you
and so much light and so much blue in the visor
of your worn cap!
And that you can walk through these fields
sunk in the whispering swells of the leaves.
Hailstones and rocks have fallen on your years,
spilling them out in downpours.
You love this field, these rocks and brambles,
flowers, beasts, birds of this country,
love in this land everything you know and everything
you don't know,
love even the thorn that scratches you,
and want that twisted palm on the hill to love you,
because neither lightning strokes nor cyclones have
been able to fell it,
because it is oppressed by the hard summer
until night smothers its flames,
but the green fronds, high in the wind, rise above the fire,
and the trunk, though blackened, nourishes them and
sustains them.

## RETURNING TO BRIGHT PLACES

I have said goodbye to fogged houses
huddled at the edge of mountain passes
like haystacks in Flemish paintings,
said goodbye, too, to the women
who moved me, more than once
—most of all, those with malachite eyes—
and sleds abandoned like gargoyles
in the windows
now shuttered.
For the sun has cured me.
I do not live in remembering any woman,
nor are there countries living in my memory
more intensely than this body resting at my side;
besides, the best ground
for a man to be on
is his own ground, his garden, his own house,
away from the morbid souls who hunt on the docks
the rotten meat of nightmares.
A new day comes in through the window
—sparkling, tropical.
The mirror in the room multiplies its brilliance.
I am naked beside my naked woman,
enclosed in this aquarial light;
but this one that hurries across the mirror,
in overcoat and muffler,
rushing downstairs,
hastily greeting the concierge,
going into the crowded dining room
and sitting down to watch
the façade of the train station
like a dunghill
devoured by winter
with its dreary rain—
this is my last reflection,
which now the sun has cured,
the last symptom of that sickness,
thank heaven, transitory.

## SONG OF THE NAVIGATOR

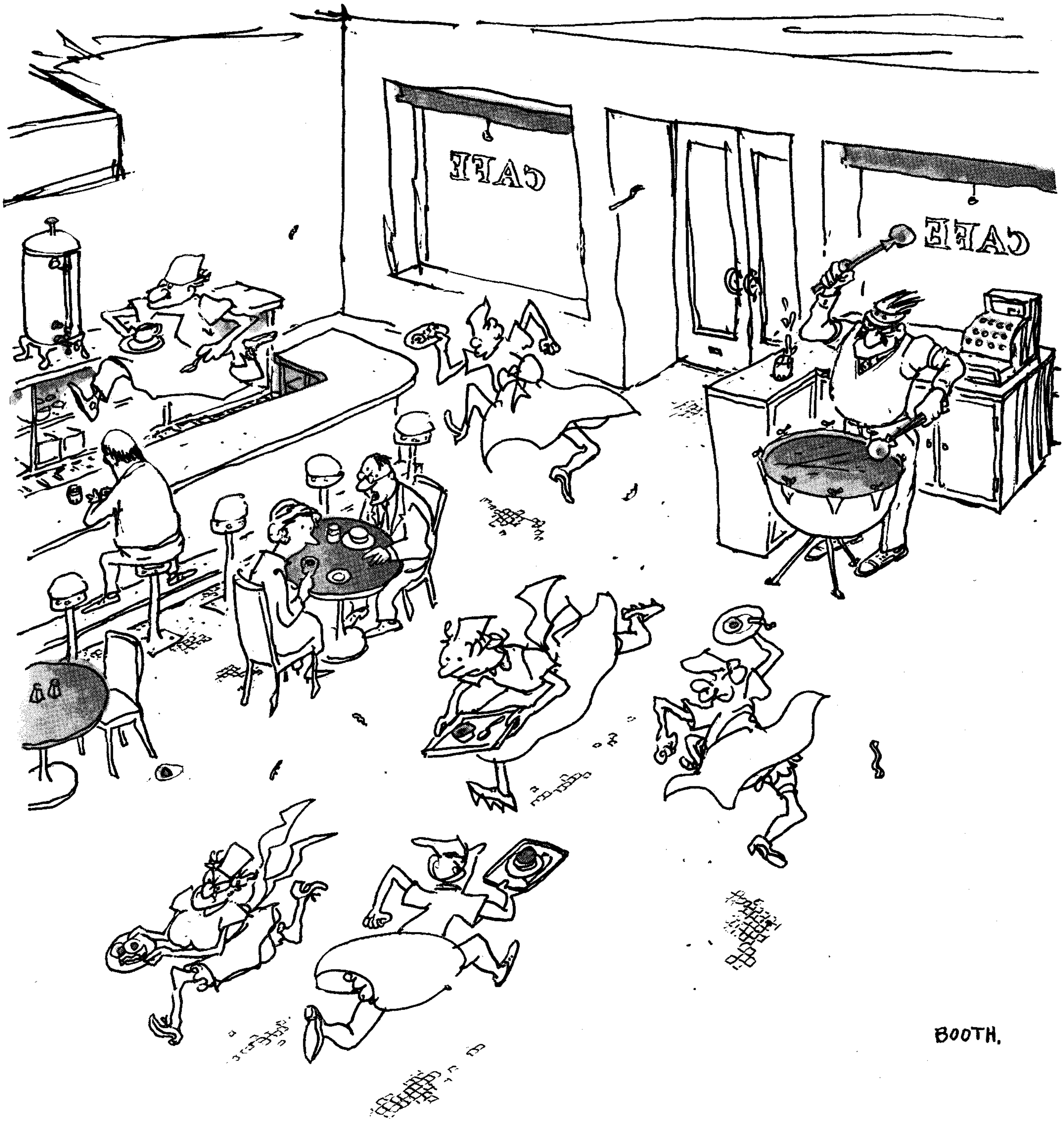
My invisible amulet against thirteen at table
A gray ship and the great ocean
My lantern of yellow and green lights against fog
on the coast
My ox bladder against the cloudy urine of omens
My flint axe
My blue gangway if the hordes return
My soap to counter the lather of shipwrecks
My rosy coral my pistol against rebellions
And my golden bullet
Now—to sea!

## A PRAYER FOR THE END OF THE CENTURY

We who have always looked with tolerant irony
on the mottled objects of the end of the century:
the vast structures
and men stiff in dark clothes
We for whom the end of the century was at most
an engraving and a prayer in French
We who thought that after a hundred years there
would be only
a black bird lifting a grandmother's bonnet
We who have seen the collapse of
parliaments
and the patched backside of liberalism
We who learned to distrust illustrious myths
and who see as totally impossible
(uninhabitable)
halls with candelabra
tapestries
and Louis XV chairs
We children and grandchildren of melancholy terrorists
and superstitious scientists
We who know that the error exists today
that someone will have to condemn tomorrow
We who are living the last years of this century
wander about unable to improvise
movements
not already planned in advance
we gesture in a space more straitening
than the lines of an etching
we put on formal clothes again,
as though we were attending another parliament,
while the candelabra sputter at the cornice
and the black birds
tear at the bonnet of that hoarse-voiced girl.

## LEGACIES

I don't know if the old people will return one day
at the place we lost them when we were children.
I don't think that this is the fate of a dead man; much less
of old people overtaken by the fatigue
of children and grandchildren. Even if they should want it,
they couldn't come back.
The dead must be stubbornly young, wanting to conquer
again



*"The food is nothing special, but you do get quick service."*

• •

the taste of the earth and to push from off them
  the weight of the sicknesses that kill them.

The dead are sighs and buntings
that sing, my son, my grandmother would tell me
when she still had a piece of time to herself
  and could take the time to console me.

The longest-dead have their hands full digging.
  They sink downward. They are heavy.
They can't manage to float like the young.
  They sink into the ground where we could bury them
and if we got them all together and put them
  into coffins, dead, finally, in war,
taken out of the obscene tomb of battles,
  still there is no invocation that can wake them.
We can never talk with them or see them
return as then when we had still not left our childhood.
They are better that way, I think—underground.
  That way they will never have memory, nostalgia,
  never have remorse, as we have.

—HEBERTO PADILLA

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid and Andrew Hurley.*)

# A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

## FIRST YEAR

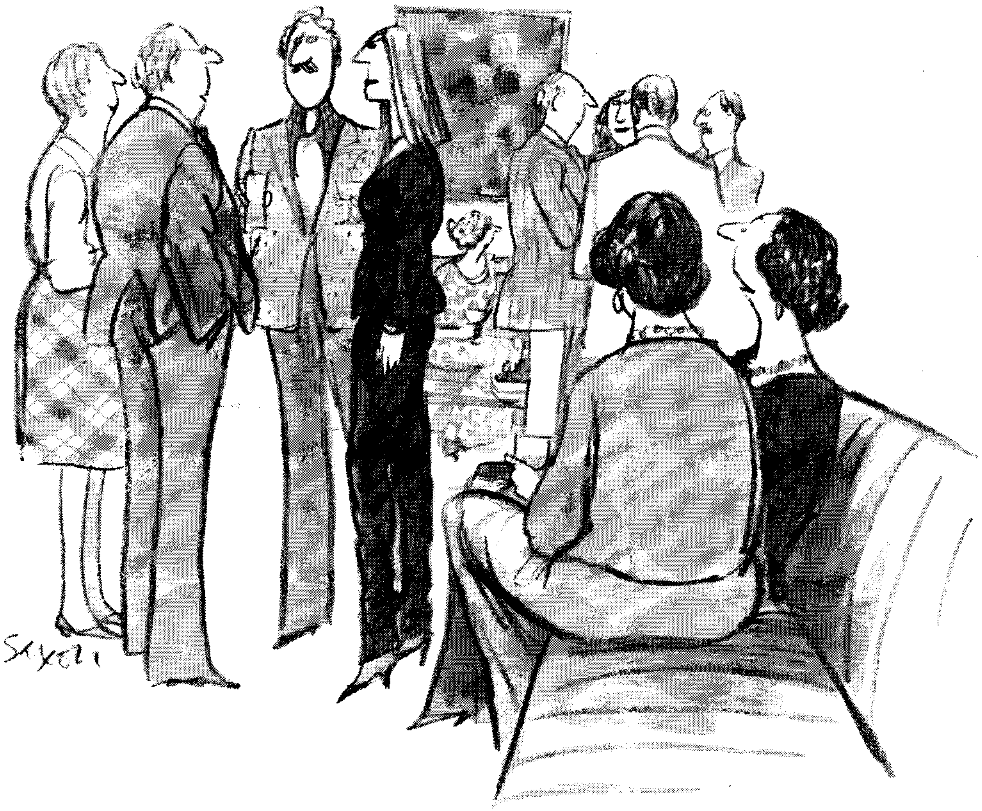
THE turbulence that caught the Reagan Administration in mid-flight in its first year has never really subsided—it just keeps taking different forms—and the strain is now evident in the voices of Administration officials, even as they list their accomplishments. The dimensions of the gamble the Administration has taken are becoming clear. Republicans on Capitol Hill, many of whom had for some time been putting distance between themselves and the Administration, have begun to speak out more openly. Politicians are useful weathervanes. "We're the ones who have to go home and get hammered over the head," said one Republican senator who is friendly to the Administration. In December, Senator Alan Simpson, a conservative Wyoming Republican, told his constituents, "The honeymoon is officially over for the President. I guess you could say that from the honeymoon cottage at Niagara Falls everybody went over the falls in a barrel during the past few weeks." The policy and personality strains within the Administration (the two are often difficult to sort out) have been extensive. Early in December, one of the President's advisers said to me that sometimes in the dead of night he got the feeling that the whole thing might come apart. The first year was ending on a fairly clangorous note. But the President, by all accounts, remained relatively unperturbed.

More than any other Administration in memory, the Reagan group arrived with a clear set of ideas of what it wanted to do. The Carter Presidential campaign had been fuzzy, and the Carter Administration's policy was fuzzy. Reagan's was an ideologically based campaign that propelled into office a strong-minded man who had spent years forming and expressing his opinions. In the course of the campaign, Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, warned Reagan that his positions were to the right of those of mainstream Republicans. And there was ample evidence at the time of the election that the outcome was not as ideologically based as many took it to be. But, perhaps understandably, Reagan interpreted his victory as a mandate to carry out what he had been saying.

In the Administration's early months, Republicans in Congress who had misgivings about the President's economic program—and there were a great many of them—were coöperative. One important Republican whom I knew to have had doubts about the Administration's tax bill said to me recently, "I managed to work up some enthusiasm for it as I went along. But I was never enthusiastic about the definition the supply-siders gave it—that lower taxes would lead to greater savings rates." The Administration, intent on passing a tax bill that it could call its own, paid the going price, which was high, in commitments of future revenues. As the years went on, the revenue losses would grow. (The price had been jacked up in part by Democrats, who entered into the bidding war for votes.) Southern Democrats and moderate Republicans who were ostensibly concerned that the Reagan tax cut was too large became persuaded of its merits by the addition of provisions that made it larger. A basic premise of government—that the government first decides what activities it wants to undertake and then raises the revenues to pay for them—was stood on its head. Hard decisions were postponed; the Reagan program assumed unspecified budget cuts for future fiscal years, beyond the substantial ones it was proposing for the current year. The Administration's proposed economic program managed to accommodate the philosophies of a number of people who, anti-Keynesians all, had different and sometimes contradictory priorities: supply-siders, monetarists, those whose priority was to cut the size of government, those whose priority was to balance the budget. When the program ran into trouble after its enactment, this makeshift consensus came apart.

Congressional Republicans, caught up in the Reagan victories, went home for the August recess "in a state of euphoria," one Republican congressional leader told me, and returned, he said, "in a state of panic." Their constituents, they learned, were upset about high interest rates. Meanwhile, the Administration had begun internal reviews of the situation. From the beginning, it had been known that the Reagan program was based on highly optimistic assumptions about the

*Surprise*



*"For Christmas she gave him a clavichord in kit form. More I cannot tell you."*

• •

economy—what was called the "rosy scenario." The program also rested on a premise about how people would behave once it was enacted: they would behave according to "rational expectations," and interest rates would fall. In the spring, during the regular midyear review of the budget, Murray Weidenbaum, the Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, suggested that the Administration's economic projections be made less optimistic. But, on the grounds that the tax bill was being considered by Congress and that to change the projections to any significant degree would "muddy the waters," he was overruled by Edwin Meese, the President's counsellor; James Baker, the White House Chief of Staff; and David Stockman, the Director of the Office of Management and Budget. In late July, while the White House was still celebrating the tax bill's passage, Weidenbaum warned the President that as fall approached he would be hearing more about an unemployment rate of eight per cent and a recession. Stockman, worried about the rising deficit and the failure of the financial markets to respond to the President's program, was by this time fighting, through the press and internally, for a reduction in the amount by which the military budget was being increased, for further budget cuts in the current fiscal year, and for some tax increases. Baker and Weidenbaum supported Stockman in his efforts to limit the military increase. The President was unwilling to give much ground: military spending would be reduced by thirteen billion dollars over three years—an amount that could be taken care of largely by bookkeeping; he would ask for only three billion dollars in tax revenues (the recently enacted cuts would not be touched); and he would request budget cuts amounting to thirteen billion dollars more in this fiscal year.

Many Republicans on Capitol Hill, and also some White House advisers, now think that the President's September request for additional budget cuts and new taxes was a misbegotten venture. Congressional leaders say they were taken aback when they realized that they would be asked to fight for new budget cuts and take on another tax bill. The Republican troops were worn out from the earlier fights, and politicians, as a breed, want to limit the number of difficult votes they cast. Some of the unpleasant effects of the budget cuts already made were beginning to get attention. One House Republican remarked to me in September that trying to raise three billion dollars in new revenue was hardly worth the trouble when a minor oscillation in the economy could swallow more than that. House and Senate Republicans have different perspectives on the matter of taxes: since all House members have to run in 1982, the House Republicans have been loath to raise taxes any time soon; most Senate Republicans aren't up for reëlection until 1984 or 1986, so they want to get on with raising taxes soon—and more taxes than the President has sought thus far. They want to get the misery behind them, and to try to avoid having to run in years when there might be especially large deficits. Moreover, House Republicans, being in the minority, realized that the Democrats would seize on any tax bill to try to make major changes in the President's program, and that the whole thing would be a messy and almost uncontrollable business. The President, facing reality, eventually abandoned his tax proposals, postponing them until 1982. After all the carrying on—which included an all-night session of the Senate and then the Presidential veto of a bill to provide funds to keep the government going, and the shutting down of the government for a day—the President won additional budget cuts of only four billion dollars. The fight with Congress was over only two billion dollars out of a budget of more than seven hundred billion dollars. Some of the President's most ardent supporters believe that it wasn't worth the fuss.

WASHINGTON, with its animal instinct for flows of power, sensed that there had been something of a change: Reagan was no longer sweeping all before him. The Administration was clearly improvising on its economic program. Stockman's quoted misgivings, in *The Atlantic*, about the program were all the more damaging because of the political context in which they appeared. It didn't matter that much of what he said was true, and much of it implicitly known; nor did it matter that most people on Capitol Hill were aware, as were other members of the Administration, that the Administration's program rested on uncertain ground. What did matter was that the article provided the Democrats with material, and in ways that are certain but not measurable it struck a blow at public

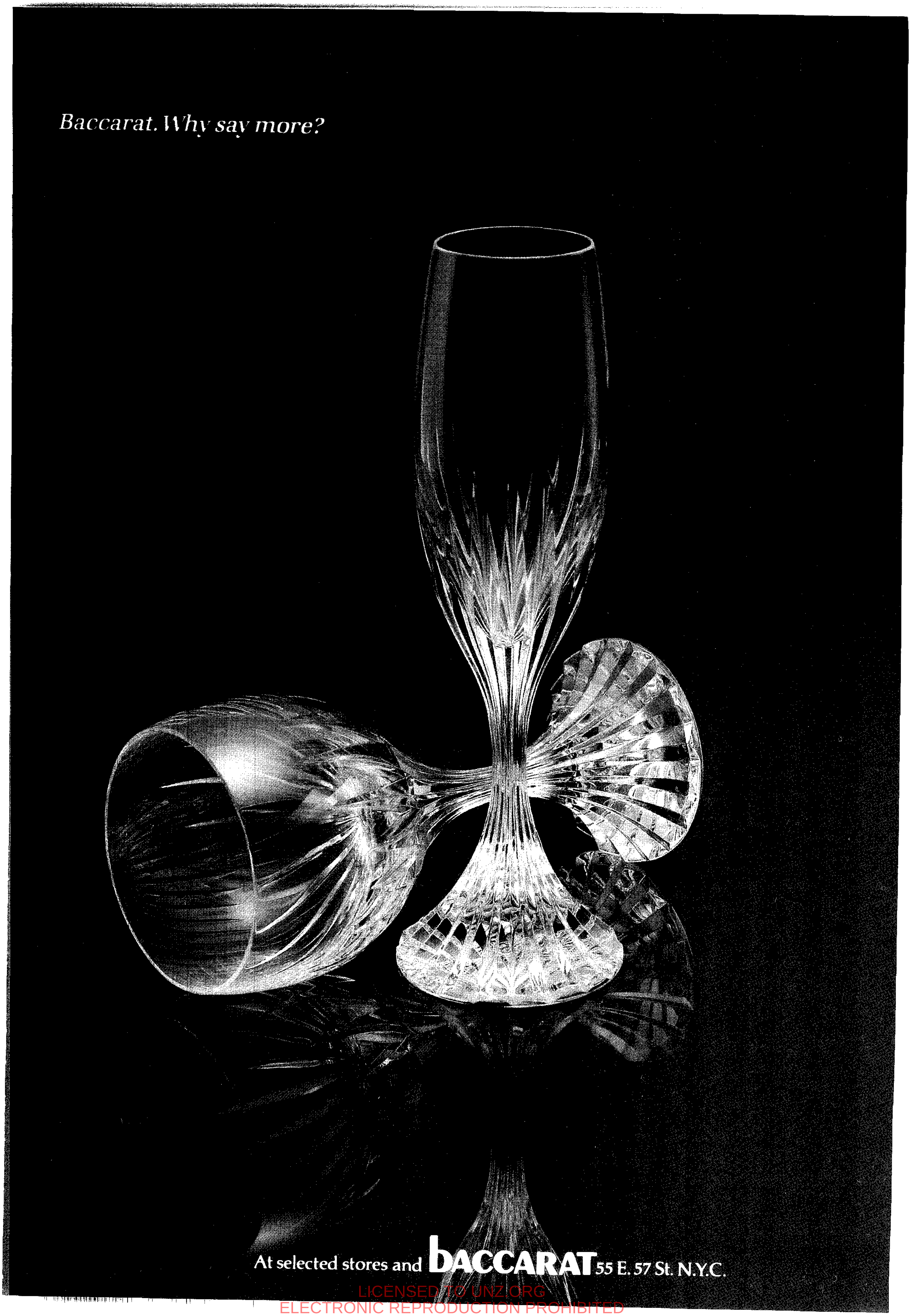
*"Starting in February, we'd like you to expand to a full hour."*

confidence in the program. Republicans were sitting uneasily with heavy bets on the table.

Supply-siders had been suspicious of Stockman for some time. Donald Regan, the Treasury Secretary, had never liked Stockman's messing about with tax policy or his prominence as the Administration's chief economic strategist. Regan had taken the Treasury job as a fairly orthodox Republican economist, but he emerged as a supply-sider, while Stockman moved the other way. A number of observers within and outside the government attribute Regan's change in attitude to the fact that Jack Kemp, co-author of the original Kemp-Roth supply-side tax-cut bill, had seen to it that Regan was surrounded at Treasury by devoted supply-siders. There are conventional monetarists at Treasury as well, but the supply-siders appear to outweigh them in persistence and influence. One government economic adviser says, "If you're around a group giving a particular brand of advice, it's hard not to listen to it—especially when it's what the President believes." After *The Atlantic* article was published, the supply-siders struck at Stockman, through friendly columnists, with still more ferocity. They even got the current recession termed "the Stockman recession." Meanwhile, Kemp, who had helped win Reagan over to supply-side economics in the first place, persuaded him not long ago that the country would not be in a recession if the Administration had not agreed to postpone the effective date of the individual tax cuts from July to October and reduced the initial amount of the cuts. A White House aide told me, "The President likes that idea. It's a rationale for why there's a deep recession when all we anticipated was a soggy period." Some economists in and out of the Administration who dismiss Kemp's theories in general do say that while there would still be a recession now, caused mainly by high interest rates, it would not be so severe if there had been an earlier tax cut. This smacks of Keynesian thinking.

A number of people high up in the Administration believe that a major mistake they made early in the year was to let a commitment to vast increases in military spending slip into the budget plans. "The economic and political consequences were not thought through," one of Reagan's advisers says. "We got into things piecemeal." And a White House aide says, "It should have been clear that the budget cuts deemed necessary to close the defense gaps were not politically tolerable." These people say they assumed that the figures for military spending were only preliminary, and that they were preoccupied with other matters. They also assumed that Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of Defense, would live up to his nickname of Cap the Knife, and make some dramatic cuts in Pentagon spending. Instead, he became a passionate defender of the large increases. When the issue was debated within the Administration last summer, Weinberger was joined in his argument by Secretary of State Alexander Haig and by Reagan's National Security Adviser, Richard Allen—men among whom there have been difficulties, to say the least. "They all got along nicely then," one Administration official says dryly. Haig, backing Weinberger, told the President that to cut back on planned increases in military spending "would send a wrong signal" to the Soviet Union.

When Reagan was governor of California, he had the reputation of being fairly pragmatic. Two of his close advisers—both of them men who have known him a long time—have told me they think that he has been more ideological as President than he was as governor. One of them said to me in October, "He's much more dogmatically committed to his programs. Not only was he more pragmatic as governor but he was a novice. He lost a lot to the Democratic legislature. He didn't have to go through the same learning curve here. He's much more assured about his own positions. He doesn't build many back doors for himself." Michael Deaver, the Deputy Chief of Staff of the White House and the aide who is personally closest to Reagan, said to me recently, "I just can't think of anything where he has changed his views. He'll compromise tactically to get something he wants, but I've never seen him compromise on a philosophical view. When a guy who has spent all those years thinking about the issues gets here, especially at his age, he's more willing to go with his instincts." Both advisers said they believed that the President had changed somewhat after the attempt on his life, last March. Both said that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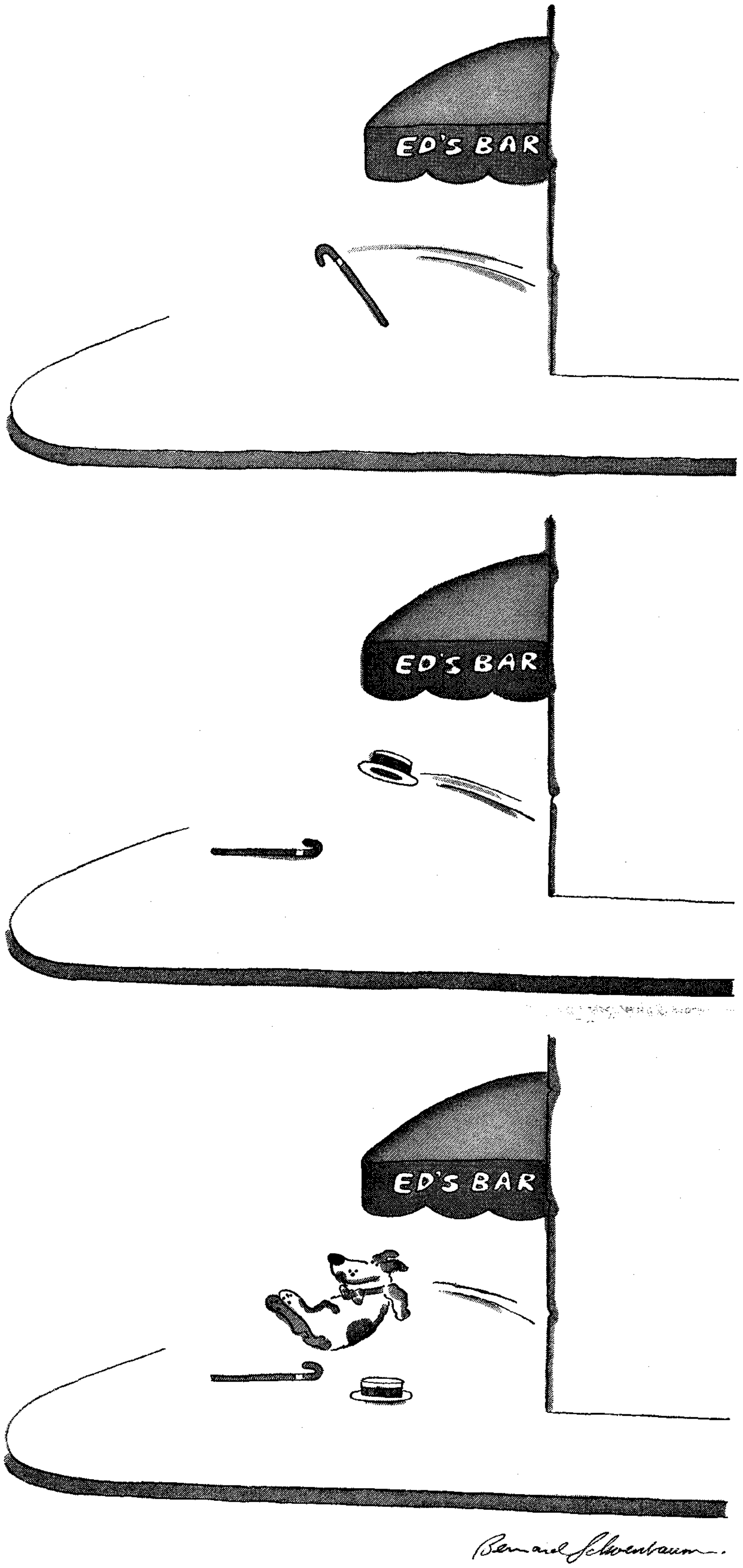

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after that he was even more inclined to make decisions based on his instincts, and one said, "They tend to be in bolder colors, more ideological."

Early in December, when Reagan put in an appearance at a White House Conference on Aging, and the next day met with labor leaders, one of the President's aides told me that these actions were not a sign, as many thought they might be, that the President was "moving to the center." On the contrary, the aide said, they were taken to help him withstand pressures to change course. Still, Reagan is an agile politician, adept at sliding away from positions when he chooses to. He abandoned proposals for certain changes in the Social Security program (though only after much persuading by some of his advisers), and this fall he pronounced the much-promised balanced budget "a goal." At the end of the year, several of the President's advisers were struggling to get him to adjust some positions he had taken, and with one another over what those adjustments should be. If defense, taxes, and Social Security were essentially off limits, as Reagan had been indicating they were, there was a problem. A White House aide said to me, "If you look at the numbers, it's sobering." Worst-case budget deficits and proposals for wildly controversial new budget cuts were leaked, and caused the predictable uproar—an uproar that was intended to reach the President's ears. White House aides talked to reporters about the box the Administration was in and about the options they were urging on the President. Republican congressional leaders were brought in to tell the President how worried they were about the possible deficits (they had figures that were even worse than those floating out of the Administration) and to urge him to reconsider options that he seemed to have rejected. The picture that came through was that of a President being educated by his advisers. Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican of Nevada, who is the President's closest friend on Capitol Hill, said to me in an interview in December that he hoped the President would make further cuts in the planned increases in military spending. Laxalt had already said publicly that the domestic budget cuts had perhaps gone too far. "I can't believe there isn't much to be cut from defense without going to the bone," Laxalt told me. "It's not that the numbers involved are so great but that we're getting into a difficult political situation here with all these cuts in domestic programs and without more cuts in defense." An aide to the Senate Republican leadership says, "We're facing an incredible problem. I frankly don't know how we're going to deal with it economically and politically. The politics and economics don't mix well. What we'd have to do to get the deficits under control is politically impossible." Politics aside, there are all sorts of other items in the budget that could be cut, user fees that could be raised (on grazing rights on federal land, or on the use of federally constructed waterways, or on the use of federally subsidized water), and tax breaks that could be rescinded or modified. But politics imposes limits on what any Administration can do, or will try to do.

Republicans on Capitol Hill got

rather worked up when, in December, members of the President's Council of Economic Advisers were quoted as saying that a balanced budget was not vitally important, and that there was no connection between deficits and inflation. Despite the fact that in some circumstances this is true, such heresy was not welcomed on Capitol Hill or in the White House. The Republicans were still struggling to get the spending resolution through Congress after the President had made an issue of two billion dollars. Once again, the Republicans were embarrassed. "We didn't need that," Laxalt said to me. "Having someone appearing close to the Administration suggest that they were abandoning a time-honored principle was not necessary."

I happened to be at the White House on the day that that particular problem arose, and a grim-faced aide whom I was interviewing was making clipped calls and rushing off to sudden meetings in order to get a statement to the Capitol that what the economic advisers had said did not reflect the President's opinion. Grim faces, brightened on occasion by gallows humor, were a fairly frequent sight around the White House in the past few months. One day, I encountered an Administration aide in the hallway who said simply, "Economic theory is in chaos." The political-economic theory that some White House advisers seem to be propounding is that it's not so much a matter of things getting worse as it is of their getting better before the elections. This may be the new Laffer Curve. Thus, these advisers are counting on the economy's improving next year—and many people think it will—and they will try to project declining budget deficits after that. Wirthlin, the Reagan pollster, has believed all along that unemployment is a more serious political problem than inflation, and he notes that unemployment sometimes takes a while to drop even after a recovery has begun. The coalition that the President put together for his electoral victory included blue-collar workers, and their fealty to the Administration's program is now in doubt.

THE White House seemed accident-prone this fall. In early November, a White House aide I was talking to said, "Well, I hope we got all our flaps behind us last week." It was during that week that Haig and Weinberger had contradicted each other over whether North Atlantic

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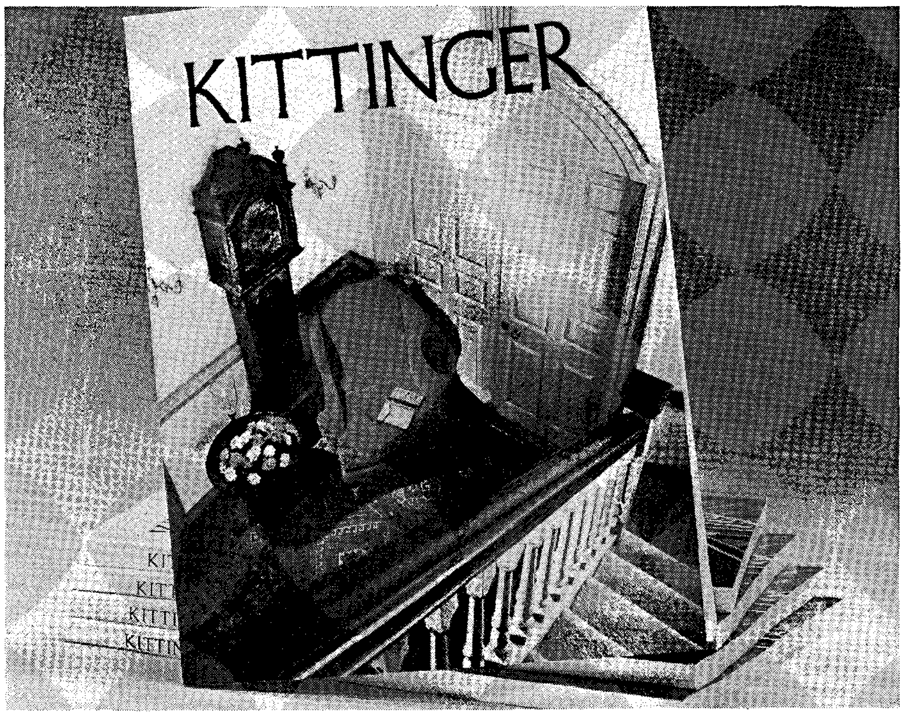

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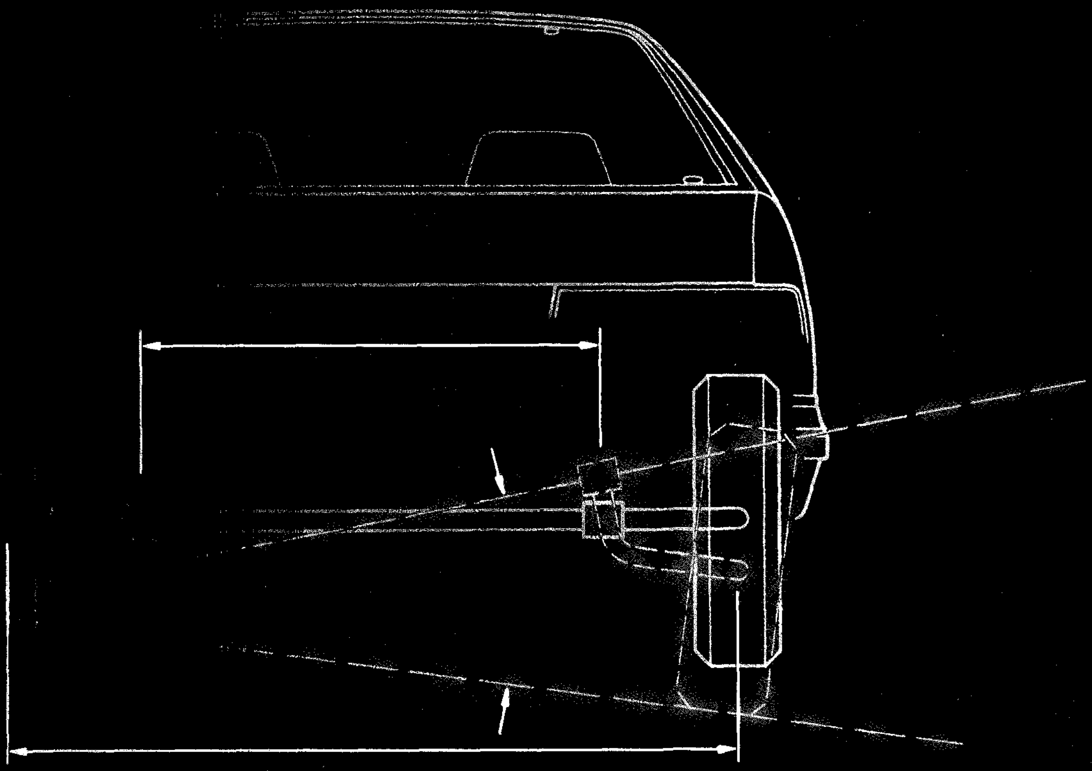

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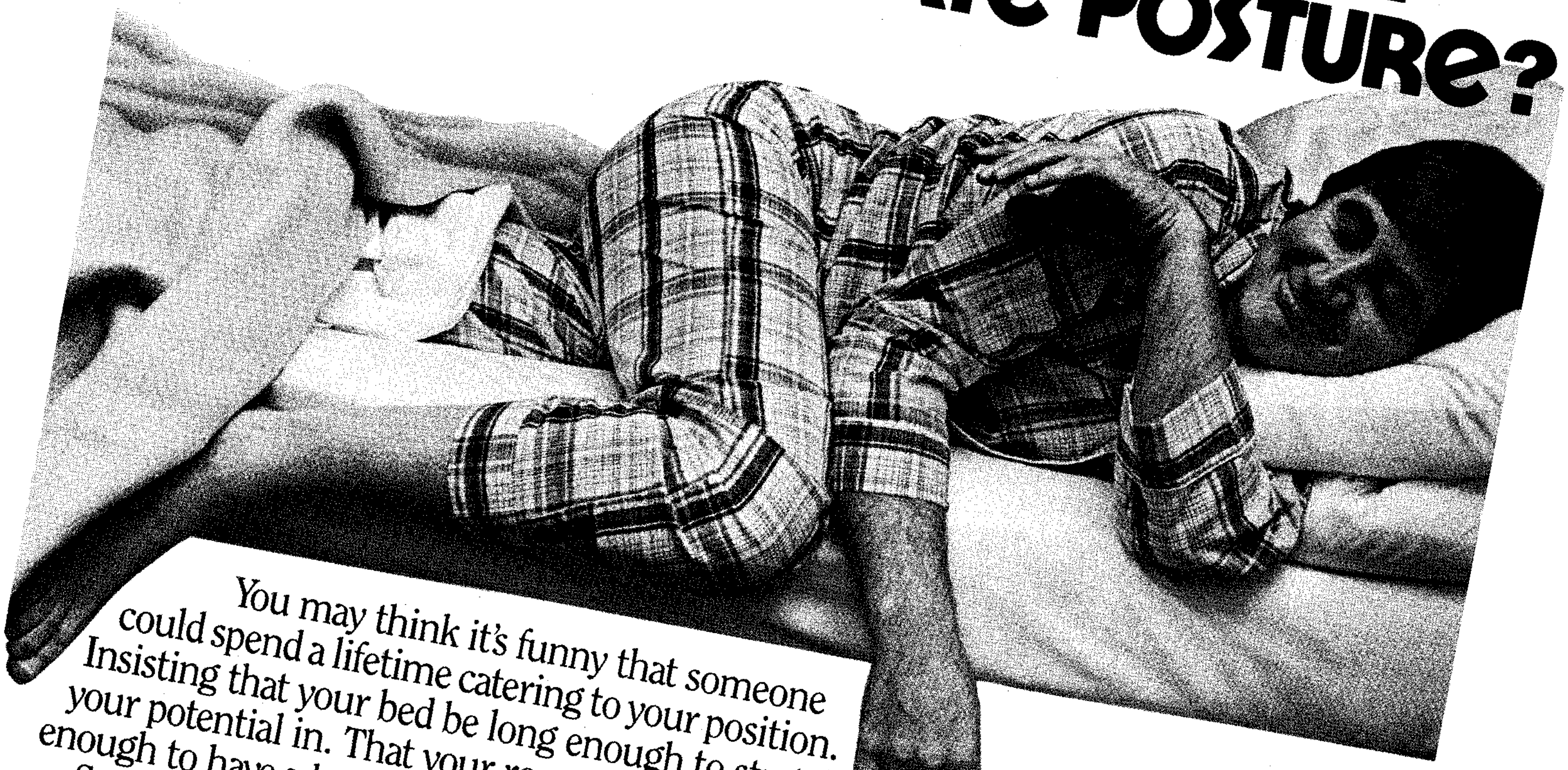

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Treaty Organization doctrine provided for the firing of a nuclear warning shot, and that Haig had complained to Jack Anderson that there was a guerrilla after him in the White House, and had dragged the President into the fray by having him call Anderson to say that Haig was not on the skids. Allen may have been a guerrilla, but he was one of several. It was during that same week that unemployment rose to eight per cent and that the President spoke of a balanced budget as "a goal." Washington, in its preoccupation with personalities and who's-up-and-who's-down, locked onto the personality feud. It may be a law of governing that if one thing goes wrong it's just as well to have several things go wrong at the same time, so that no one thing gets too much attention. In the days immediately following my conversation with the White House aide, the President stumbled over some press-conference questions about nuclear war in Europe, and the next day came the news of the Stockman affair, and that was followed within two days by the revelation that Allen had accepted a thousand dollars in cash from a Japanese magazine and, he said, had locked it away and forgotten about it.

Washington being essentially a unifocal town, absorption in the Allen case drew attention away from Stockman, and that helped Stockman. Haig was said to be more relaxed than he had been in a long time. Moreover, Stockman, to the dismay of the supply-siders, managed to persuade the President that he had not been disloyal; in addition, he was needed as the Administration drew up its new budget proposals. Stockman had powerful allies in the White House, and was widely liked, if disagreed with, among members of the press. He had cultivated press relations, his candor was appreciated, and he does have a certain charm. Allen was another story. Allen had a protector in Meese, to whom he reported, but his abrasive style left him with fewer champions or friends. It was clear by mid-December that several Presidential aides felt that Allen should have been long gone, and assumed that he would not be reinstated after the leave of absence he took at the end of November. Some openly deplored the fact that the President had not already made this change and other personnel changes as well. One aide said to me, "The unravelling of the Carter Administration began with the Bert Lance case. We learned from the Carter Administration's mistakes

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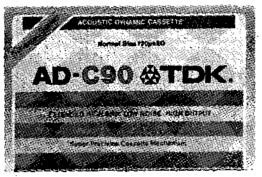

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how to deal with Congress and how to deal with Washington. Why can't we learn how to deal with this?"

It had been clear for months that the national-security system as it was constituted under Reagan was not working, and talk of Allen's departure had begun well before anyone heard of *Shufu no Tomo*, the grateful Japanese magazine. Allen had been deemed ineffectual. On the other hand, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Allen's predecessor, in the Carter Administration, had been criticized for playing too strong a role, and Allen's office had been deliberately downgraded, with Allen having to report to Meese. The job of the National Security Adviser is a difficult, but not an impossible, one to fit into. Whoever has the job in this Administration not only has to get along with Haig but also has to mediate between Haig and Weinberger, who are said to have a visceral dislike for each other. One person who has sat in meetings with both men says, "Weinberger's shoulders tense up, and you can almost see his skin react to the florid aspects of Haig's personality." On matters of substance, there have been times when Haig has been more moderate than Weinberger, and times—particularly regarding the Caribbean—when Weinberger has acted as a check on Haig. Meese has no special foreign-policy expertise, and the President is said to seem more confident in dealing with domestic policy than with foreign policy.

Wandering around the White House, and reading between the lines in the newspapers, one comes upon ample evidence that the higher echelons of the Administration constitute anything but the "happy group" that the President has described them as being. Meese, Baker, and Deaver present a smiling front to the public and keep a wary eye on one another. Each serves an important purpose: Deaver as the closest to the Reagans and the one who constantly thinks in terms of what is best for them; Meese as the one who best knows the President's mind on policy and largely shares his views; Baker as an organizer and a sophisticate in the ways of Washington. Meese remains a powerful figure, but one continues to hear talk of his being overextended, not well organized, and too often out of town making speeches. All has not been well between Baker and Meese for some time.

In the midst of all this sits a serene President. He is confident enough in his views and secure enough within himself not to worry. He may seem vague on policy at times, he often seems to play a passive role, and he may not concern himself with details, but he has set a clear course for his Administration. The Reagan Administration has been ideological across the board: on economic and foreign policy, on the environment, and on regulations governing the Central Intelligence Agency. Sometimes it goes too far even for its own party, and is forced to pull back. Its inclination is not to engage in problem-solving—problem-solving is boring—but to take a doctrinal position and slam away. It does not display much interest in the tedious business of governing—of maintaining the morale of the federal establishment and making the whole thing go. Like Presidents before him, Reagan has continued to run against the government he heads. But there is a difference of degree: if one does not much believe in government, one isn't very much inclined to try to make it work. There is no reason to disbelieve such people as Deaver and Laxalt when they say that Reagan thoroughly enjoys his job. When I asked Deaver what, if anything, bothered Reagan, he mentioned two things: the leaks that come out of the Administration, and certain Democrats. "Their demagoguery just infuriates him," Deaver said. Referring to the Speaker of the House and to a Florida representative, he went on, "When Tip O'Neill will go railing about him or Claude Pepper will write a letter about Social Security, he'll say, '*That's not true.*' " I remarked to Deaver that, for a man who has been in politics, that was surprising, and he replied, "But he doesn't think he's been in politics. He didn't come up here through the legislature. He got here by communicating. He didn't lie awake at night worrying about how to get fifteen delegates out of New York. Going to a political convention to mix it up with the pols was never something he thought he'd enjoy. In Sacramento, he didn't drink with the boys. He thought, I'll go to the people."

Reagan is acknowledged to have a better sense than anyone around him of how to couch an issue in simple terms that will appeal to the public, and a sure sense of how an audience will react—capacities he demonstrated during his campaign for the Presidency. As he did in the campaign, he shows a talent for choosing his ground and turning situations to his advan-

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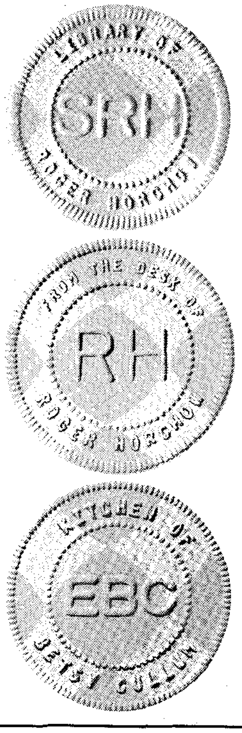

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tage. The amiability that he demonstrated then made the hard things he was saying go down more easily, and it still serves the same purpose. The amiability and the serenity are part of Reagan's public appeal. But ideologues tend to have a combative nature, and anyone who doesn't realize that Reagan is combative doesn't understand him yet. He does not transmit the angry combativeness of, say, a James Watt (whom Reagan is said to admire), or the humorless dogmatism of his sister across the sea, Margaret Thatcher. (In Britain, Mrs. Thatcher is referred to as "Tina"—for "There is no alternative.") Reagan's persona serves him well: he is the ideological combatant with a pleasing, Johnny Carson style. At the time I talked with Paul Laxalt in December, all hell was breaking loose over the budget and the deficits, Cabinet officers were publicly decrying possible new cuts, some important officials were in serious trouble, and worried Administration officials were trying to figure out a way to keep the economic program from going over a cliff. "He's unbelievable," Laxalt told me. "He's totally unfazed by the job. He takes things in stride better than anyone I've ever seen in this business. He's totally at peace. He never looks over his shoulder. We went horseback riding the other day, and we had a hell of a good time; we were just like a couple of kids."

—ELIZABETH DREW

•

## QUESTIONS WE DOUBT WILL EVER BE ASKED BY STUDENTS

[*From College Composition and Communication, a journal of the National Council of Teachers of English*]

When they use the semantic theories described here, students can ask themselves, as they struggle to convey a particular idea in a sentence, "Who is the *agent* in what I discuss? the *action*? the *goal*?" "What is the *old* information I need to present so that I can tie this idea to what has gone before?" And when they look at a rough draft, they can ask, "Have I reflected the connections of thought in my thesis statement implicitly or explicitly in the devices I have used for cohesion in the body of my paper?" or "Have the cohesive devices that I've used linked together not only the individual pieces of text but also my *thoughts* effectively?"

•

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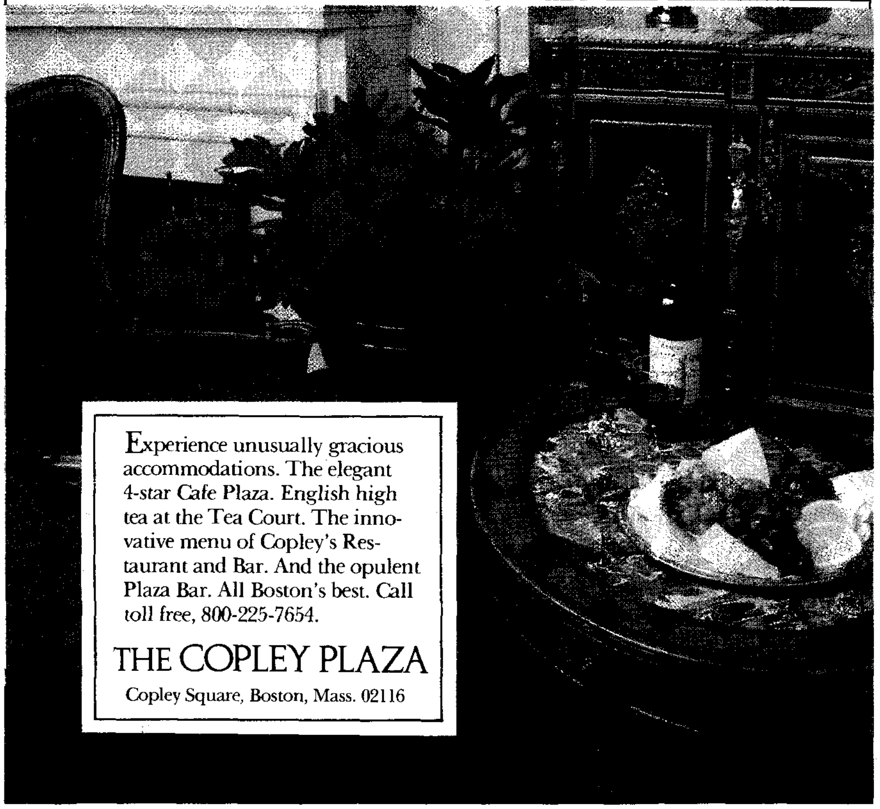

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# THE THEATRE

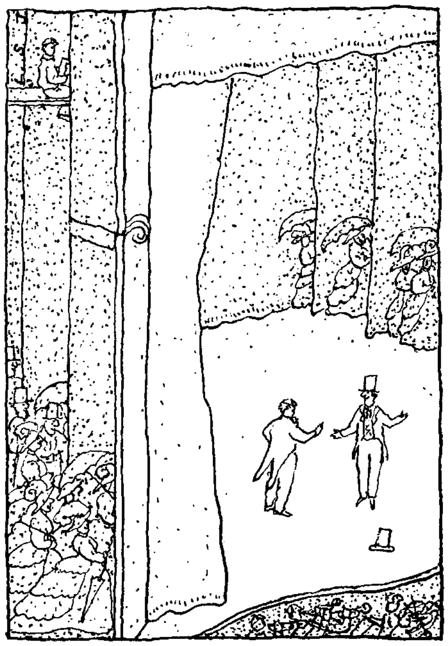
## *Energy*

THE blaze of publicity that accompanied the arrival here of "Dreamgirls" (at the Imperial) encouraged me ingenuously to assume, even this late in the age of hype, that I was about to witness a musical of exceptional originality. It is not so. On the contrary, the book, by Tom Eyen, is unabashedly conventional in plot, and many lines of the dialogue, though spoken in this instance by blacks, used to be spoken in movie musicals of the thirties by such white performers as Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers; the "soul" that the musical purports to deal with is mostly soap, and has no particular racial origin. The fact is that what might have been a quite ordinary show has been given a quite extraordinary production, and the less intellectual satisfaction one attempts to extract from it the happier one will be. Michael Bennett, its director and choreographer, has seen to it that a very large cast expends enough energy in the course of a couple of hours to drive a locomotive from Perth Amboy to Santa Cruz, and it is to this reckless expenditure of energy that we chiefly respond. Song, dance, and recitative are flung out over us at high speed and with a relentless amplification of sound, pummelling our senses and leaving us, at the final curtain, aghast with admiration for Robin Wagner's setting, for Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes, and for Tharon Musser's lighting, but with scarcely any recollection of the formal content of the show. The songs—lyrics by Mr. Eyen, music by Henry Krieger—are not especially winsome at first hearing, but they serve admirably to advance the action; "And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going," the fierce cry from the heart that triumphantly brings down the first-act curtain, is as bleak and strong as an O'Hara short story.

"Dreamgirls" recounts the adventures and misadventures of three young singers from Chicago who make good in a fashion not unlike that of the Supremes. They call themselves the Dreamettes, and they start out as backup singers for a popular entertainer called James Thunder Early; success brings the Dreamettes exactly those joys and miseries that we are accustomed to hear are the inevitable concomitants of show biz. (I suspect they are no less the inevitable concomitants of dentistry and long-distance trucking.) Mr. Bennett co-directed (with Hal Prince) "Follies" and directed "A Chorus Line," and it is perhaps the case that he is more at ease under the marzipan dome of theatrical make-believe than in what is commonly referred to as real life.

Outstanding in the cast of "Dreamgirls" are Ben Harney, Loretta Devine, Sheryl Lee Ralph, Cleavant Derricks, Obba Babatunde, and Jennifer Holliday, who is a big woman with a big voice, and whose universally admired performance has caused her to become overnight, at the age of twenty-one, a star on Broadway. Show biz again!

I AM inclined immediately to doubt the talent of any author who would consider "Duet for One" a clever title for a play. The author I have in mind is Tom Kempinski, and his play is at the Royale, starring Anne Bancroft and Max von Sydow. They are superlatively resourceful actors, and they survive by hook and by crook the peculiarities of the script and the no less peculiar direction by William Friedkin. Miss Bancroft plays a gifted violinist who has been struck down by multiple sclerosis and is attempting to put the limited remains of her life in order; Mr. von Sydow is the psychoanalyst to whom she has gone for guidance in this attempt. Mr. Kempinski's notion of the doctor-patient relationship strikes me as a simpleminded one; the antagonism that develops between the violinist and the physician is so predictable, and therefore, to my mind, so implausible, that it might have been taken from some undergraduate term paper on clinical psychology. As for the doctor's reiterated suggestion that the patient has only to look beyond herself and find some means of doing good for others in order to cure herself of her depression—well! I wouldn't entrust a parakeet to the care of such a man. Mr. von Sydow remains a benign presence even through the most laughable of the passages he has been given to recite. Miss Bancroft has been permitted, presumably by Mr. Friedkin, to behave as a sort of Dr. Jekyll turning irreversibly into Mr. Hyde; from one session to the next, her personality and her language constantly deteriorate, and she ends as a virago speaking billingsgate.



The doctor's handsome, sunlit study is by John Lee Beatty, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, the lighting is by Dennis Parichy, and the wheelchair—yes, this is still another play in which a wheelchair plays a major role—is by Scully-Walton.

—BRENDAN GILL

# OFF BROADWAY

## *More Dreams*

JAMES LAPINE'S "Twelve Dreams," at the Public, is a dramatization of an actual case history by Carl Jung—a dramatization in words, music, pantomime, and a touch of dance. The dreamer, a little girl named Emma, is the daughter of a recently widowered psychiatrist who is still so numbed by his wife's death that he puts all his energy and whatever feeling is available to him into his work with his patients. Emma gives him as a present—perhaps hoping to capture at least his interest—a notebook recording twelve of her dreams. They are nightmares, actually, of screeching birds and menacing beasts and people—the child is awash in symbols. The psychiatrist shows the dream book to a visiting professor from Europe, who, if not meant to represent Jung himself, is surely designed as his stand-in, and he sees in them horror and destruction and eventual death. Emma, though she is deprived of parental love and eventually dies of emotional starvation (I guess), does not lack for affection. She is surrounded by people who are fond of her, and who, in the metamorphosis of the dreams, become whisper-

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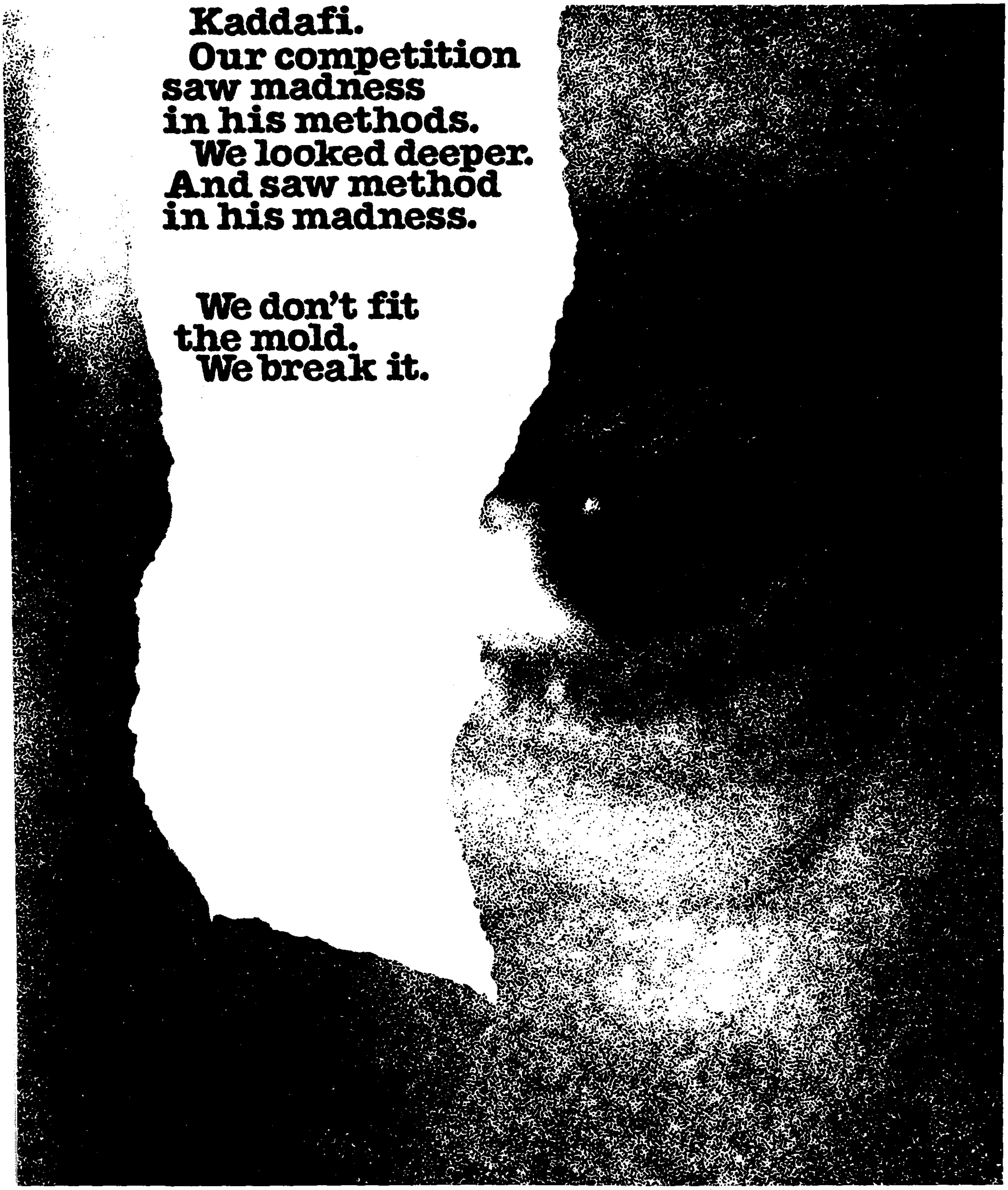
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ing, fondling, shrieking menaces. A kind of obbligato to the main plot is the story of the work her psychiatrist father is doing, with dedication and sympathy, on the case of a rich woman whose life is being ruined by nervous attacks, and another is the story of a bumptious and very bright psychiatric interne who falls in love with Emma's beautiful ballet teacher and quits his profession because he finds himself unsuited to dealing intellectually with miserable, neurotic patients.

Although I have reservations about the script and am totally unsympathetic to its Jungian themes and messages, the play does work as a kind of ghost-ridden fantasy, and I have no reservations whatever about the imaginative production, directed by the playwright and set off by a strain of melodic music, by Allen Shawn, that is slightly tinctured with the Viennese. Every scene makes its mark. Every inch of the stage is used, and every resource of the theatre. Time after time, reality becomes dream for the waning child, to unsettling effect—though, it might be pointed out, the dreams are not nearly so unsettling or effective as the dreams devised by Lewis Carroll, unburdened by abstract thought, for Alice. The acting, as is now to be expected at the Public, is very good, most notably that of Carole Shelley as the patient, James Olson as the psychiatrist, Olivia Laurel Mates as Emma, Marcell Rosenblatt as the strict, tenderhearted cousin of Emma's late mother, who looks after Emma and manages the household, Stefan Schnabel as the visiting professor, Valerie Mahaffey as the ballet teacher, and Thomas Hulce as the interne. Mr. Shawn's music—subtle, limpid, always in motion as it shifts in mood—is beautiful, enhancing every moment of the play. The scenery, by Heidi Landesman; the costumes, by William Ivey Long; and the lighting, by Frances Aronson, are most admirably in keeping. —EDITH OLIVER

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## J. D. ROSS'S VISION

THE history of the Skagit River hydroelectric project, in northwestern Washington, near the Canadian border, is really the history of a stout, owl-faced visionary named James Delmage Ross. Born in Chatham, Ontario, in 1872, the son of a Scottish nurseryman, Ross showed an early predilection for all things electrical. At the age of eleven, he made his first battery, by cutting a zinc strip from the apron under his mother's kitchen stove and combining it with the bottom of an old copper kettle and some vinegar from a pickle jar. He used similar batteries to build an electromagnet and, later, a dynamo to light a shop in which he performed scientific experiments. The experiments could be fairly cruel. Ross thought cats were worthless creatures, because they killed birds, and he liked to attach wires to a saucer of milk and shock any poor kitty who stopped for a drink. He had nothing against dogs, though, and even saved the life of a doomed mongrel called Sancho, who was about to be destroyed by his master on account of egg-sucking tendencies. Ross stuck a wired pin in an egg and set it out as bait. When Sancho pounced on the egg, Ross hit him with a heady jolt, thereby curing the dog of his bad habit. Presumably, Ross could have hypnotized Sancho just as easily, for he was a student of Mesmer's theories and often put his classmates into trances, then ordered them to do things like declaim "Old Mother Hubbard" in grand rhetorical style while standing on the teacher's desk.

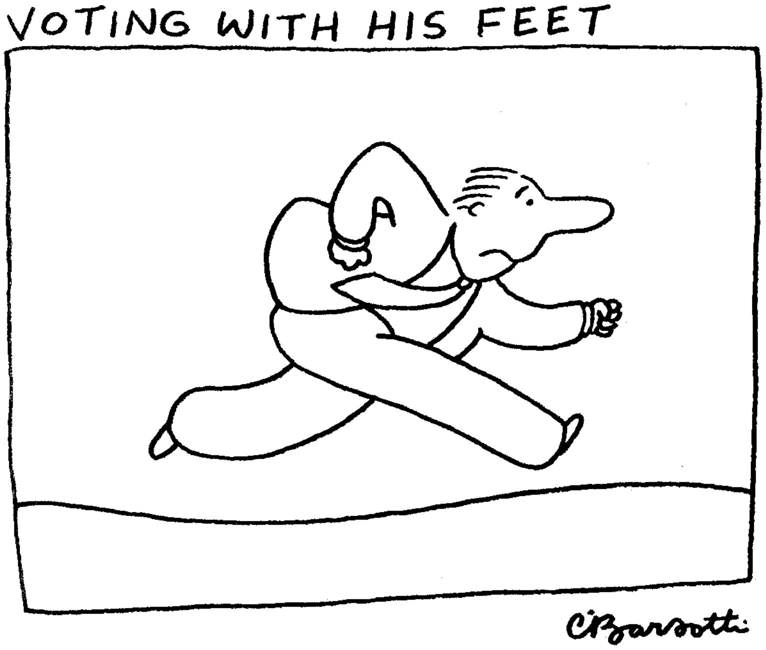
As a young man, Ross contracted tuberculosis. In spite of the disease, he embarked on a gold-prospecting expedition into the Northwest wilderness, in 1898. He found a little gold, and, more important, his lungs healed. After returning to Ontario briefly, he left for the Pacific Coast, and in Anacortes, Washington, he got a job as a steam engineer in a salmon-packing house. He joined Seattle City Light—at present, it is the nation's fifth-largest publicly owned electrical utility—shortly after the company was formed, in 1902, and he was involved in the construction of its first project, a small hydroelectric dam on the Cedar River, east of the city. In 1911, Mayor George Dilling appointed Ross—J. D. to his friends—the new superintendent of City Light. Immediately, Ross started to formulate plans for tapping the latent energy of the Skagit River.

At the time, the Skagit was a big, swift stream that flowed unhampered from British Columbia to Puget Sound. Every winter, it flooded its banks, causing terrible crop damage on farms in a downstream valley known as Skagit Flats. Because of the floods, there was tremendous popular support for the idea of damming the river. Around 1905, the Skagit Power Company, based in Denver, had begun to post notices along the river stating an intention of building dams at several sites in and around what is now called Diablo Canyon, a steep-sided cleft in the Cascade Mountains about thirty miles from the Flats. But Skagit Power didn't have very much money and never managed to make good on its claims. A few years later, the company was acquired by Stone & Webster, a Boston firm. Stone & Webster took a more formal approach to development than Skagit Power had done. Instead of simply posting notices, in the traditional frontier manner, the firm obtained legal permits from the Department of Agriculture, locking up the Diablo Canyon sites through January, 1917.

This frustrated Ross completely. He conceived an alternative project for the Sauk River, a Skagit tributary, but exploratory drilling revealed that the riverbed—deep gravel and sand—was too soft to support a dam. Finally, though, Ross got a break. Stone & Webster, like Skagit Power, failed to deliver on its promises. When the firm's permits expired, Ross filed an application on behalf of City Light, detailing the hydroelectric plants he wanted to build—one in Diablo Canyon and one at Ruby Creek, to the northeast. He gave federal officials a guarantee that construction would begin right away; moreover, he travelled to Washington, D.C., at his own expense and worked his lobbying skills, which were considerable, on David Houston, the Secretary of Agriculture. At last, on December 22, 1917, Ross received his permit.

Actually, Ross had it in mind to put three dams on the Skagit, the third of them—which was the first to be built—at Gorge Creek, southeast of Diablo. Each dam would have a powerhouse. Transmission lines mounted on wooden poles would carry the juice to the city—one million two hundred and fifty thousand horsepower when the system was finished. "Ruby Dam will be second in height only to Boulder Dam," Ross said. "It will be six hundred and thirty feet high." He might as well have been speaking in terms of cubits; there is something majestic and Biblical—something virginal—in his calculations.

By 1921, a thousand people were living on the Skagit in cottages and bunkhouses that constituted the rustic construction camp of Newhalem, below Gorge Creek. They had a school, and a volunteer preacher from the Bellingham, Washington, Presbytery, and a little dam on another creek, the Newhalem, to supply the more fortunate among them with electricity. Progress on the Gorge plant was slow, however, because the winter weather was hard. The powerhouse—an attractive, symmetrical building of the kind pictured on a five-



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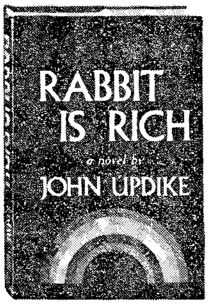
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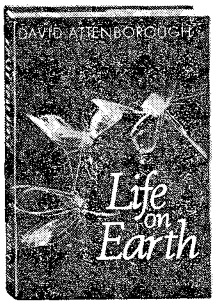
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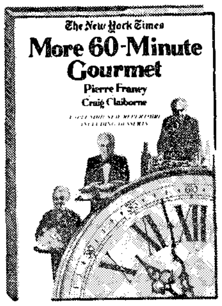
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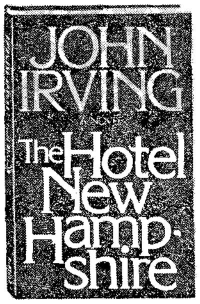
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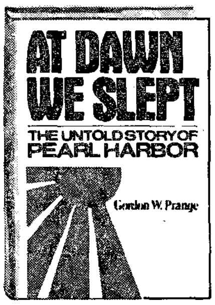
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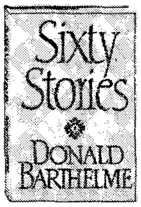
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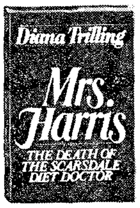
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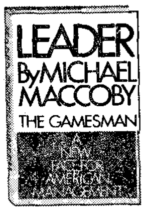
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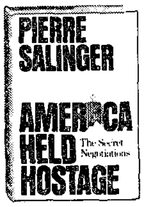
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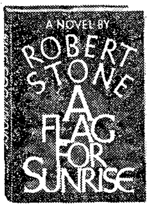
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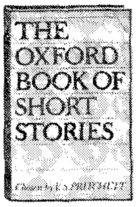
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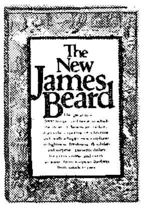
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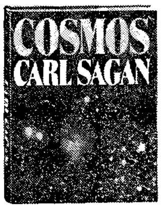
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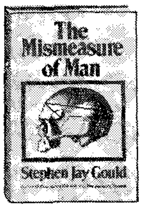
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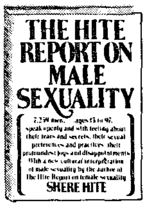
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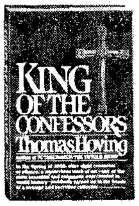
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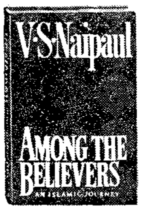
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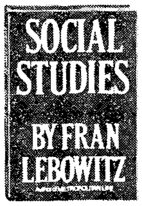
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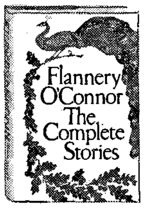
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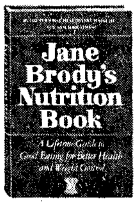
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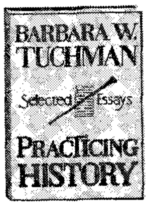
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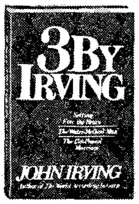
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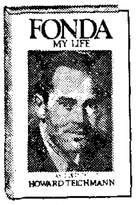
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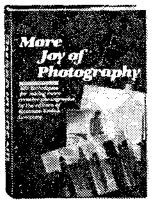
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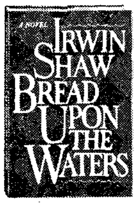
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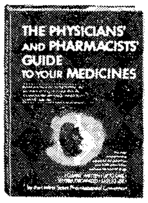
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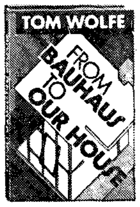
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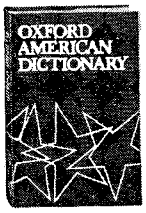
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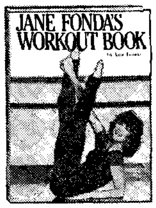
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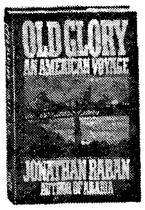
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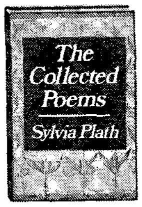
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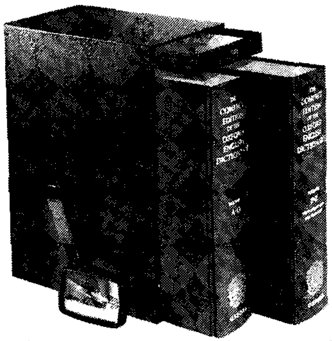

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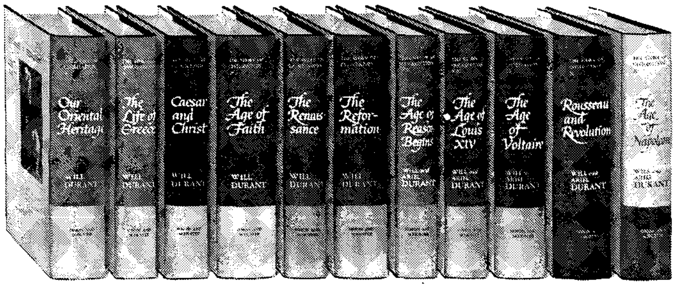

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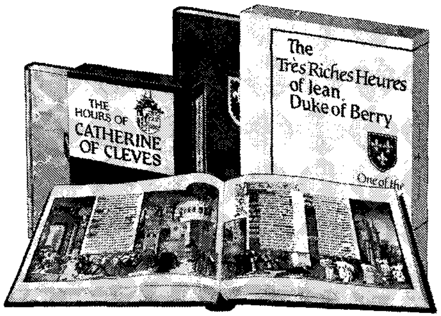

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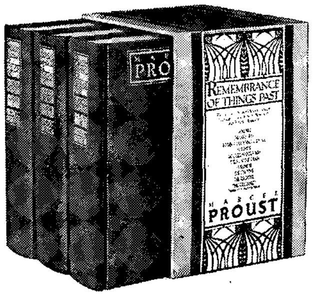

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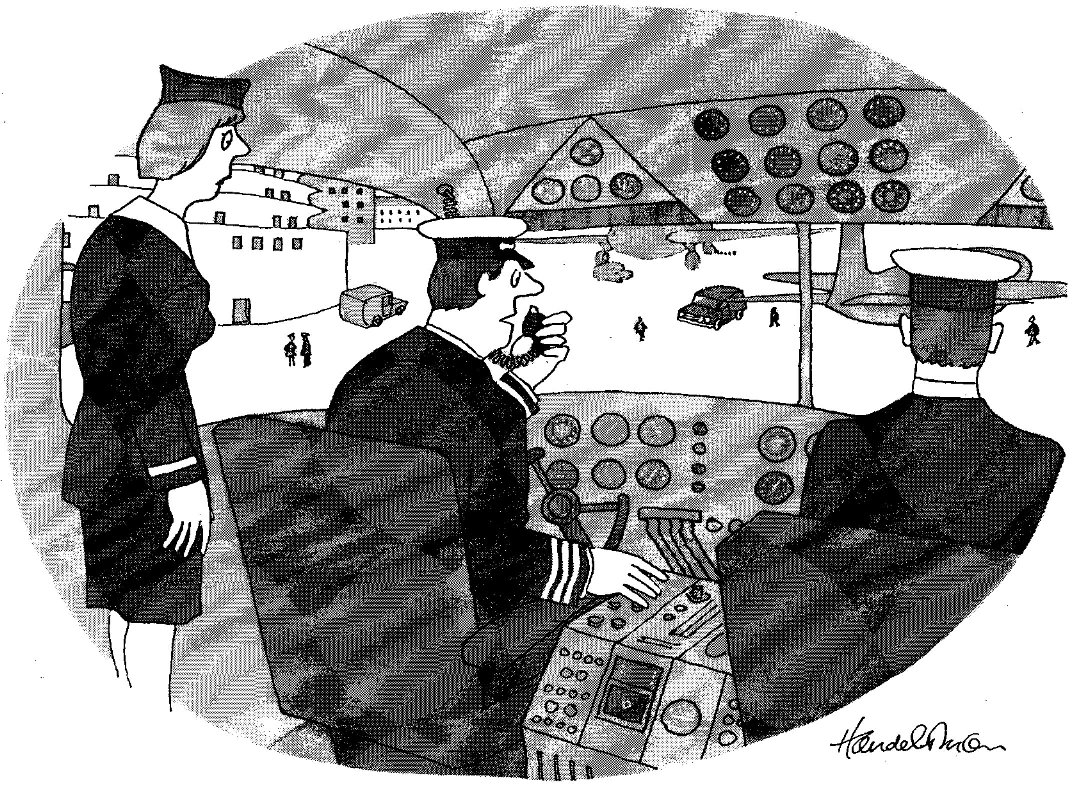

*"Ladies and gentlemen, there seems to be a fault in our pre-takeoff recorded-music system. Please remain calm and join with me in singing 'Bess, You Is My Woman Now.'"*

dollar bill—was finished in 1923. Two waterwheel generators were installed inside it, but they could not be operated until the rest of the project was completed. Carl Uhden, Ross's chief engineer, was being criticized in the Seattle newspapers for running behind schedule and spending too much money, so he scrapped the original scheme for a concrete dam and substituted a wooden crib dam, or weir, which could be built much more quickly and cheaply. Uhden was fired anyway, but the weir, once it was in place, raised the level of the river and diverted its flow through a power tunnel carved into the granite face of the Cascades; the diverted water rushed into the powerhouse, shot through spiral tubes that enclosed the waterwheels, and started the turbines spinning. Ross could not let the event pass without an appropriate ceremony. He enlisted the help of President Calvin Coolidge. On September 17, 1924, Coolidge pressed a gold key at the White House which sent a spark through the lines of the Postal Telegraph Cable Company, and Seattle ultimately experienced a jolt at least as heady as the one that Ross had administered to Sancho.

In 1928, Ross escorted twenty-seven members of the Seattle City Women's Club on a tour of the project. This outing became the prototype of a more elaborate tour, which by the mid-thirties was capable of bringing nearly two thousand people a week to the Skagit during the warm summer months. The purpose was to sell them on the Rossian vision of power. "We lure 'em with a display of beautiful growing things they've always been taught couldn't thrive in regions this far north, and they come flocking—all we can handle," said Ross. "When they get here, they see the dam and the powerhouses—and that's what we want 'em to see." But it was the window dressing that made a lasting impression. Ross transformed the area around the project into an Arabian Nights fantasy. Exotic flowers and trees were planted by the riverside paths; in winter, the more perishable species, like orchids, were moved into the Gorge powerhouse to protect them against frost. There were trout and goldfish ponds along the paths, too. At Diablo, Ross collected a menagerie that included pheasants, peacocks, mountain sheep, cockatiels, African lovebirds, Mexican black squirrels, and an albino deer. His masterpiece was the waterfall at Ladder Creek, just behind the Gorge powerhouse. There, after dark, visitors gathered to watch colored floodlights illuminate the cataract while one of Ross's favorite songs—either "By the Waters of Minnetonka," or "Hark! Hark! My Soul"—soared from loudspeakers into the alpine atmosphere.

The plant at Diablo Canyon went into service in 1936, but Ross did not live long enough to see his cherished Ruby Dam erected. He died in March, 1939, and was buried in a crypt at the base of Goodell Mountain—renamed Ross Mountain, even as Ruby Dam became Ross Dam and the impoundment behind it Ross Lake—surrounded by flowering Japanese cherry trees that Franklin Delano Roosevelt had dispatched from Washington, D.C.

• •

FORTY-ONE years after J. D. Ross's death, I got an invitation to join a special tour of the Skagit project and see for myself what the master builder had wrought. The invitation came from an admirer of Ross's, Bob Royer, who is one of Seattle's two deputy mayors. Royer is an old friend of mine. He'd been appointed to his position by his older brother, Charles, who had been elected Mayor of Seattle in 1977. Bob had worked as Charles' campaign manager. Now he was the administration's expert in energy matters. It was part of his job to act as liaison between the Mayor and City Light. He'd visited the Skagit many times during the past few months, talking to City Light employees about a plan the utility had to exploit the very margins of Ross's vision. City Light wanted to put yet another dam on the river. The proposed dam, known as Copper Creek, would blockade the Skagit about ten miles south of Gorge Dam; on completion (circa 1990), it would contribute three and a half per cent to City Light's total hydroelectric generating capacity. The plan had several drawbacks, Royer said—in his unique vocabulary, it was "negatory"—all of which would become apparent to me once we were on the road.

We drove north from Seattle on a

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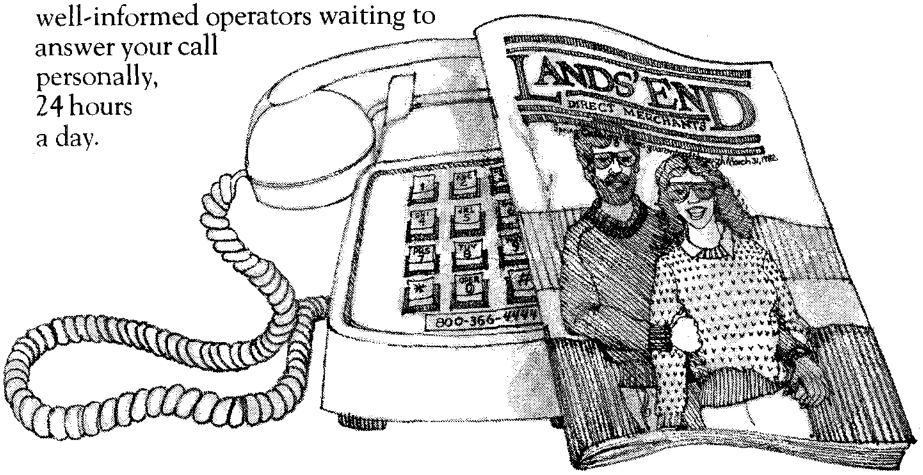

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cool, gray January afternoon. Gradually, the city and its suburbs dropped away behind us, and the landscape began to change. There were truck farms and dairies, acres of open space. Royer loosened his tie, starting to relax. He was in what he described as a "stressed condition"—tired from long hours at the office and suffering from an exacerbated case of premarital heebie-jeebies. He was about to wed Jennifer James, a cultural anthropologist who conducts a popular radio call-in show in Seattle, and he did not relish the ceremonial aspects of the undertaking—Anglican retainers, uncles and aunts from dusty corners of the globe, and the inevitable through-the-keyhole reporting of the local press. In order to further calm him, I suggested we stop for drinks at Jo-D's, a loggers' tavern in the middle of nowhere. The place was packed with raw, bearded faces blooming from flannel shirts. Royer hammered Jo-D's pinball machine, extracting a minimal number of points, and admired an oversized Rainier-beer-bottle cap mounted like a hunting trophy on a tavern wall. "That's a nice little facility," he said outside, lighting up a Tiparillo. My rented car filled with stag-party fumes. We set off again, climbing now toward the Cascade mountains. Thick stands of Douglas fir appeared in the distance, green spires against the darkening sky.

Near Concrete, a hundred miles from Seattle, Royer grabbed a pair of binoculars from the back seat and fiddled with the focussing mechanism. He pointed to a roadside sign for Eagle Country Realty. "We're getting close," he said. "If the realtors are here, the birds can't be far behind." He scanned the horizon, looking for bald eagles. The Skagit was visible on our right. It was low and emerald-colored, because the winter weather had been mild, with no major storms.

I asked Royer if anybody was fishing.

"Zero persons," he said.

I'd figured as much. The water was too clear. Anglers know that such fish as salmon and steelhead are more likely to be fooled by bait or lures if there's a slight camouflage of silt in the river. The Skagit plays host to five kinds of salmon—pink, chum, coho, sockeye, and Chinook. The chum have the most bearing on the lives of eagles. Silvery and with rather distinct markings, chum range in size from eight to eighteen pounds. They begin their Skagit spawning run in late fall. After spawning, they die, and their carcasses drift downstream and wash up on gravel bars in shallow water. This attracts the bald eagles, who winter on the Skagit and then proceed to their breeding territories, probably on the Olympic Peninsula and in the San Juan Islands, Canada, and Alaska. The eagles tend to concentrate in a twenty-seven-mile stretch east of Concrete, between Rockport and Newhalem, because it offers them superior habitat—lots of gravel bars and also good perch sites.

In Marblemount, about midway between Rockport and Newhalem, Royer shouted, "Hey, pull over! Pull *over!*" Before I could shut off the ignition, he'd bolted from his seat and dashed across the road, oblivious of traffic. He stood on a bluff above the Skagit, the binoculars glued to his sockets. "There's an eagle in that tree," he said, nodding in the direction of a lightning-blasted fir.

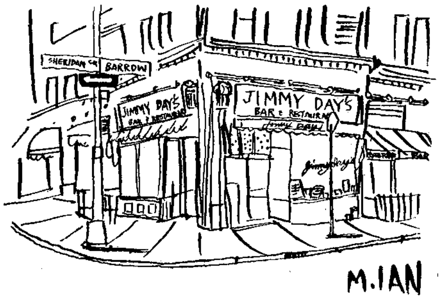
I doubted it. Royer had broken his glasses a few months earlier and had still not replaced them. He operated more or less on automatic pilot. I took the binoculars from him and checked the tree. "I think it's a crow, Bob," I said.

Royer shrugged. "You could be right," he said.

The bird flew off, cawing, into deeper woods.

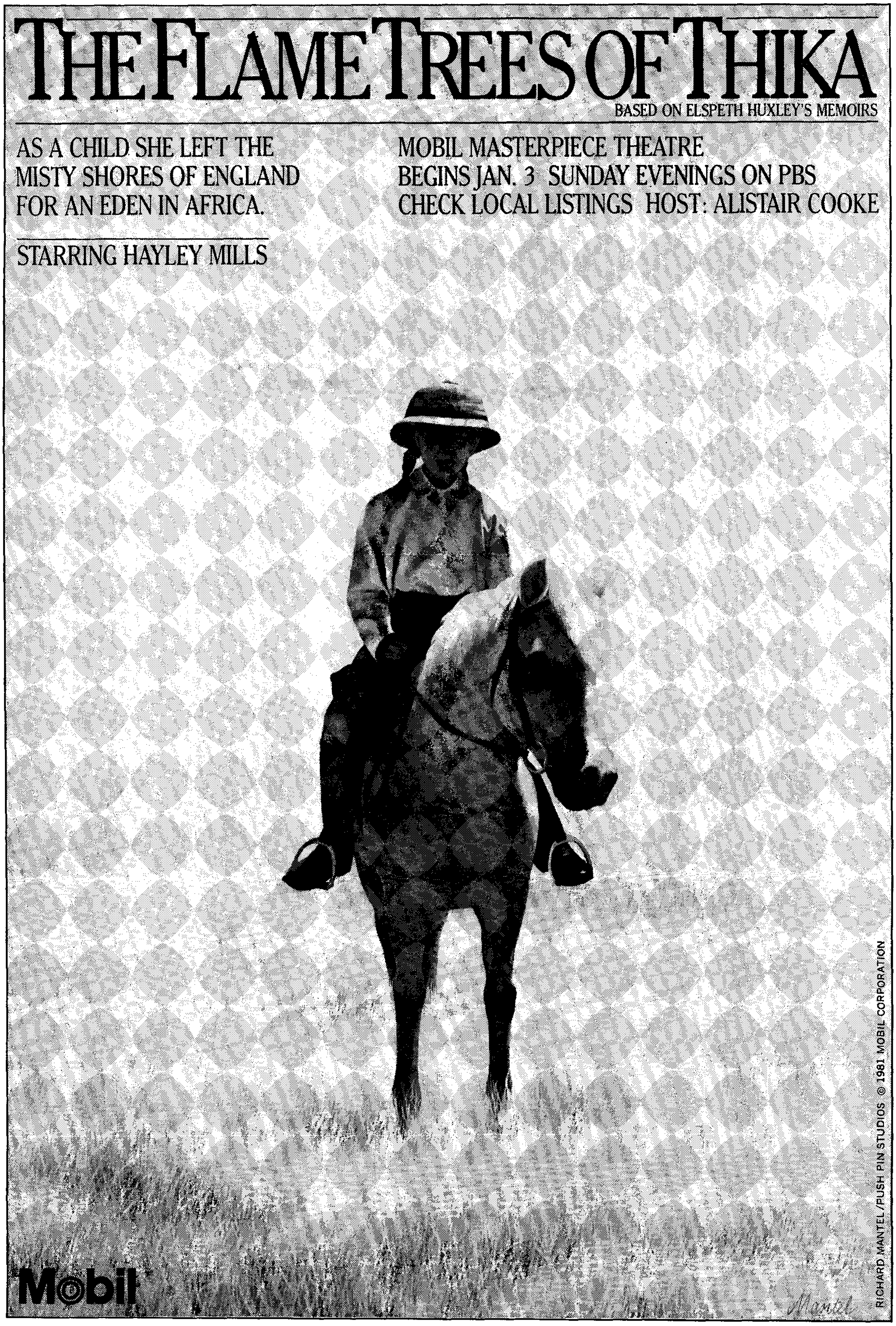
This was exactly the sort of mistake I expected from Royer—an enthusiastic mistake, a mistake of the heart. He is a passionate, opinionated man, blessed with a sense of humor about himself. At the moment, though, he looked beat. His job was draining him dry.

He had several major administrative headaches, and Copper Creek was one of them. The dam was very controversial. If it was built, it would imperil the survival of the Skagit's bald eagles by flooding a stretch of river in which great numbers of salmon spawn: above the site, the perpetually high water would prevent any carcasses from washing up on gravel bars; the eagles' food supply could be severely cut. The birds are highly mobile, but it's questionable whether they could find new habitat on the Skagit or any other river of the Pacific Northwest. There just isn't enough food for them. Furthermore, a diminished food supply has a demonstrable effect on breeding—hungry eagles lay fewer eggs. The average eagle's nest contains only two or three delicate specimens, with shells thinned by DDT, so even the most minuscule change in the environment can jeopardize the future of the species.



Royer told me that there was another serious objection to Copper Creek. It had to do with Indian fishing rights. According to an old document (the Point Elliot Treaty), three tribes (the Swinomish, the Upper Skagit, and the Sauk-Suiattle) are entitled to fish at their accustomed grounds on the Skagit, taking salmon and steelhead, for subsistence and for commercial gain. Their right was affirmed in 1974, in a controversial federal-court decision known as Boldt I, the United States v. Washington. Judge Boldt stated in his decision that a treaty phrase—"in common"—should be interpreted to mean that fishery resources in Washington are to be shared equally between Indians and others. If City Light proceeded with its Copper Creek plan, thereby eliminating part of the annual salmon and steelhead runs, the Point Elliot tribes would almost certainly sue for reparations. The reparations would be costly.

"We ought to can the facility," Royer said of Copper Creek, putting down the binoculars and staring into the gathering dusk. But he understood that City Light, like most urban utilities, was hard pressed to come up with new sources of energy. The system that Ross had pioneered no longer provided enough electricity to meet Seattle's needs. At the moment, City Light was compensating for shortfalls in its generating capacity by buying power from other sources—primarily from the Bonneville Power Administration (B.P.A.), in Oregon, whose dams along the Columbia River supply an enormous amount of juice to the Northwest. The B.P.A. was beginning to experience its own "insufficiency," however, and had informed City Light that it would not be able to make up Seattle's electrical deficits after 1983. Furthermore, the price that City Light had to pay for purchased power kept rising. In 1979, the B.P.A. had raised its wholesale power rates by a hundred and twelve per cent, and so



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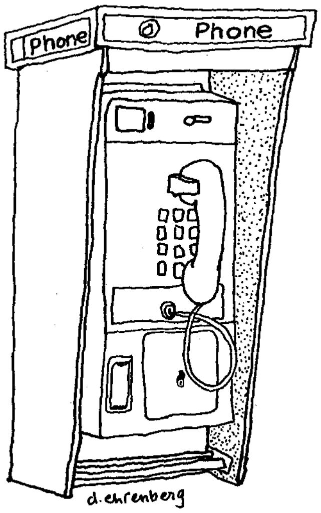
put City Light in the disadvantageous (if familiar) position of trying to pass along increased costs to its customers. The customers were not happy.

Given the pinched state of the energy market, City Light executives had to examine every option very carefully. There were few worthwhile hydro sites left in Washington; Copper Creek was among them. City Light had been granted a Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (F.E.R.C.) preliminary permit to explore the site. The permit would expire on December 31, 1981; City Light had to decide before then whether or not to apply for an F.E.R.C. license to build. The utility, being publicly owned, would not make its decision in isolation. First, City Light was required to inform the Mayor of its recommendation on the project. Then the Mayor was supposed to add his own recommendation to the package and submit it to the Seattle City Council for consideration.



In a way, Charles Royer was the linchpin of the Copper Creek scheme: what he thought about the project would have much to do with its final disposition. So Bob Royer had guaranteed the City Light employees who live and work on the Skagit that his brother would come for a visit before sending a recommendation to the City Council. He had committed Charles to a tour of the existing plants, followed by a float trip down the river on a rubber raft. The Mayor was not eager to raft the Skagit in January, when wicked Canadian winds can turn the atmosphere frigid beyond belief, but it was the best time to see the bald eagles.

"If Charley's going to flood out those birds," Bob said as we approached Newhalem, "at least he'll know what they look like up close."

I Recognized Newhalem from photographs I'd seen of the original construction camp. It hadn't changed very much. It resembled every other company town I've ever been to—rather bland and ordinary—except for its setting, right on the river and plumb against the base of the Cascades. The mountains, which rise to peaks of eight thousand and nine thousand feet, lend a sense of fragility to the town. It seems about to be crushed. Several modest frame houses are arranged like barracks along the Skagit. Near them, there's a large "Sheriff" sign, which struck me as incongruous. I thought you'd have to try very hard to pull off a crime in Newhalem. The absolute historical weight of the place mitigated against the possibility of outrage. It's the sort of town where the tiniest infidelity gets poured like cream into the morning coffee. Royer said that Newhalem reminded him of the bleak regions to which Soviet dissidents were exiled, and I agreed.

We drove by the company store and continued along a winding, rock-strewn road that led us past Gorge Dam to higher ground, toward Diablo Canyon—pronounced *Dye*-a-blo by the natives—five miles away. I parked on a promontory, and we got out to take in the view. The air was thick and wet—that palpitant skin of mist so common during Northwest winters. The light was a variegated green, drawing sustenance from great Douglas firs and from the soupy river below. When I walked to the edge of the promontory and stared into the canyon, I was filled with wonder. I acquired the sudden insignificance of the miniature, frock-coated sojourners you find posed on promontories in the canvases of nineteenth-century landscape paintings. The dwarfing effect of big-time nature accounted for part of my awe, but I was just as moved by Diablo Dam—a curved arc of concrete three hundred and eighty-nine feet high and one thousand one hundred and eighty feet long. It spanned the canyon as gracefully as a piece of sculpture; it could have been an earthwork created by Robert Smithson, the artist. Behind it, impounded water shaped itself into a lake punctuated by islands and timbered fingers of granite. I found it hard to believe that Ross had stood where I was standing and had imagined it. Maybe the quality of the American imagination was grander in those days, stoked by a perception of the country as an undiminished, ever-fructifying resource.

It was too cold to stay on the promontory for long. We went back to Newhalem and stopped in front of the Superintendent's House, an old two-story place with dormitory-style bedrooms upstairs, in which we'd be quartered. Charles Royer was already there. Dressed in a flannel shirt, a turtleneck, dry-cleaned jeans, and highly polished cowboy boots, he projected a studied casualness. He is a handsome man, conscious of his appearance. I'd met him earlier in the day, at his office in downtown Seattle. The office is a fine one, affording sweeping vistas of Puget Sound and the Olympic Mountains. It's a neat, decorous space, whereas Bob's cubicle, next door, is a paradigm of clutter, embellished with homespun items like a framed Reggie Jackson baseball card, a Xerox portrait of a comb, and a snapshot of the occupant addressing an audience of shovels at a civic dedication ceremony. Charles is forty-two—four years older than Bob. He has none of his brother's intensity, and only a bit of his boyishness. Charles' face has a vaguely Indian cast—dark eyes, dark hair, high cheekbones. When he speaks, he does so softly and with deliberation, causing listeners to lean forward in a posture of intimacy. His background is in television journalism. Before going into politics, he was the news analyst (a local Eric Sevareid) at KING-TV; Bob was there, too, working as an on-camera reporter. Charles campaigned as an honest, down-to-earth guy, eager to preserve the integrity of Seattle's diverse neighborhoods. His approach was decidedly liberal, but his administration so far has been more a middle-of-the-road affair. Still, he remains a very popular figure, who gets good marks for trying hard. There is a suspicion in some quarters that, when the time comes, he will make a strong bid for governor.

Charles had brought along three members of his inner circle, and they formed a merry crew: Jack Collins, Seattle's second deputy mayor, who is a droll, Dartmouth-educated man, prized for his managerial skills; John Howell, a young administrative aide; and Jim Geiser, the Mayor's bodyguard—a big, witty Irish cop, who could have played a pol himself in one of those vintage Spencer Tracy-type movies about life in the precincts. That the men had an easygoing relationship with the Mayor was evidenced by the wisecrack quotient of their conversation—extremely high. But their joking left him almost unmoved. He seemed preoccupied, even uncomfortable. His dealings with City

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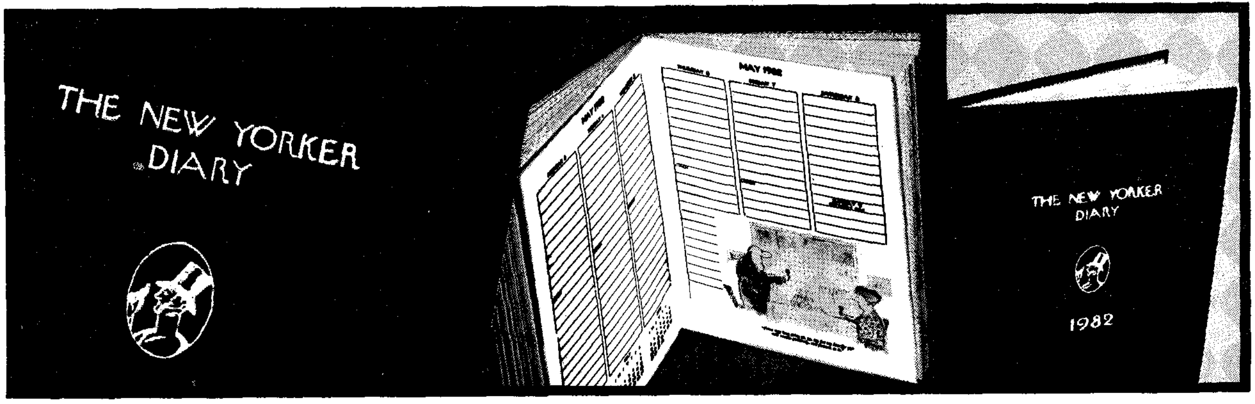
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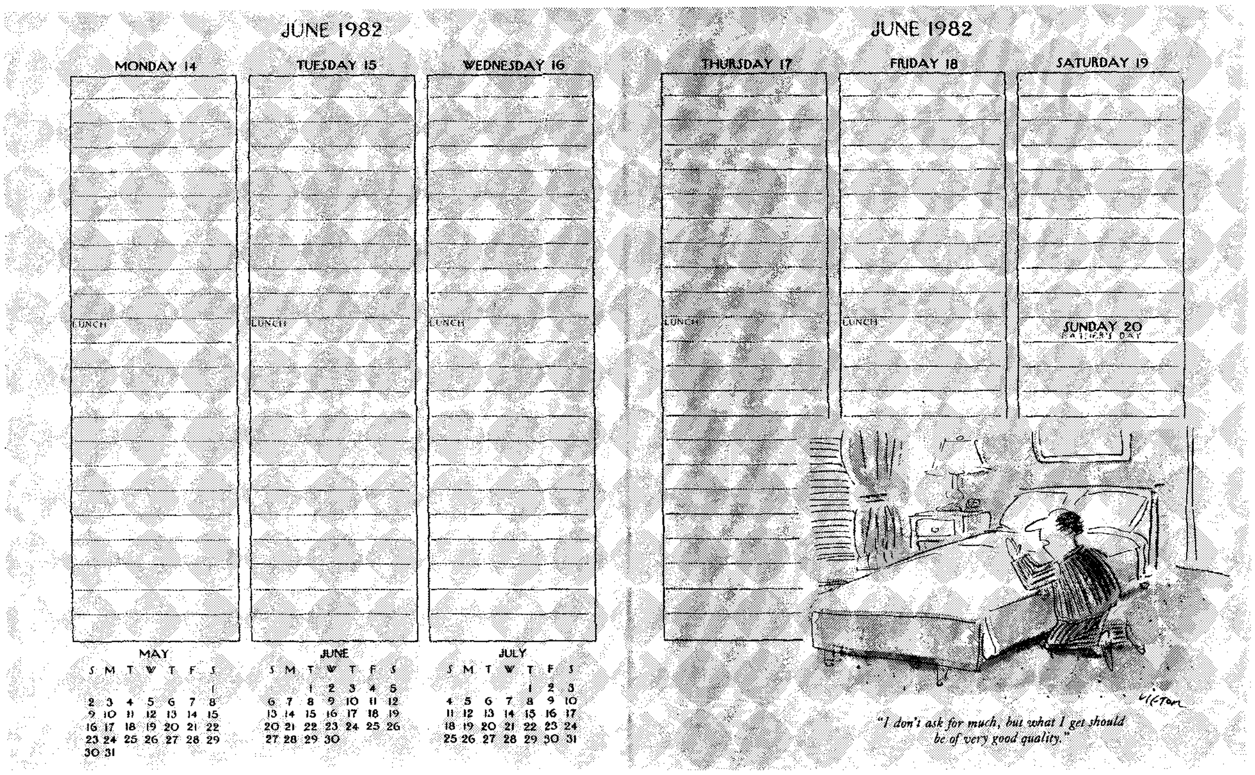
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Light had never been very smooth. He'd inherited a lame-duck superintendent, with whom he had some disagreements, and his own appointee had not worked out as he had hoped. At present, the job was open, and that situation created a certain nervousness among the utility's officials.

We had dinner with some of the officials at the aptly named Gorge Inn, a low-slung building with beanery tables and folding chairs. Pictures of J. D. Ross and the dams covered one wall; the dams grew in stages, like children. Ordinarily, the Gorge is used only during summer months, to feed fried chicken and spaghetti to the tourists who still stream in from Seattle to witness the Skagit's miracles. As dignitaries, we were treated to a more elaborate spread, which included poached salmon, prime rib, asparagus hollandaise, baked potatoes, various salads, and fresh rolls. The kitchen staff, all women, had primped for the occasion, and a few of them blushed like wild roses when the Mayor touched their hands in accepting his ration of spuds. Apple pies, tubs of ice cream, and pitchers of buttermilk sat on the tables, signifying abundance. The meal recalled Ross's unconstricted era. It was designed to bust trouser buttons and knock the stays out of corsets; it offered enough calories to keep a gimpy logger active for ten hours straight. Among the diners I saw only one trencherman with a physique capable of doing justice to the feast. Our bodies had got pared down since the twenties, along with our expectations.

A town meeting had been scheduled for later in the evening at Currier Hall, directly across from the Gorge Inn. The idea was to let the Skagit workers meet the Mayor and air their views about Copper Creek. Around fifty people live in Newhalem and thirty more upriver in Diablo, and most of them showed up—there wasn't much else to do on a Skagit Friday night. The workers are rural folks, built sturdily and given to direct expression of their opinions, and they were outfitted in their second-best clothes—not church clothes, perhaps, but simple shirts, slacks, and dresses usually reserved for parties or the odd excursion to Seattle. The men have red outdoor faces and military haircuts. The women are demure and keep to themselves, sitting in tight circles on the periphery of things.

The lives that Skagit families lead hark back to pioneer days—especially in severe winters, when there's lots of snow. Avalanches sometimes block the roads for days at a time. Fresh milk becomes a luxury item. Meals are served up out of the deep freeze. In order to catch the school bus in Newhalem—it goes to Concrete, thirty miles away—Diablo children often have to climb over rock slides or banked snow. If conditions are really harsh, the children ride to Gorge Dam by boat. Not infrequently, telephone wires fall down or short out. Television watching is a staple activity on the Skagit, but in the mean months it's difficult to maintain decent reception, because the primary antenna sits five thousand feet up a mountain and can be reached only on foot. Summer, however brief, soothes the Skagit residents. The river drops, and clears, and is fine for swimming and trout fishing. Trails that were impassable in April sprout glorious wild flowers. The influx of tourists provides welcome contact with the world outside. But then autumn arrives, and the tourists disappear, and the community draws once again into itself, laying in cord after cord of firewood against the oncoming cold.

On this particular evening, the workers gathered near a buffet table stacked with columns of cold cuts, where they sipped wine and exchanged small talk until Charles Royer walked to the front of the room and gave a brief, unenthusiastic five-minute speech. Royer didn't mention Copper Creek at all, and so confirmed a suspicion already rampant among the City Light employees that he was not in favor of the dam. He couldn't kill the dam on his own, of course, but there was a persistent rumor making the rounds that the utility itself was going to recommend against construction, mostly because of the legal questions surrounding Indian fishing rights. The employees thought this was a shame. Three or four years' worth of excruciatingly detailed research would go down the tubes, and a draft environmental-impact statement as thick as a good-sized slab of pie would wind up gathering dust on library shelves in out-of-the-way towns like Sedro Woolley. Some other utility company could apply for an F.E.R.C. license then use City Light's data to develop the site. The employees interpreted resistance to the project as an affront to their function in society, which was to build. Not a few of them longed for a Rossian Eden—a place without red tape or bureaucrats. As they collared Royer to extoll Copper Creek's virtues, they seemed blind to the complex texture of the enterprise. They wer decent, earnest, and exceedingly loyal—marines on the beachhead of energy—but they appeared almost helpless when they were confronted with situation that could not simply b subdued.

DAWN broke as black as tar. Gradually, a bit of light leake through the firs, but it was small consolation to those of us who'd share a bedroom in the Superintendent' House with Geiser, the bodyguard. Geiser snored. He snored unrelievedly with bearish heaves, and then, in th morning, he had the audacity to den what he'd done. Perhaps he'd learne evasiveness by hanging around Seattle's courtrooms. "It couldn't hav been me," he complained. "I just ha an operation on my sinuses."

Deputy Mayor Collins rejected th alibi. "You only make things worse b lying, Jim," he said.

Darci Covington, a young woma from City Light's community relation department, joined us after we'd eate a truly monstrous breakfast at th Gorge Inn. She was the captain of ou tour. She had the tour guide's implacable efficiency and moved us along a brisk pace—which was not unwelcome, because it was cold. The temperature hovered near thirty-eight degrees, but an icy wind cutting throug the canyon jumped the chill facto substantially.

We drove in a convoy to the Diabl plant. The dam seemed even mor monumental than it had when I sa it from the promontory. We stoppe at the Tour Center Museum, wher J. D. Ross's rolltop desk is on displa along with his spectacles, a sample of an electric range he sold to City Light customers, and a faded copy of a book he wrote on physics—"New Views of Space, Matter, and Time." Then we entered the Diablo powerhouse. It was like walking into a submarine; the natural world dropped away. I was aware of a slight humming noise, like a bee buzzing in a vacuum. Light bounced off shiny metallic surfaces. Everything was dustless, spit-clean. Hard-hatted workers padded by in soft-soled shoes, treading quietly, as if they were afraid to disturb the sanctity of the place. The two main generators—cylindrical, with flat tops—sat in a cavernous white-walled room at the rear of the powerhouse. Painted a pastel shade of peach, they had a high-tech sort of beauty. A little iron plaque was attached to each of them: "S. Morgan Smith Co. Pennsylvania U.S.A." The plaques were heavy, solid, made to last. Here was the Machine Age in apotheosis, a silent homage to invention. In their splendid isolation, the generators seemed so self-contained that it was difficult to remember that they depended on the river for their power—on unpredictable accumulations of rain and snowmelt. I felt like Henry Adams at the Great Exposition of 1900, wandering about in the hall of dynamos, caught up in symbols of infinity.

From the powerhouse, we went to a boat landing nearby and boarded the Cascadian, a diesel-engined ferry. The Cascadian carried us five miles across Diablo Lake, to Ross Dam, which was visible from a long way off. It's even higher than Diablo Dam—five hundred and forty feet from river bedrock to the road that runs along its crest. Ross Lake extends behind it for twenty-two miles, seeping into Canada. A panel truck was parked at the base of the dam, waiting to take us to the top. At the suggestion of Walter Sickler, City Light's director of operations, a few of us walked up instead of riding. Sickler has an unassuming style, and he prepared us poorly for the drama of our ascent. We climbed some stairs—they'd been used during construction—that wind through the dam's interior. We handled them easily enough, but then we came to a tunnel that led upward at a forty-five-degree angle. Leaning forward, we trekked along. Water dripped onto our heads. It dripped constantly—as steady as a heartbeat. It dripped down the tunnel walls, too, and had leached calcium deposits from the rock. The deposits were pale and glistened like stalagmites. Sickler told how workers used to negotiate the tunnel with a hundred pounds of equipment on their backs, but the anecdote failed to cheer us up. At the end of the tunnel, we met the real stairs: three tricky flights of twelve-inch-high concrete steps that telescoped dizzyingly toward a tiny, gnomish door—maybe two hundred and fifty steps in all. Some of us wanted to quit, but a backward glance convinced us that going down would be even worse than going up. So we climbed. We climbed cautiously, like nascent alpinists, holding on to the railing with both hands, until, finally, we broke through the door and dragged our sagging bodies to relative safety.

"You know," said Bob Royer, bent double and sucking in air, "I don't really think I enjoyed that."

He and I strolled along the two-lane road that traverses the crest of the dam. The wind gusted up from the river; a fine powder of snow blew into our faces. To the north, the Cascades swept toward heaven. They resemble the Swiss Alps—pristine, unvanquished. "Hey, check this out," Royer said. He showed me a plaque—larger than the ones on the generators—set into the wall of the dam. It informed us that an urn containing the ashes of Glen Harry Smith, an assistant superintendent who died in 1939, had been interred in Section 12, midway between Contraction Joints 11 and 12, fifty feet from the face of the dam. We were impressed. A quotation from First Corinthians was inscribed on the plaque:

> According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder, I have laid a foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereupon.

Suddenly, a bald eagle took flight from a mountain crag some five hundred yards away, soaring upward, its wings spread wide. Konrad Lorenz, the ethologist, has implied that bald eagles fly only out of necessity, to hunt or scavenge, but other experts dispute him, contending that the birds sometimes choose to soar for no apparent reason. This seemed to be the case with the eagle we were watching. The bird was simply riding the wind, two thousand feet above the river and wheeling higher and higher. Bald eagles have an acute ability to locate thermals—rising bodies of warm air—even on apparently still days. When the wind is strong, it's a gift to them. They can cover vast territories in an effortless glide, searching for food. If necessary, they'll stoop to kill live prey or pirate it from a fish hawk, but in the winter they're just as happy to feed on carrion. Such ignoble behavior prompted Benjamin Franklin to object to the bald eagle's presence on the national seal. "He is a bird of bad moral character," Franklin wrote in a letter to his daughter. "He does not get his living honestly." Franklin thought that the wild turkey would have been a better selection—more likely to "attack a grenadier of the British Guards should the soldier invade his farmyard with a red coat on."

Returning to Diablo on the Cascadian, my collar turned up against the chill, I talked with R. J. Stretch, a crewcut man in his fifties who has a vehement exactitude about him. The pens and pencils in his shirt pocket are always arranged in precise formation; you get the feeling he knows even before he goes to bed what he'll wear in the morning. Stretch's official title is generation manager. He is responsible for overseeing the entire Skagit project, making certain that everything is fine-tuned. Stretch grew up in Montana and has an indelible streak of self-sufficiency. He knows what it's like to hike into the mountains in autumn hoping to pack out enough deer or elk to supply a family with meat for the winter. He joined City Light after service in the Air Force, and he worked on Ross Dam and also on the huge Boundary project, situated on the Pend Oreille River, near the Idaho border. He told me that the generators at Boundary, which produce almost forty-four per cent of City Light's hydroelectricity, dwarf the ones at Diablo. Every year, the Boundary employees hold a square-dance festival on top of them—Hot Foot Days, it's called. Stretch was typical of Newhalemites in that he wanted to build Copper Creek. "We need that power," he said, sounding bitter, as if dark forces were plotting to withhold energy from the people. He wanted to build nuclear plants, too; he played down the hazards. "You'll have ac-

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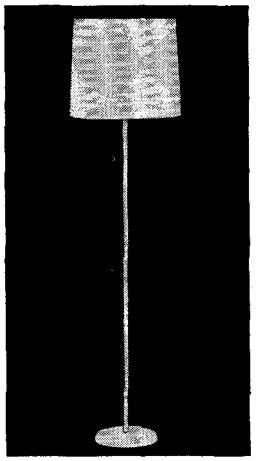

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cidents," he said. "You can't prevent them." But he believed that men—engineers, planners, technologists—were capable of minimizing any negative effects. Stretch knew of a place where there was uranium in the drinking water. "It didn't hurt anybody," he said.

THE float trip down the Skagit was anticlimactic. It started after lunch. Our party had grown considerably, thanks to the appearance of Congressman Al Swift, of Bellingham—a Copper Creek opponent—with some of his staff, and several reporters. The reporters had cornered Charles Royer and pressed him on the issue. Unlike the Newhalem employees, they seemed to believe that the Mayor was mad about the project, ready to build it with eagle feathers, if necessary. He answered their questions a bit snappishly, giving no indication of his true feelings. "My decision will be made on a lot of technical factors," he told one reporter, "many of which have nothing to do with the impression of a visit like this." Royer did not seem to be enjoying the great outdoors. He'd sat next to Geiser through most of the morning, looking tight-lipped and reserved. I thought maybe the public-relations aspect of the trip was bothering him—cameras, handshakes, endless politeness in the face of endless questions. Now, between answers, he was blowing on his hands. The cold had him bouncing up and down on his feet. "I'm a *city* boy," he said to his brother, smiling.

We started off at Goodell Creek, just south of Newhalem. There were eight or nine rubber rafts, each with a scruffy river rat at the helm. They apportioned us among the rafts, distributing the weight as evenly as possible. The Skagit was still low; its current lacked thrust. Our boatman, a bearded, barrel-chested kid in red suspenders, had to push hard on the oars sometimes to keep us from idling. It was a nine-mile trip to Copper Creek. It took four hours, and thrills were few and far between. Halfway through, we did tear into a canyon S-curve riddled with boulders and small rapids, but they were run without any trouble and gave us less of an adrenaline charge than climbing the concrete stairs had done. The rafts bent in half, though, and took on copious water. Voyagers in slickers and rain suits managed fine, but those of us in sneakers and old pea coats felt an awful clamminess descend.

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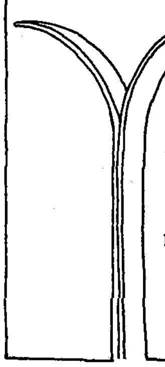

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We saw about twenty bald eagles between Goodell Creek and the Copper Creek site. They were perched high in the limbs of firs and alders. None of them were actively feeding. It was the wrong time of day (they feed early and late), and, besides, food was in short supply (the last flood, in early December, had washed most chum salmon carcasses downstream). I'd read that bald eagles are spooked by human beings, but many of these birds didn't move when we drifted past. They had marvellous balance. Their austere white heads looked fierce through the binoculars. There was a smoothness in them that is missing in other scavengers, like vultures. But it was their soaring that touched the heart—a form of liberation. On the wing, they seemed noble, in tune with the innocent ideals of the republic.

No sign marked the Copper Creek site. Our boatman had to point it out as we floated by. I tried to imagine what the finished project would look like: an earth-and-rock-fill dam, to be built, with much-improved technology, on river deposits instead of bedrock, so that the structure could shift with the shifting subsoil; a powerhouse, spillway, and switchyard; a reservoir, ten miles long, reaching all the way back to the Gorge powerhouse and flattening out the rapids we'd just run. The project would devour two thousand three hundred acres of land. Deer, bears, beavers, small mammals, reptiles, amphibians, and many birds would perish. Ten miles of state highway—SR 20—would have to be relocated, along with up to ten miles of transmission line. As we floated by, two people materialized on the shore—a man and a woman in ski jackets and knit caps. "Hey, Charley!" they yelled. "Hey, *Charley!*" As the Mayor watched stonily, the couple unfurled a banner: "Charley, 3½ Percent Isn't Needed." It was the most minuscule political demonstration I'd ever seen. It seemed in keeping with the float trip—rather leaden and uninspiring.

We beached the rafts at Bacon Creek, about half a mile below the dam site. The sky was dark; a light rain fell. Bob Royer and I were drenched to the skin, poised on the brink of hypothermia. We rode to Newhalem in the back seat of R. J. Stretch's car. Stretch had not rafted the river. Instead, he'd witnessed our progress from SR 20, picking up empty beer cans along the way. The beer cans littered the floor of the car. Each can had been stomped on,

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crushed as flat as a quarter. At the Superintendent's House, we changed into dry clothes, and then we got into my rented car. There was a frenzy about our departure—almost an aspect of escape, as if the past were about to swallow us and foreclose on the future. The drive back to Seattle was uneventful. In Marblemount, we stopped for a six-pack, some tortilla chips, and a can of bean dip. The dip was mostly lard, but we ate it anyway, because it made us feel warm. When dinner was over, Bob Royer ignited another Tiparillo and blew smoke rings into the night.

I DIDN'T find out what Charles Royer really thought about the Skagit tour until the next day, when Bob and I joined him to watch the Super Bowl at the house of Don McGaffin, a Royer crony from KING-TV. The Mayor was in a good mood, freed from Newhalem's constraints. Some of the romance of the Skagit had been lost on him not because he was impervious to landscape glories but because he was charged with the miserable task of mediating among wildly divergent parties. He was supposed to keep eagles flying, salmon spawning, rapids crashing, and light bulbs burning. His position was unenviable. The scenario at Copper Creek was a classic one, after all, recapitulating in broad strokes the famous encounter between the snail darter and the Tennessee Valley Authority at Tellico Dam, but that didn't make writing a satisfactory conclusion any simpler.

The Mayor said that he'd been struck by the anachronistic character of Newhalem—it had the quality of a time warp. He was most concerned about the welfare of City Light's employees there. He said it was sad that nobody took them into account in discussions of environmental impact. The Skagit employees had served the utility well for many years, and now, because of shifting energy priorities, their view of the world—and of public service—was becoming obsolete. For Charles Royer, the underlying problem was how to instill the values of Ross's time into a new group of workers. He didn't say what he was going to do about the dam.

ON Monday morning, a front-page story appeared in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* under the headline "Royer and Swift Shoot Rapids at Dam Site." As everyone had expected, it made Swift sound heroic, a champion of the Skagit biota, while the Mayor was portrayed as a conniver. "A young bald eagle perched atop a tree at almost the exact spot where the dam would cross the river," wrote the *P.-I.'s* reporter, preparing for a descent into anthropomorphic Guignol. "Unlike other eagles, it did not fly away but glared down as Royer's boat floated by."

That afternoon, the Mayor released to the press City Light's recommendation to him on Copper Creek. The recommendation, signed by Acting Superintendent L. Joe Miller, suggested that the utility not file an application for an F.E.R.C. license to build the dam; that all current studies and investigations be terminated at once; and that the project be placed in abeyance for a period of not more than four years.

I asked Bob Royer what sort of recommendation the Mayor himself might make on Copper Creek.

"He's going to can it," Royer said.

What the Mayor wanted instead was for City Light to buy an option to participate in the development of a coal-fired plant to be built in Creston by the Washington Water Power Company. Coal was quantifiable, absolute. No drought would ever shut down the Creston plant.

Royer told me that other plans were on the boards at City Light. There was a plan to raise Ross Dam by a hundred feet or so, increasing its generating capacity. There was a plan to put a powerhouse and penstock near an existing dam on the south fork of the Tolt River. There was a plan to build a new dam on the North Fork of the Tolt. There was a plan to use solid waste as fuel for a steam-generating plant. There was also a plan to use waste wood. There was a plan to use sewage. There was a plan to tap into geothermal wells. There was a plan to disperse large wind-turbine generators at selected sites around the state. There were several plans for saving energy through conservation.

I ENDED my stay in Seattle by joining Bob Royer for a dip in his hot tub, which rests on a deck overlooking Lake Washington. We felt like energy criminals, to be using up precious kilowatts for such a frivolous purpose, but the water had a tonic effect on our weary bones. Across the lake we could see millions of bulbs blinking away, fuelled, perhaps, by power from the Skagit system—the miraculous transformation of water

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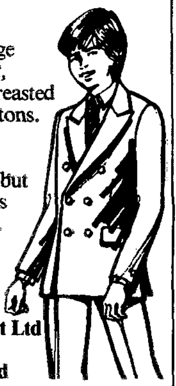

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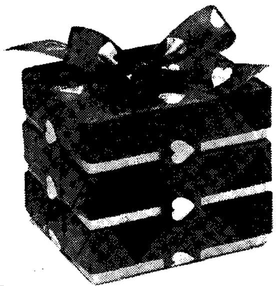

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into light. How many other miracles of transformation went unnoticed in cities everywhere? It was amazing, given the odds, that anything worked at all. I watched Royer sink chin-deep into the tub. He was still anxious about his wedding, and a little depressed about Copper Creek, and he talked about leaving politics to take a job in the private sector. Then he talked about maybe writing a suspense novel—some thickly plotted trifle geared to earn him a million bucks.

As I bobbed around, I wondered what J. D. Ross would have thought of hot tubs. Probably, he would have liked them. He had a taste for gadgets. He might have figured a way to put a hot tub in every house in Seattle, just as he'd introduced electric ranges to his customers. And I was willing to bet that after he got the tubs installed, he'd have figured out how to keep the water warm without pulling too hard on the system. That was the puzzling thing about City Light's dilemma—the utility seemed terribly short on new ideas. Perhaps the future truly was unimaginable. The American brain seemed compacted—as used up as the frontier that had once given it wings.

Royer and I agreed that Copper Creek was a stale project, left over from the thirties. The rivers of the Northwest had been harnessed, and harnessed again, until nearly every last drop of power had been squeezed out of them. What City Light really needed was a new vision to carry it forward, for the great lesson of the Skagit, and of Ross's career, was that a sustaining vision can itself be a kind of energy.

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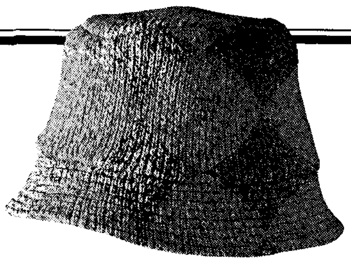

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Blazing, Radiant*

WHEN Berlioz reached Rome, he hastened to St. Peter's. "Sublime, overpowering! Michelangelo, Raphael, Canova on this side and that . . . And the intense stillness, the solemnity . . . As I thought of the glorious role that my own art must play there, my heart began to beat with excitement." Architecture, sculpture, and painting, he said, may form the body of a building, but "music is its soul, the supreme manifestation of its existence." He looked for the organ and for the St. Peter's choir that should be numbered in thousands. He discovered a little instrument on wheels, concealed behind a pillar, and learned that there was a choir of eighteen, augmented to thirty-two on major feast days. But the "aural vision" of a vast building brought to life by large, solemn music never left him. In the Requiem, first performed in Les Invalides in 1837, and the Te Deum, first performed in Saint-Eustache in 1855, he composed music worthy of St. Peter's—music to set huge resonant spaces sounding, with timbres and resonances undreamed of before, harmonies that move slowly but purposively, solo melodies that seem to steal out and rise like incense smoke, fanfares that ring through every vault. (When the Philharmonic performs those works, it might well play its concerts in St. John the Divine. Fisher Hall cannot do justice to them.) In his memoirs, Berlioz described four of his works as "architectural": those two sacred pieces and two that are secular—the Funeral and Triumphal Symphony (which he conducted with a drawn sword *en cortège* through the streets of Paris while the ashes of the 1830 heroes were transported from a Requiem Mass in Saint-Germain to interment in the Bastille column) and the cantata "L'Impériale." The Requiem, the Te Deum, and the Symphony are familiar; recordings are easily come by. "L'Impériale" is a rarity. So far as I know, it is unrecorded. What was billed as the American première, and in a program note more cautiously described as "probably the American première," was given last month by the Brooklyn College Chorus and Orchestra, in the Whitman Hall of Brooklyn College.

"Secular" is perhaps not the mot juste for the Funeral and Triumphal Symphony. For the fanfare that introduces its Apotheosis, Berlioz "imagined a trumpet-call of archangels, simple but sublime, boundless, glittering, an immense radiance swelling and resounding, proclaiming to earth and to Heaven the opening of the Empyrean gates." But "L'Impériale"—unless one believes in the divine right of kings—is wholly secular. It glorifies Napoleon III. It was composed to celebrate the prize-giving by the Emperor at the 1855 Exhibition in the Palace of Industrial Products. The first performance was interrupted when the music overran into time set aside for a speech by the Emperor's cousin. The author of the text, a Captain Lafont, may have believed in divine right. His high-flown lines suggest it:

> Bearing the oriflamme
> In his brazen talons,
> The eagle with wings of flame
> Sovereign arbiter,
> Opens his deep eyelid
> To the billows of the star of light,
> And reappears in the skies,
> Blazing and radiant.

Lafont continues, "For, as once the Messiah did, the imperial dynasty that God Himself revived and that glory brought to birth has emerged from the tomb." Repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" form the refrain.

Berlioz learned in youth to play the flageolet, the flute, and the guitar. "Can anyone fail to recognize in this judicious choice the hand of Nature urging me toward the grandest orchestral effects and the Michelangelesque in music?" He is both the most delicate and the grandest of scorers. He enjoyed large orchestral forces. At a concert after the 1844 Exhibition of Industrial Products, he played Beethoven's C-Minor Symphony with thirty-six double-basses, the "Freischütz" overture with twenty-four horns, the "Moïse" prayer with twenty-five harps. And "my thousand and twenty-two performers moved with the unanimity of the members of a first-rate quartet." For "L'Impériale" at the 1855 Exhibition, he had twelve hundred performers. In the score of the cantata, the apt number of instrumentalists on each line is specified, amounting to two hundred players in all. There is a first chorus of forty voices, and a second chorus "far more numerous." Then the last ten pages, the final paean in praise of Napoleon III, bear the instruction "Entry of a military band (ad lib.) doubling all the wind instruments." Berlioz held the baton in his right hand, and with his left activated an "electric metronome" that relayed the beat to five sub-conductors "in the huge area that the performers occupied." The ensemble, he says, was marvellous.

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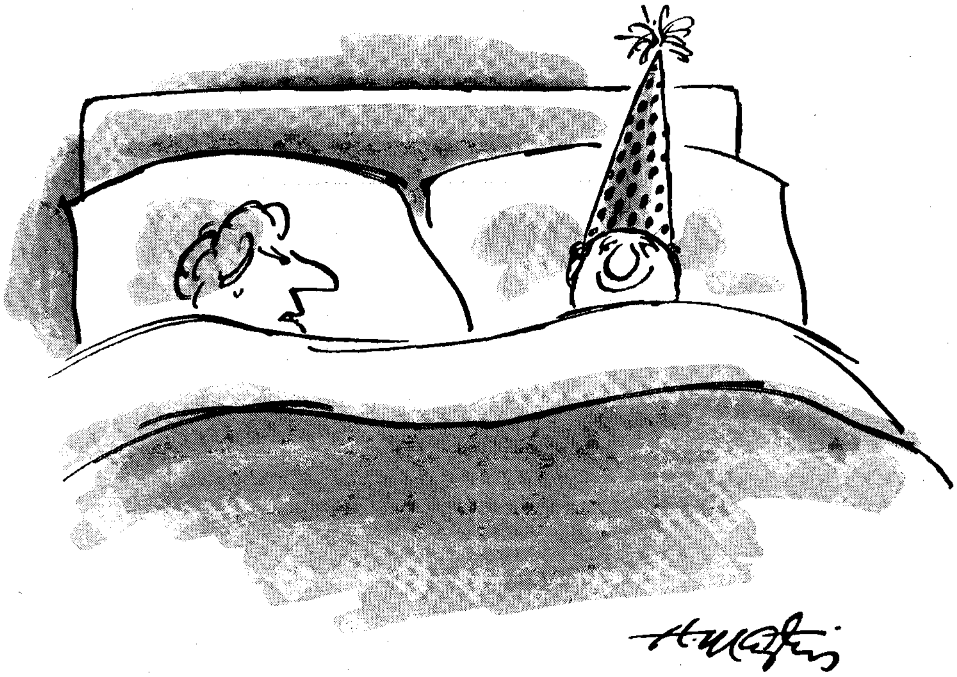

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quately filled by symphonic forces of conventional size, should now be the country where Berlioz's big works receive their due. One needs both the bands and the spaces. When Colin Davis conducted the Funeral and Triumphal Symphony in Regent's Park twenty years ago with the Massed Bands of Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards, the performers were plentiful but the open-air acoustics diminished the grandeur of the score—as they did, Berlioz says, when the work was played through the Paris streets. (It was an indoor performance, in the Salle Vivienne, that moved Wagner to write of the Symphony, "It is noble and great from the first note to the last. Free from sickly excitement, it sustains a noble patriotic emotion which rises from lament to the topmost heights of apotheosis. . . . I must, along with my joy and conviction, state that this symphony will endure and will inspire courage so long as there is a nation known as France.") I've been stirred by the strains of the famous University of California Marching Band. It should play Berlioz's large scores regularly. Brooklyn College also has a fine band—certainly fine when I last heard it, under Dorothy Klotzman, playing at the Ives centenary celebrations. But it didn't play in "L'Impériale." Berlioz makes provision for performances by "an ordinary orchestra;" and in a small hall, he says, four solo voices may replace the first chorus. In Whitman Hall, which is not exactly small, there was a solo quartet, an orchestra of fifty-three, and a chorus of a hundred; to the final paean sixty children's voices —those of the Brooklyn College Preparatory Center Chorus—were added. A certain spectacular effect was achieved: the tots were dressed in red, white, and blue, and at the climax they waved tiny tricolors. But there wasn't really enough *noise;* and the festive effect was diminished by the half darkness into which the hall had been plunged. It was difficult to read the carefully prepared texts and translations. At concerts, one should be able to take in printed words at a glance, without peering, and then concentrate on the performers. But the bad old habit of dimming lights dies hard.

"L'Impériale" is, of course, an occasional piece. It might be amusing to devise a new text, hymning, let's say, a victorious football team, a popular college president, or an Olympic hero, but it is probably better to keep the cantata as a stupendous Second Empire monument. Berlioz wrote music to match such lines as:

> Never was brow crowned
> With such an immortal aureole;
> As if in a living symbol,
> The people are incarnate in you.
> You guide them by your genius,
> They sustain you by their valor.

By rewriting as a triplet the four sixteenths that start "Vive l'Empereur!" the refrain could be sung to the words "Hail to the Chief," but it is hard to think of any present-day figure for whom the splendors of the music would not seem excessive. The references to Napoleon III in Berlioz's memoirs are few and hardly enthusiastic, but the composer had been fired early by the Napoleonic legend. He contemplated a symphony on "The Return of the Army from Italy." He composed a "Cinq Mai" cantata. He was present at the funeral, in Florence, of the future Emperor's brother: "It was a sight to conjure with, yet not so awe-inspiring as the thought of who it was that lay there: the very name set great echoes ringing in my mind. A Bonaparte! *His* nephew, almost *his* grandson." There is no hollowness in the score of "L'Impériale." Whatever the composer's opinion of the hyperbolic text may have been, the triumph in his music is wholehearted. Simplicity and majesty combine. The work celebrates, one might say, the amazing power of music to celebrate.

In Brooklyn, "L'Impériale" crowned a choice and well-planned program of music for chorus and orchestra. Before it, there were Brahms' "Schicksalslied" and his "Nänie," and then three wonderful Berlioz pieces: "La Mort d'Ophélie," the "Funeral March for the Last Scene of 'Hamlet,' " and the setting for triple choir of Victor Hugo's "Sara la Baigneuse." Harry Saltzman—best known as the director of a smaller choir, the Sine Nomine Singers, in an earlier repertory—conducted. He was most successful with the plaintive purling of the Ophelia ballad and with the seductive lilt to which Sarah swings in her hammock above the pool. The "Hamlet" march needed heavier accents. (The chorus's contribution, although it is only offstage cries of "Ah!," adds much to the effect of the piece.) "L'Impériale" needed heavier, crisper accents, more bandmasterly snap and showmanly flamboyance. Brahms was done in German, Berlioz in French, and the slight pallidness that normally attends singing in foreign tongues—

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the result of words' not being vividly expressed—was not altogether avoided. Nevertheless, it was a concert to delight lovers of Berlioz and confirm them in their admiration for his genius.

NOT all Berlioz's thoughts in St. Peter's were of solemn, elevated music:

> I liked spending the day there when the summer's heat became unbearable. I would take a volume of Byron and, settling myself comfortably in a confessional . . . would sit there absorbed in that burning verse. I followed the Corsair's bold journeys over the waves; I adored that character, at once inexorable and tender, pitiless and generous, strangely composed of two apparently contradictory sentiments—hatred of the human race and love of a woman.

Something of that Byronic character informs the overture Berlioz finally called "Le Corsaire," although he first called it "La Tour de Nice" and then "Le Corsaire Rouge"—the French title of Fenimore Cooper's "The Red Rover." He composed the first version in 1844. The previous year, Verdi had suggested Byron's "Corsair" as an operatic subject for Venice. In 1846, he decided to compose it for London; Piave prepared a libretto, and Verdi "sketched a few of the things I found most congenial." "Macbeth," "I Masnadieri," and "Jérusalem" intervened, and then Verdi completed "Il Corsaro" in 1848. It was first performed in Trieste, and got a bad press. Until recently, it has continued to fare ill in the Verdi literature: "With the exception of 'Alzira,' this is the worst opera ever written by the composer" (Francis Toye); "Another piece of hack-work" (Frank Walker in the fifth Grove). Verdi dispatched the score from Paris and did not (as was his wont) supervise the première himself; he composed it to discharge an irksome contract with a publisher he disliked ("I shall never write an opera of much importance for that detestable and uncouth Signor Lucca"). Those facts may have encouraged commentators to underrate the piece. The first twentieth-century production of "Il Corsaro"—in London in 1966, with Pauline Tinsley as its heroine—showed that, so far from being hack-work, it is one of Verdi's most audacious early operas, filled with arresting formal and instrumental inventions whose effect can hardly be guessed at from the piano-vocal score. What that London production revealed a 1976 Philips recording (with Montserrat Caballé, Jessye Norman, and

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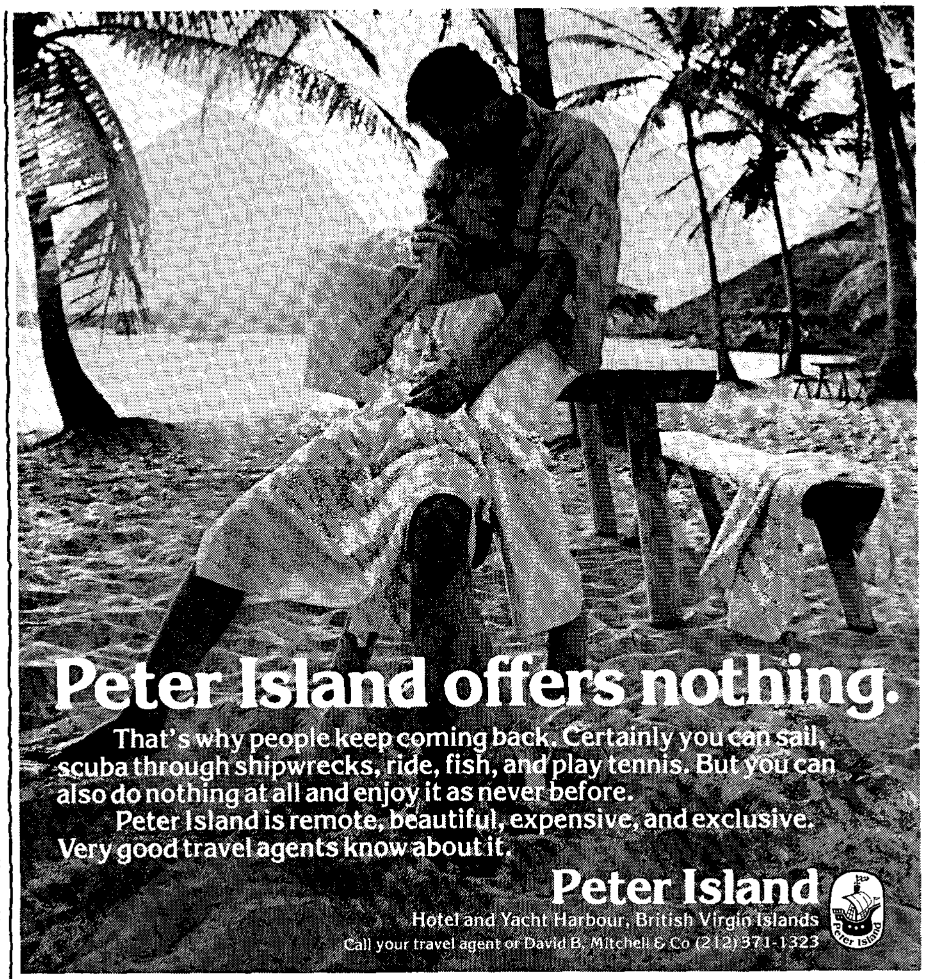
José Carreras) then confirmed. An even more exciting performance—the opera's American première—was given, in concert form, in the Fine Arts Center at Stony Brook on December 12th. It came to Town Hall four days later. The Stony Brook performance was more spacious.

Verdi scholarship had meanwhile turned up a letter in which the composer gives instructions to Marianna Barbieri-Nini, the opera's first heroine, as detailed and subtle as those he sent her while she was preparing to create Lady Macbeth for him. (It was printed in English for the first time in the Stony Brook program.) It chimes with other things he wrote about the piece. "I couldn't hope to find a finer, more passionate, and more musicable subject," he said. In Act I, Conrad the corsair leaves his beloved Medora and sets off to attack the Muslims. In Act II, he loses his chance of conquest by leading his men away to rescue the women of Pasha Seyd's harem, which has caught fire. Returning with the Pasha's favorite, Gulnare, in his arms, he is captured; so are most of his gallant men, similarly encumbered with odalisques. In the first scene of Act III, Gulnare, who has fallen in love with Conrad, stabs the sleeping Pasha and escapes with Conrad. Meanwhile, back home, Medora, believing Conrad dead, has taken poison. Conrad and Gulnare arrive just in time to sing a trio with her. She dies in his arms, and Conrad flings himself off a cliff. Plenty of action, but, as Julian Budden remarks, narrative rather than drama. It's the music that makes "Il Corsaro" exciting—wildly exciting in places. The combination of an old-style libretto and an "advanced" score on which both the adventure of composing "Macbeth" and firsthand experience of French opera have left their mark makes it at once strange and adventurous.

The Stony Brook performance—presented by the Long Island Opera Society in conjunction with the American Institute for Verdi Studies and the State University of New York at Stony Brook—had a fine cast. Gulnare was Sarah Reese, a new soprano of high promise, with a gleaming voice and the power, the flexibility, the dramatic energy, and the variety of accent that all Verdi heroines need. Medora's exquisite strains were delicately sung by Carolyn Val-Schmidt. Conrad was Carlo Bergonzi, than whom there is no more winning Verdi tenor. He makes others seem plain and plebeian,



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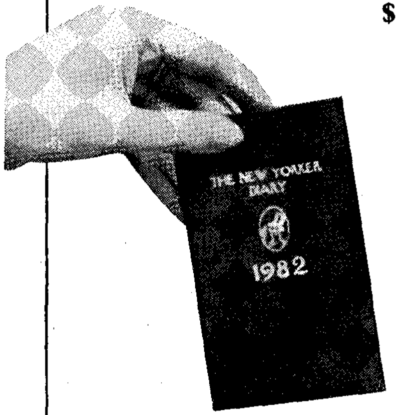

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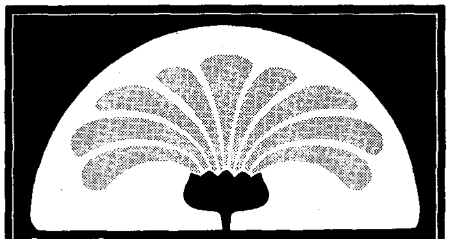

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even when some of his more melting effects strike one as perhaps a bit much. Seyd was strongly sung by James Dietsch. Three comprimario roles were featly taken by Robert Guarino. The Stony Brook Chamber Symphony played with fire and finesse (good solo viola and solo cello, Susan-Lee Pounders and Frederick Chao; good solo oboe, Jeffrey Spaulding). The Stony Brook University Chorus was a shade feeble. David Lawton conducted, and he is a Verdian of such outstanding merits that I trust Mr. Levine and Miss Sills are vying to tempt him out of academe and into Lincoln Center. No Verdi conducting of such style and spirit has been heard in either of their houses this season.

—ANDREW PORTER

## FURTHER EVENTS

### *Strings*

JACOB DRUCKMAN'S Third String Quartet, which the Concord Quartet introduced to the city in the first concert of its tenth-anniversary season at Tully Hall, is a winner. I commend it to any quartet that can master its formidable array of notes. On paper, the music looks daunting, and its technical demands and rhythmic complexities are considerable. But the sound, as the Concord revealed in its confident, powerful performance, is lucid and well imagined. There is never so much going on that the ear cannot grasp the salient events. Many of the noises are original and striking. It is possible to hear the work—as one can hear some of Mr. Druckman's orchestral pieces—as a succession of clever effects, but a strong formal framework orders and clarifies those effects.

There are about twenty-five minutes of music, which should, I think, flow continuously. Three separate strands are combined. The first is a set of nine variations on a simple, chant-like theme announced at the start; the second is an acid little march, which is heard three times as a ritornello; the third is a pair of scherzos. Druckman, however, has split the music into three separate movements: the first contains Variations 1-3, the march-ritornello, the first scherzo, and the march again; the second contains Variations 4-6; the third begins with the march, continues with the second scherzo, and ends with Variations 7-9. The working out of the scheme is engaging and resourceful. The idiom is not tough: after the serial explorations of his

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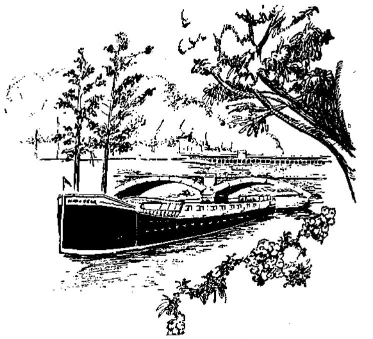

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Second Quartet, written some fifteen years ago (and recorded by the Concord on Vox), Druckman seems to have relaxed into a style that is more like Bartók than like, say, Elliott Carter. Echoes of Bartók's quartets—their eerie pizzicati and glissandi, scurrying compound rhythms, and glassy harmonics—can easily be heard in Druckman's work. So can other echoes: the insistent repeated notes that permeate the piece, providing an ostinato around which the other instruments weave their material, reminded me oddly of those in the finale of Mozart's D-Minor Quartet. Druckman's march does not develop, but his variations do. The seventh, for example, is closely related to the theme. It treats it in pizzicato and then dissolves it in trills and thirds. The ninth mingles it with fragments of the scherzo material, creating a hypnotic little phrase with which the music evaporates. This is not a work of deep substance or of deep emotional effect, but it is very pleasing.

The Concord had given the première of the new quartet in Milwaukee, and had subsequently performed it four times before this New York première. In Tully Hall, the playing was tense, committed, and strenuous. The same qualities made heavy weather of Haydn's F-Minor Quartet, Opus 20, No. 5, which began the program. None of the movements flowed properly, because there was no lightness of articulation on the unaccented beats and no breadth of phrasing from the first violin. Points of interest and beauty were heavily stressed, as if the Concord did not trust the music to make its own impact. In Schumann's Piano Quintet, the players relaxed more, and, with Jorge Bolet at the piano, captured something of the work's joy. There were still moments of overindulgence: the expressive slowing up after the first subject in the opening movement made me fear that we would never reach the second subject. (We did, but the speed changed radically.) Mr. Bolet's gracious, unfussy playing was a constant delight.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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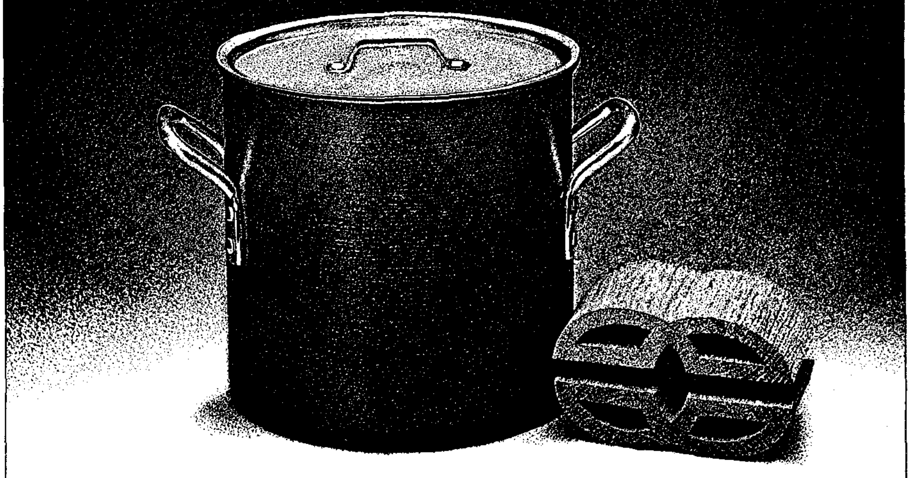

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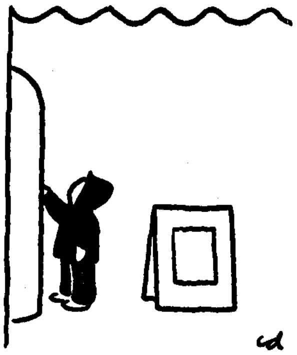
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Flag Nag*

WHEN Arthur Penn goes wrong, he goes laboriously, painfully wrong, and the moments of talent that stick out are so jarring that they seem to make things even worse. "Four Friends," his first film since "The Missouri Breaks," in 1976, is way out of tune and so miscalculated in its rhythms that some of us sit there squirming. The actors are dim—they're colorless and rather lost. But they don't come up with flamboyant howlers. They don't need to. Penn somehow manages to have them do relatively small things that are so off they erupt in your head: when the meant-to-be-vibrant young heroine (Jodi Thelen) speaks up in her tweety-bird voice and delivers a line such as "I'm so tired of being young," the words carry a ball and chain of significance; when an aristocratic rotter (played by James Leo Herlihy) arches an eyebrow, it's like a cannon going off.



"Four Friends" was probably inspired by the Ettore Scola film "We All Loved Each Other So Much," which opened here in 1977, and which is also about the friendship of three men and the woman each of them loves at some time—a friendship that for Scola spans postwar Italian social history and for Penn spans the American social changes of the sixties. Scola, whose raffish, slapstick melancholy may in fact have been influenced by Penn's mingling of tones in the 1967 "Bonnie and Clyde," takes his four characters from youth to middle age. Penn takes his from adolescence to maturity. The script is a semi-autobiographical account by Steve Tesich of the arrival in this country of a Yugoslavian working-class boy, Danilo, who comes with a big, heavy symbolic trunk—it seems to be full of solid values. The story of Danilo's growing to manhood in the America he loves is—although Tesich would probably disagree—deeply conservative. Danilo and the heroine may be opposed to the Vietnam War and may take all the correct anti-Establishment positions, but they're also always learning life's important lessons. An immigrant himself, Steve Tesich trumpets the values that each immigrant generation has trumpeted. There's a wholesome, beefy moralism in his writing which goes right back to the behavior of stalwart movie heroes of the past. And Arthur Penn, who in "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Alice's Restaurant" helped define the counterculture, and was even smug about it in "Little Big Man," tries to make Tesich's vision express his own feelings. It's no wonder we writhe in our seats: their two sensibilities don't mesh.

In East Chicago, Indiana, in his last year of high school, Danilo (Craig Wasson), a steelworker's son, and his closest friends—a tall Wasp, Tom (Jim Metzler), and a short, pudgy Jewish boy, David (Michael Huddleston)—are all, to varying degrees, in love with Jodi Thelen's Georgia. Whenever she's in Danilo's thoughts (he is the most smitten), the soundtrack apprises us of the fact by supplying Ray Charles singing "Georgia on My Mind"—a great version of a great song that does not deserve to be used so promiscuously, and as if the Georgia in the title meant no more than Irene or Sweet Sue. The film's Georgia is so naturally sensual that when she performs on her clarinet in the school orchestra—it's Dvořák's "New World" Symphony—she has to get up and wiggle her hips to the music. (No high-school orchestra that I've ever heard would arouse this much erotic intensity.) "Four Friends" combines the worst of the Freudianism and self-pity of the William Inge-Elia Kazan "Splendor in the Grass" with the worst of the big immigrant theme of Kazan's "America America." Georgia, a would-be dancer who, at sixteen, sees herself as an artist and a free spirit, and says that Isadora Duncan's soul is in her, loves Danilo and wants to have her first sex experience with him. But Danilo, who writes poetry, is too frightened to leap at the chance, and she, offended, makes do with Tom. Danilo goes off to study at Northwestern, and David goes into his father's mortuary business. When, some three years later, Georgia becomes pregnant and Tom, who isn't interested in marriage, goes off to war, she marries the obliging David. At the wedding, Danilo tells her she'll never dance, and he goes back to college, where he has acquired a chin beard like Solzhenitsyn's and a rich, crippled roommate, Louie Carnahan (Reed Birney).

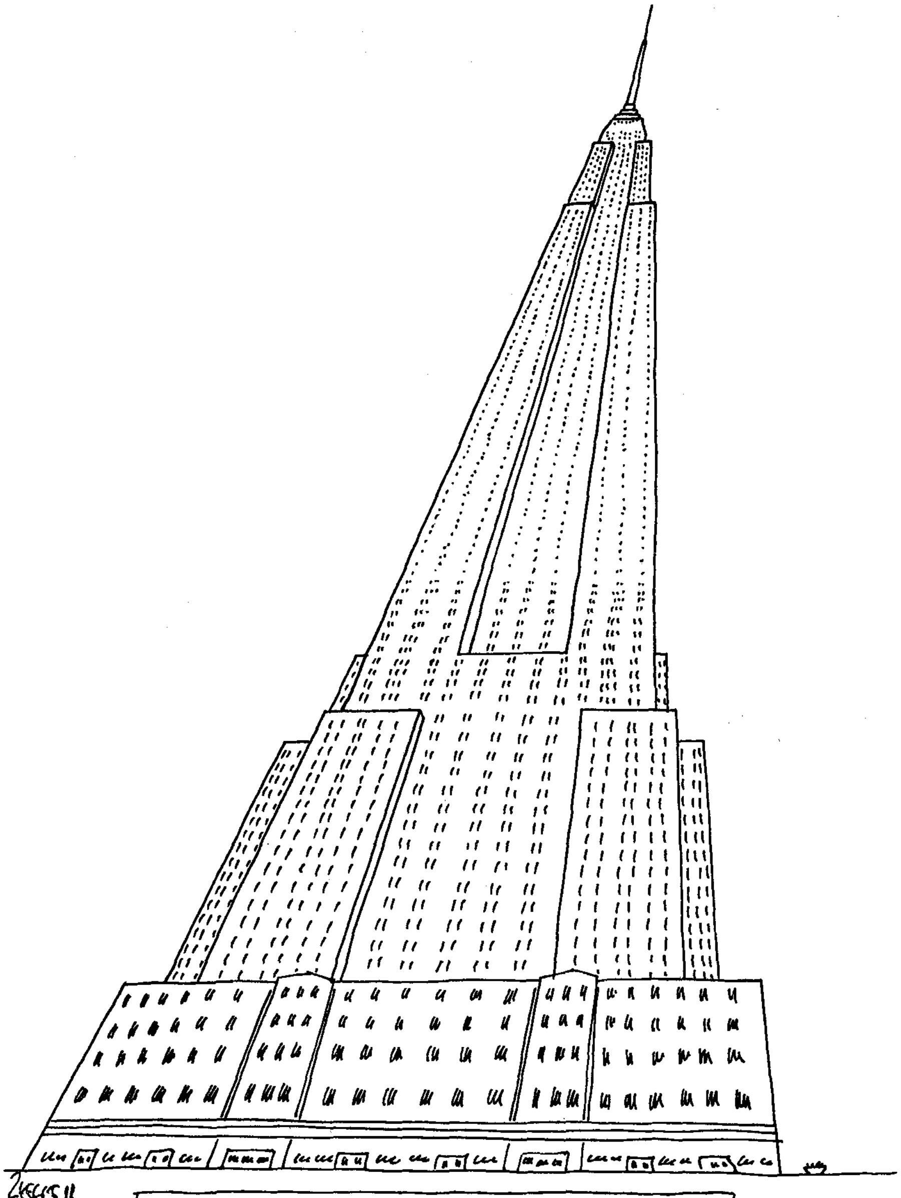
In order to accommodate a whole catalogue of symbolic events of the sixties—everything from a race riot to the landing on the moon—the plot bounces along exhaustingly. The enfeebled roommate, who's into astronomy, talks about stars colliding "as i to embrace," and dreams of making i with a woman before he dies. When the restless Georgia becomes fed up with her middle-class existence, she takes off, at Christmastime, leaving the baby behind with the ever-obliging David. She goes to Northwestern to see Danilo; he isn't there (he's back in East Chicago, asking his father's blessing for his coming marriage to Louie's sister Adrienne), but she sees the bedridden Louie, and, sizing up the situation, she undresses and gives him a Christmas present. When Louie is put in the ambulance that will take him to the airport for a trip home, he's happily singing "Georgia on My Mind." In "Breaking Away," which Tesich also wrote, the director Peter Yates, lightened Tesich's humor but Penn, trying for a large-scale social vision, brings out its hearty bouquet.

Louie and Adrienne's parents are played by James Leo Herlihy and Loi Smith, and a creepier, more decaden pair you've never seen. In the film' flossiest sequence, set on the Carnahan estate on Long Island, the wedding celebration comes to a violent, tragi end, and the shocked Danilo goes to work driving a taxi in New York City. Meanwhile, Georgia has com to the city and become a hippie. Danilo finds her dancing barefoot in th street, in water from a fire hydrant. H tells her, "I wake up in the morning loving you. I go through the day lov ing you. I go to sleep loving you." Bu she says, "Not now. . . . I don' know." So Danilo goes back to th steel mills, dragging his trunk and searching for his honest roots. And pretty soon we get crosscutting between Danilo in a full beard folk dancing in the sunshine with hi immigrant-worker friends and Geor gia and her soul-sick druggie-hippi pals at a strobe-lighted psychedeli revel that features acid and a suicide i flames. It's health versus sickness, life versus death. And the movie carefully spells out which side it's on.

Although Danilo is against the Vietnam War, when he sees a flag being burned at a Don't Fight in Vietnam rally he's upset. Danilo-Tesich believes in a proper respect. "Four Friends" views the American sixties as a sturdy burgher from central Europe might: these kids don't appreciate their freedom; they have a lot of growing up to do. There's something disgusting in the obviousness of the stern Old World steelworker father who doesn't want his son to go to college and the careworn mother who's always slaving over a hot stove. I haven't seen a mother this old and careworn in an American movie in decades. What is she doing, huddled over in misery all the time? She has only one son and one husband—how much agony can the cooking be? And there's Georgia, who has to learn her lesson—has to accept the responsibility of being a mother and has to mature enough to appreciate the vitality that Danilo represents. At the end, Danilo prepares for his new life: he makes a ritual of burning his symbolic trunk, and he and Georgia and her child stand firmly facing the future, along with Tom, who has acquired an Oriental wife and her two children, and David, who has also found himself the right woman. This foursquare optimism is much harder to take than cynicism or disillusion, because we're supposed to learn from it, and what we're supposed to learn is how lucky we are to be Americans. We'd have to be terrible fools not to know that. And we'd have to be moral diots not to be disturbed by what is entailed in our good fortune. There's a flag-waving underlayer to this picture's love affair with America the melting pot; Tesich is the screenwriter as national cheerleader. When the three high-school boys are out in the streets playing woodwind and horns and serenading Georgia, they're like "The Spirit of '76."

At the end, when Danilo tells his hardworking father (Miklos Simon) that he has never seen him smile, the father chuckles and tries to oblige; he has to screw up his face to do it, and t's a cockeyed grin. I think it may be he only genuinely funny thing in the movie, and it seems to be there as an conic seal of confidence in the future. Mostly, we get detestable fake epiphanies: when Danilo has been shot (not atally) and is in the hospital, his father mutters "America!" He's saying to his son, "That's what happens when you run around with Americans"—as if Danilo's getting hurt were proof of some kind of national degeneracy. And then we hear "The Star-Spangled Banner," faintly, ironically. Who is it who's making this comment? Is it actually Arthur Penn—is he backing up the father's fatuousness? This love-hate confusion inflates the importance of the film. It's all one great big ambivalent message. Doesn't Penn understand that in "Bonnie and Clyde" he intuitively celebrated the country, and that when he sets out to do it consciously here he merely falsifies it? Lois Smith has a peerless example of the indefinably sad, indefinably symbolic Lois Smith scene, in which she says, "The excess of all this is a little staggering." Then she lets out a yelping sound that's like the grandmommy of a scream. Arthur Penn shouldn't let anyone in this movie use the word "excess."

AN immense amount of skill and planning must have gone into making "My Dinner with André," which is like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. It flows smoothly and easily, creating the illusion that we are simply listening in on the dinnertime conversation of the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. But it has a beautiful structure, and the two men have turned themselves into perfect foils. The premise of the movie is that they haven't seen each other since 1975, when André, after directing a play of Wally's at the Public Theatre, dropped out—took off on a spiritual quest for "reality," which led him around the world. Actually, they taped their conversations two or



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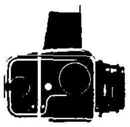

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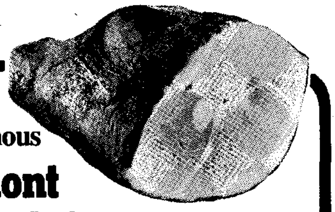

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three times a week for three months, and then Shawn worked for a year shaping the material into a script; though they're playing comic distillations of aspects of themselves, they had to learn their lines and rehearse with the director, Louis Malle.

Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the thin, ascetic, hawklike André, who's like the sum of all the crackpot glittery-eyed charmers in the world, pours out the record of his preternatural experiences. He just keeps going, in wave after impassioned wave, describing astonishing, preposterous adventures in the Polish forests, where he worked with Jerzy Grotowski's students (and during a group trance discovered he could hold his hand in a flame); in India and Tibet and in the Sahara, where he and a Buddhist ate sand; in the Findhorn colony in Scotland, where he talked to plants and made them grow; and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. André is the kind of person who becomes ecstatically involved in every system of ideas that isn't grounded in anything and who is at the site of every imaginary volcano. Wally the imp gets a glazed expression and has a rough time keeping his eyes open. When he's more alert, his face registers total incomprehension and disbelief, and when André says that reading "The Little Prince" made him weep, Wally squints, stupefied. He throws in an occasional skeptical dart, and then, when he begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. He claims that he feels no need for anything more than the satisfactions of the everyday, and he offers the grubbiest of small comforts as proof of the fullness of his life.

We see André from Wally's point of view, and we're put in the position of feeling, as Wally does, that André is talking ethereal gibberish. But there's a suave, hypnotic urgency in the theatricality of André's diction and manner, in the rapidity of his speech, even in the movement of his pointed long jaw. (It's a bit reminiscent of John Carradine's.) He's an aging man of the theatre—all profile, and with handsome long, flat ears, and long fingers that are constantly in motion, accompanying his words. He still has a full head of hair. (The much younger Wally is wide-faced and bald.) André's outpourings are those of the men and women of the theatre who became dissatisfied with the limits of

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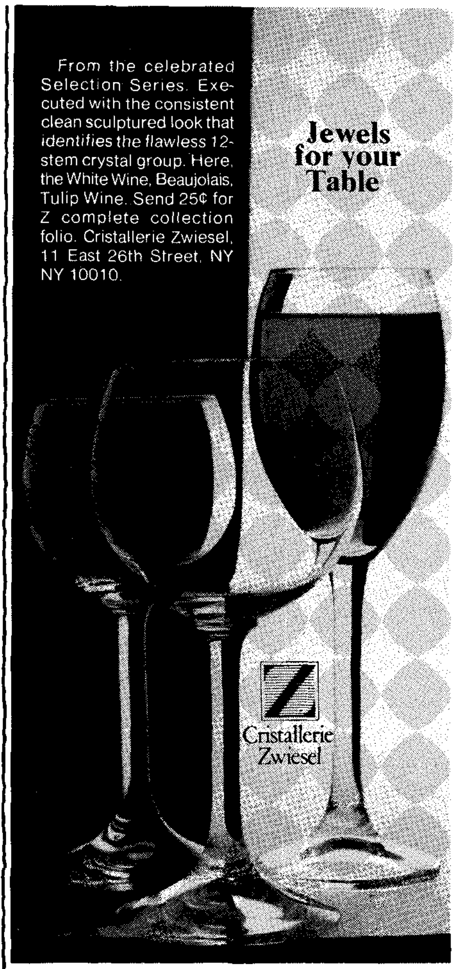

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stage performance and began to delve into para-theatrical cults. What André acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. And though he says that he feels he has squandered his life, you get the strong impression that he's still ready to take up the journey and head for the newest, most exotic hallucination.

Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, may stand for our common sense and our comforts, but André, with his cadenced mumbo-jumbo and his love of being outrageous and the bemused, faraway gleam in his eyes, is the star and the hero. He's the more deeply funny of the two, and no doubt Wallace Shawn planned it that way. It's an amazing performance that André Gregory puts on, and we could not have the illusion of simply listening to a man pouring out the story of a willed (and thoroughly enjoyed) madness if Louis Malle didn't have the art to be self-effacing. Possibly, Shawn didn't need to turn himself into a Sancho Panza cartoon; he might have made a stronger case for the richness of everyday life. But his theatrical instinct was probably sound: he plays the earthly clown to André's fool of God. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy—the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre, or, at least, into a movie.

IF movies were given grades for neatness, "Absence of Malice" would go to the head of the class. This trim, well-paced newspaper melodrama is remarkably lucid and easy to follow. A federal strike force in Miami investigating the disappearance (and presumed murder) of a union leader decides to stir things up by putting pressure on Michael Gallagher (Paul Newman), an honest small-scale liquor wholesaler, whose dead father was a Mafia leader and whose uncle is now the top man in the organization. The thinking of the federal agents is that the uncle either ordered the "disappearance" or knows who did, and that if Gallagher is put in enough of a bind he will find out what they want to know in order to clear himself. And so the head of the strike force (Bob Balaban) arranges to leak the false information that Gallagher is being investigated for involvement in the union leader's disappearance. Megan Carter (Sally Field) is the eager-beaver reporter who snaps up the story and spreads it on the front page. The longshoremen's union im-

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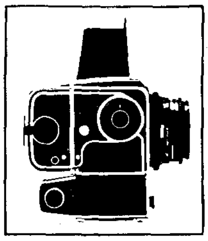

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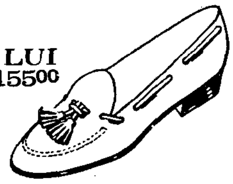

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mediately refuses to let its men handle Gallagher's goods, and his business is shut down. The movie tells the story of how Gallagher turns the methods of the authorities and the newspaperwoman against them.

Paul Newman is leaner than ever, and, by contrast with his body, his large, silvery head has become more imposing—he's majestic, without losing his cockiness. In "Absence of Malice," as in "Slap Shot" and "Fort Apache, the Bronx," he seems to have transcended age. This may be because all his senses are quickened by the desire to act: there's nothing stale or brackish about Paul Newman's acting these days—it's bilge-free. The role of Gallagher needs a strong star face, because the character's emotions aren't written. Newman takes this parched construct—an intelligent, decent, and loyal man—and invigorates it by his swift movements. Gallagher is a man of few words. (The script is rather frugal.) Newman suggests a man who has lived by himself for so long that he has lost the habit of small talk, and his angry reserve gives the role some depth. Newman's Gallagher isn't someone you'd want to cross. This is a sly, compact performance, and in the one scene where Gallagher blows up, throws Megan on the floor, and hisses his rage right into her ear, Newman shows that his emotional force is stronger than ever, more concentrated. Newman hasn't turned himself into a mini-industry. He's a canny actor, and when he gets a real scene (in "Fort Apache," walking the dead nurse and trying to bring her back to life, or, here, his explosion at the reporter's callousness, which has caused the suicide of Gallagher's close friend, Teresa, an achingly helpless, frightened woman, played by Melinda Dillon), he has the freshness in him to reach for and to achieve emotions that he has never attempted before—not on the screen, at least.

The directing, by Sydney Pollack, is controlled and efficient; he does a tight and tidy job. But there's a problem with the conception of Megan. The plot requires that she be basically insensitive and shallow, and she seems to be the kind of careerist who rises in the world because of her convenient dumb ruthlessness. And Sally Field's Megan, with her puckered, disappointed face, is the right type. Yet the movie also wants to cook up a bittersweet romance between Megan and Gallagher. So it softens her, and Sally Field tries to be appealing, and the film loses its assured tone in her scenes. It also isn't clear whether Gallagher is genuinely attracted to her or is manipulating her. (The director may have been afraid of making him a son of a bitch.) Megan's pathetic grapplings with journalistic ethics—with conscience and "responsibility"—might have had a satirical edge, but Pollack directs them as though they were serious and honest. If I hadn't seen Sally Field's work in the two-part TV movie "Sybil," I would think from her performance here that she was a puny actress with no range. Having seen what she can do, I assume that there's courage in her staying within Megan's small soul and her tired expression and little-girl voice. But there's something off in the performance: Sally Field is skillful here, but she isn't interesting. Paul Newman can't help diminishing her. He gives you the feeling of a man thinking—you can see from the glint in his eyes that there's something going on—and she has nothing under the tacky surface. The writing doesn't help. The script, by Kurt Luedtke, a former newspaperman, is crisply plotted, but he doesn't write scenes to reveal anything more in the characters than the plot requires.

The film's neatness is a limitation, not a virtue. It's moderately entertaining, but it leaves no residue—except for Melinda Dillon's scenes, which violate the film's tidy functionalism and, momentarily, give it a crazy humanity. Melinda Dillon takes us so far inside Teresa that she has no protective covering—she's transparent, and we understand perfectly why Gallagher cherishes his long friendship with her. Teresa's scene at dawn, when a newsboy delivers the papers carrying the story that Megan has written about her, and she does a leaping little walk from one patch of lawn to the next, gathering the papers so her neighbors won't read it, has a touch of wobbly poetic terror. Melinda Dillon's work here and in "Slap Shot" and in the early part of "F.I.S.T." adds up to something marvellously inventive. She may be that rarest of critters—an actress who thinks out completely new characters.

The opposite of her kind of acting is Bob Balaban's performance. He must think that he's doing Captain Queeg. He has devised an attention-getting nervous shtick—he spins his hands around while playing with rubber bands—and he never gives it a rest. Those rubber bands are the only character he's got; he carries functionalism so far that his acting is a joke. But the other minor roles are played with a high degree of professionalism and personality. Pollack likes actors—here's a scene or two in which attention is focussed in turn on Barry Primus, Luther Adler, Josef Sommer, Wilford Brimley, Don Hood, and ohn Harkins. Part of what makes "Absence of Malice" so much like a mart, modest melodrama of the thirties or the forties is Pollack's use of hese performers as character types. It's like the Warners stock company.) The whole picture is in the American-movie tradition of entertaining muckraking. In order to give the plot symmetry, Gallagher takes a sweet evenge that is morally questionable—nd is also not available to most people whose names are dirtied in the press. And I doubt that people who are out to et even are as calm and well-balanced s Newman's Gallagher; he gives evenge class, so we can all enjoy it. t's the fantasy of getting even that eople whose names never appear in he papers could still share in when arol Burnett won her libel suit gainst the *National Enquirer.*

There have been indignant mutterings that this film represents an attack n the press; actually, it represents a airly straightforward querying of ournalistic practices. And why not? It may be that some members of the ress just don't like to see one of their wn treated as a pain.) The only thing hat's the matter with this material as movie subject is that, with the exception of Newman's intensity and Dillon's scenes and a few of the character its, you could get it all by reading an rticle; it might easily be an essay-question test in ethics, and, in fact, ill probably be used that way in journalism courses. And very likely the udents trying to puzzle out whether Iegan is doing anything morally rong will think in the same abstract rms that she uses, and will forget the ords that Gallagher, bewildered by hat she has done to Teresa, says to er: "Couldn't you see what it was to er? Couldn't you stop scribbling for a cond and just put down your godam ball-point pen? Didn't you *see* er?"

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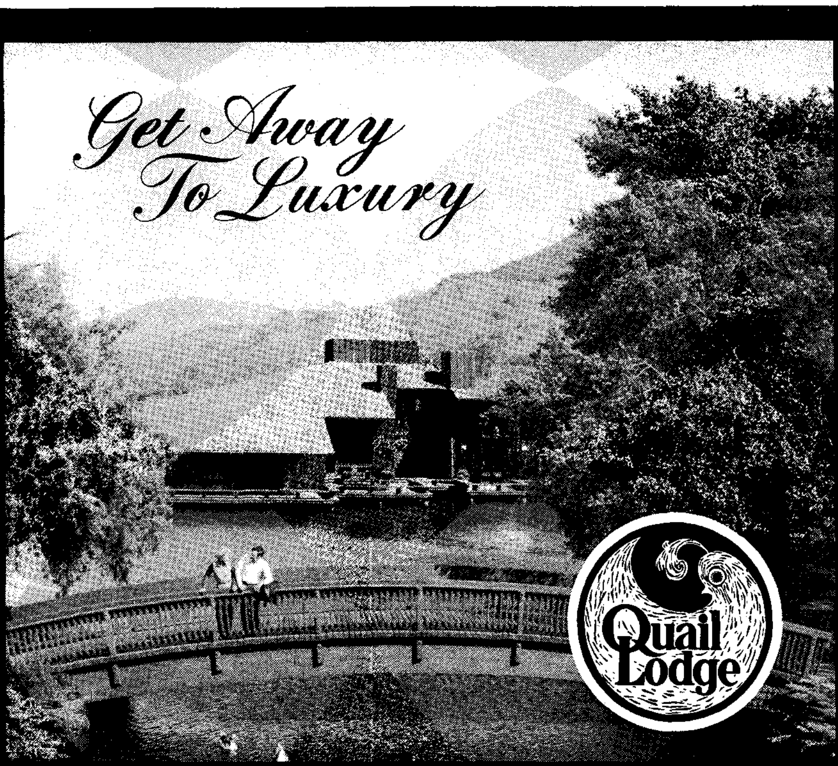

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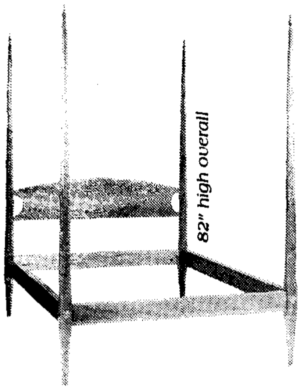

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# BOOKS

## *Naipaul*

IN 1979 and 1980, V. S. Naipaul travelled through Iran, Pakistan, Malaysia, and Indonesia, in an attempt to get into the minds of students, villagers, traders, teachers, and missionaries who had been swept emotionally into the Islamic revival. Some of the young students whom we meet in "Among the Believers" (Knopf; $15), an account of his journey, had been at British or American colleges, and they particularly were convinced of the "sickness" of the West (no religious faith) and of the evils of Western "materialism." Most had put their faith in the literal guidance of that primitive oracular work the Koran, with its minute system of rewards and punishments, and were preaching revolt by regress; others were revolutionary Marxists—notably in Teheran. We are faced in Iran by scenes of savagery, faction, and ruin; underlying them is the belief that the Muslim faith contains the secret of spiritual "wholeness," which the West has lost. At the same time, all are eager for the skills and, most important, the rewards of Western science and technology. In this confusion, the mind is split. As Mr. Naipaul goes eastward, he is among peoples who are racially divided and feel themselves to be lost and "displaced." When Muslims spoke to him of this, he reminded them that he is a native of Trinidad whose family traditions were those of displaced Hindus, now without faith, and that the Western ethos had equipped him with the will to strive intellectually.

Mr. Naipaul is a remarkable diagnostician and, above all, a fertile novelist. These gifts are the making of him as an admirable, thinking traveller who exposes himself to the scene. He is a born narrator in the small or large scene. Every place and person and mind comes to life. He uses all his wits to make people talk of themselves, and he is so persistent that again and again it strikes us that they would not have known how to do so without his ingenious Socratic questioning. He is out not for "copy" but to explore states of experience and mind. He is fully tutored in religious and secular history. He knows the Islamic past. He understands, for example, that Shia Islam, in Iran, was "a divergence from the main belief"—a divergence that was rooted in a political and racial quarrel about the succession to the Prophet, after Muhammad's death in 632 A.D. On posters in Teheran were the words "Twelfth Imam, we are waiting for you." "The Twelfth Imam was the last of the Iranian line of succession to the Prophet," Mr. Naipaul notes. "That line had ended over eleven hundred years ago. But the Twelfth Imam hadn't died; he survived somewhere, waiting to return to earth." Iran, "the conqueror of Egypt, the rival of Greece, undefeated by Rome," had, in historical analogy, the prestige of, say, France in Western Europe; it put a distance between itself and the tribal free-for-all of desert Islam. Now, with the Westernizing Shah thrown out, atavism is dominant, and "spartan Arabia" is looked upon as the fount. But although Mr. Naipaul has a temperamental sympathy, and even tenderness, for this often intractable people, his judgments are sharp and decisive:

> The Islamic fundamentalist wish is to work back to . . . a whole, for them a God-given whole, but with the tool of faith alone—belief, religious practices and rituals. It is like a wish—with intellect suppressed or limited, the historical sense falsified—to work back from the abstract to the concrete, and to set up the tribal walls again. It is to seek to re-create something like a tribal or a city state that—except in theological fantasy—never was.

He knows that the Muslim mind is split, and even idle:

> The West, or the universal civilization it leads, is emotionally rejected. It undermines; it threatens. But at the same time it is needed, for its machines, goods, medicines, warplanes, the remittances from the emigrants, the hospitals that might have a cure for calcium deficiency, the universities that will provide master's degrees in mass media. All the rejection of the West is contained within the assumption that there will always exist out there a living, creative civilization, oddly neutral, open to all to appeal to. Rejection, therefore, is not absolute rejection. It is also, for the community as a whole, a way of ceasing to strive intellectually. It is to be parasitic; parasitism is one of the unacknowledged fruits of fundamentalism.

In an empty hotel in ruined Teheran, no televised sermons were too long for the idle desk clerk. Having got rid of the Shah, the people believed that "oneness was all that was still needed":

> What, after the centuries of despotism, they really believed was that the state was something apart, something that looked after itself and was ever restored. And even while, with their faith, they were still pulling it all down—hotel, city, state—they were waiting for it to start up again, to be as it was before.

Mr. Naipaul's interpreter in Teheran was a young science student, Behzad. Behzad was not religious. He was a Communist, the son of a Communist who had been imprisoned in the Shah's time, and he had inherited his father's dream of social justice. He kept away from mosques and Muslim observances, and was forcing himself to see in Khomeini's religious fervor the outline of the social revolution he wanted. For him, the Ayatollah was a petit bourgeois. Behzad was a tormented young man, because the revolution, except in its proletarian aspect was not his: his hero was Stalin! He was compassionate and had the old Persian delicacy, but he hated the revolutionary guards and the mullahs He warned Mr. Naipaul never to describe himself in Iran as having no religion. In the holy, learned, and always dangerous city of Qom, the two men visited Ayatollah Shirazi, a benign teacher in the great theological college. The city had fourteen thousand students, who would remain there for anything from six to thirty years: "As in medieval Europe there was no end to theological scholarship." Thinking had been reduced to repetition. One of the lecturers had produced material for a twenty-five-volume commentary on the Shia idea of the Imam. (Ayatollah Khomeini known for his studies in jurisprudence and Islamic philosophy, has also produced eighteen volumes on other topics.) Shirazi's accent was more Arabic than Persian as he intoned his conversation. And then came the crucial question: What was Mr. Naipaul's religion? There were Pakistani students present, and Mr. Naipaul felt he had to be wary before them, since his forebears were Hindus. Behzad told him to say that he was Christian. But Shirazi wanted to know what kind of Christian he was. Luckily, Mr. Naipaul said, "Protestant." This half pleased the Ayatollah. "You are closer to the truth," he said, because Catholics are "inflexible." Yet, as Mr. Naipaul acutely notes, Shirazi was merely "giving a Shia twist to Christian divisions." With their heretical line of succession to the Prophet, the Shias see themselves as "an embattled minority." This, fortified by the industrial wealth of the Shah's dispensation, gave the startling Persian revolution its hysteria and fanaticism. The revolutionaries saw themselves as the true heirs of the faith. When I was in Iran twenty years ago, it struck me that a pride in aggressive tribal violence was ust under the skin even of the Westernized, and that it was blatant among the poor in the countryside.

In Qom, Mr. Naipaul visited the notorious hanging judge Khalkhalli. The interview took place at the Judge's home, in the presence of six or eight other visitors. The famous slaughterer was merely five feet tall, a quick-stepping little clown of a man with merry eyes, who was wearing glasses, and whose clothes were crumpled. He boasted that he had started ife as a shepherd—"Right now I know how to cut off a sheep's head"—and added that he had killed the Shah's Prime Minister, Hoveida. This was a joke, put on to make the crowd n the room roll with laughter.

"You killed him yourself?" Mr. Naipaul asked, through his interpreter. Behzad quickly told him that he Judge "only gave the order."

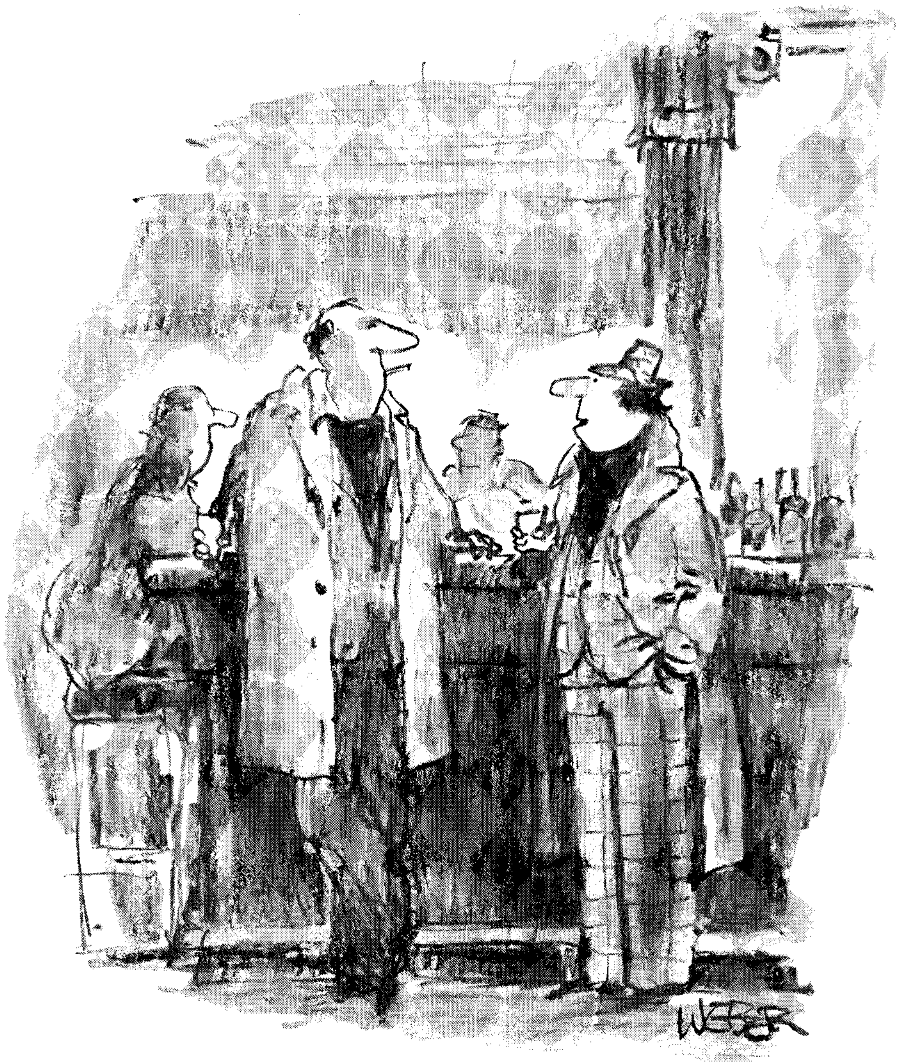
"But I have the gun," the Judge said. He had it in the next room: a reasure.

Mr. Naipaul knew that the Judge was using him as a straight man: 'Khalkhalli had recently been giving nterviews, emphasizing his activities as judge, and a story in Teheran was hat he had fallen out of favor and was rying through these interviews to keep his reputation alive." When Mr. Naipaul and Behzad returned to Teheran, the student heard that the eft-wing newspaper he read had been closed down. By the end of the book, his earnest worshipper of Stalin has found his political group defeated for the moment: many of his friends are in prison, many are dead. "We have to kill *all* the bourgeoisie. All the bourgeoisie of the oppressor class," he says, with a sweet smile. Mr. Naipaul leaves him working with his mathematical books—many of them American textbooks—writing in Persian script, with Arabic numerals: "He had been fed by so many civilizations . . . But now, at what should have been the beginning of his intellectual life, he—like the Muslims to whom he was opposed—had cut himself off."

In Iran, Mr. Naipaul felt that "money, and the foreign goods and tools that it bought, gave an illusion of Islamic power," for unearned dollars kept an idle country and its revolution "on the boil." In much poorer Pakistan, the tensions of poverty and political distress were falsified by crude rhetoric. Once more, Mr. Naipaul makes individual people bring the dilemmas of a society to life. A shrewd bureaucrat pours out the history of the pre-Aryan race of Sind (creators of the Indus Valley civilization) "in a gulp." He was agonized by dreams of fortune and haunted by Pakistan's general dishonesty. "The beauty of Islam," he told Mr. Naipaul, "lay in its mixture of law and compassion" and in its "charity." He recommended to the author the shrines of Sind:

> At the end, with a tenderness for which I wasn't prepared, he pressed his forefinger to the middle of my forehead. He said, "That is where it gets you. If you were a businessman you would get blood pressure. You're an intellectual. You are concerned with the truth. So it gets you there, in the eyes. You must rest your eyes. You must look at green things."

Several of Mr. Naipaul's acquaintances remarked on the tired look of his harassed eyes. There was relief for him when he went up to the Kaghan valley, in sight of the Himalayas, with a science student called Masood. They watched the migrating Afghan shepherds: "The busy little hoofs of the



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sheep ground the fine dust of the road finer." This long chapter is the most refreshing in the book—largely, of course, because we are out of the conflicts of the cities far below, where the mixture of old and new is grotesque to the point of vulgarity. Here the effect is of tribal gorgeousness, and the certainty of usage and tradition is in everyday things:

> One woman walked with one shoe on, the other off, and on her head. It was a style, the shoe on the head: later we saw women with both shoes on their heads, the heels fitted one into the other to form a little arch. Shoes were worn when the ground was pebbly; when the ground was smooth or soft with dust it was better to walk barefooted.

To Malaysia, Islam spread from India as an idea. There was no planting of Arab colonies, no sending back of treasure and slaves, and religion had been simply the old village tradition. Now that has changed. Islamic missionaries from Pakistan bring in the sense of a world movement. The village Muslims feel the awakened rage of passive pastoral people against the rich in the towns—above all, against the incessantly active Chinese. Some leaders of the younger generation had been to England for education, one of them to Bradford. He disapproved of Bradford: "They are too individualistic. In Bradford people would say to me, 'Why don't you spend your time to go to pubs, disco?' They're trying to say to be together with others, but not with your family. They are created by their own technology." Modern Malaysia must not copy that. Free mixing of the sexes and the use of alcohol are the great Western evils. There are "brave" independent Malaysian girls, but they cover their hair. The face may be seen, but the arms are covered from the wrist. What do the girls read in their English classes? Thomas Hardy! And they read, more avidly, Barbara Cartland, Perry Mason, James Hadley Chase. This is pretty comedy.

When Mr. Naipaul gets to Indonesia, he finds a people stunned by foreign occupations, by memories of the massacres of 1965, and now, clamped under army rule, "looking from a distance at a mysterious part of themselves." Islam was the formal faith, but below that were relics of the Hindu-Buddhist animistic past, "no longer part of a system." The reader himself cannot hold in his mind the world Mr. Naipaul asks him to see in a new light, but the author's strength lies in the tense pitch of his inquiry

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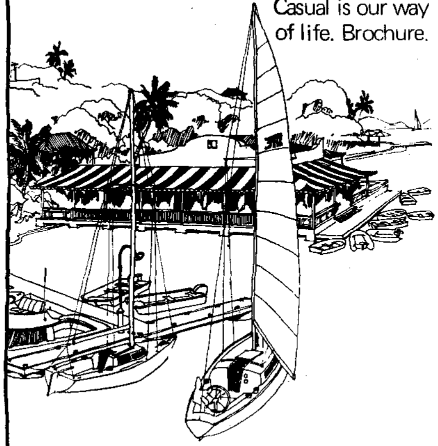

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and in his narrative. He is far from being anonymous, and allows himself a traveller's irritability as he endures a journey that is exacting for his mind, his body, and his excellent but tired eyes. —V. S. Pritchett

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

A Flag for Sunrise, by Robert Stone (Knopf; $13.95). A thriller that offers ideas (and the thrill of ideas) as well as adventure and suspense—a kind of latter-day "Nostromo." The setting is a Central American country here called Tecan—a floundering banana republic, despotically ruled and largely American-owned, that is on the razor edge of revolution. The center—the seething vortex—of the action (spiritual and physical, compassionate and blood-drenched) is a ramshackle American Roman Catholic mission staffed by a burned-out alcoholic priest and a young, disenchanted nun. Mr. Stone's Nostromo is Sister Justin Feeney, and those who move, directly or indirectly, within the range of her personality include a vicious Guardia Nacional lieutenant, a native revolutionary priest, an aimless Vietnam veteran turned anthropologist, a pill-popping Coast Guard deserter, and an alcoholic American gunrunner and his kinky pot-smoking, Yeats-quoting wife. These are desperate, despairing people in the familiar, literarily fashionable mode of the moment, but Mr. Stone seizes on them with such ferocity and disposes of them with such ruthlessness that they take on an almost mythic stature. The result is a most notable novel. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Daddy's Girl, by Beverly Lowry (Viking; $13.95). Daddy's girl is a country-and-Western singer-songwriter called Sue, who heads a household in Houston. (Her husband died in a car crash twelve years before, the day she gave birth to her third child.) Daddy, her cheerful, beefy father, who has been a Green Bay Packer, a banjo player, and a bouncer, and who currently sells frozen yogurt to health-food stores, often spends the night at Sue's house (rather than at his nearby apartment) and then makes four different breakfasts to order, for Sue and her three children. There are many flashbacks to Sue's childhood in a

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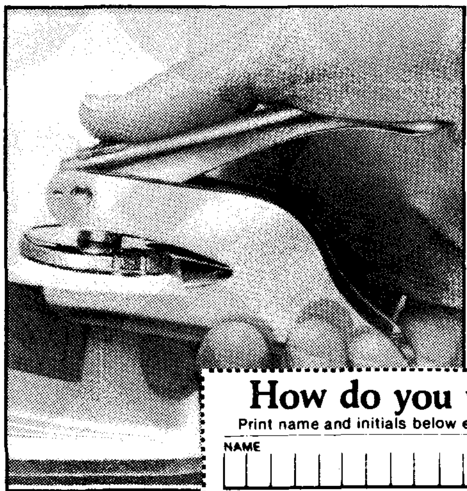

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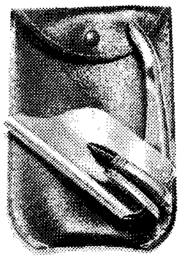

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big house in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, but the story's focus is on the funeral of Daddy's sister in Pine Bluff, during which he and Sue renew their acquaintance with a variety of difficult relatives, whose tastes range from pants suits and permanents to fancy cars and astrology. There are some entertaining episodes here (and some silly country-and-Western lyrics), but Beverly Lowry is not up to the standard she set in "Come Back, Lolly Ray" and "Emma Blue;" there are so many walk-ons that the three or four best characters have little room to move.

### GENERAL

Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald, by Matthew J. Bruccoli (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $25). "There never was a good biography of a good novelist," Scott Fitzgerald wrote in his "Notebooks." "There couldn't be. He is too many people if he's any good." Dr. Bruccoli, a professor of English who has written or edited a dozen books on Scott Fitzgerald, disproves that dictum by including in his biography all the people Fitzgerald was. Although "definitive" is a risky word, it is difficult to imagine any work on Fitzgerald and his literary product that will supplant this one. The author is a straightforward writer, whose method is to tell all that is known of his subject's life—from his childhood in St. Paul, through the enchanted years of early success in New York and Paris, down to the painful last chapter in Hollywood—sifting every anecdote and examining the pros and cons of every famous confrontation and imbroglio. This is a service to Fitzgerald, for no writer has ever suffered more at the hands of the mythmongers. Dr. Bruccoli, who does not doubt that Fitzgerald was one of the world's great writers, gives the five novels and the best of the short stories the same painstaking critical attention.

Windows on the Mind, by Erich Harth (Morrow; $15.50). Professor Harth, a physicist at Syracuse University, has written an outstanding popular book on what is now known and what is not known—by far the larger part—about the mind. A complex and subtle subject like this leaves a great deal of room for spectacular and often misleading popular descriptions of the workings of the mind. In this book, there is none of that. The writing is extremely clear and full of intellectual surprises. Almost every area of this rapidly growing field is dealt with, from recent work on vision to the question of what role, if any, the new physics may play in the descriptions of mental phenomena. Professor Harth is not sure if a "science of the mind" will ever emerge, for, as he writes, "the laws are still too confused and the mysteries too deep." A great deal of what science there is is gracefully and eloquently presented in a fine book.

Selected Letters of James Thurber, edited by Helen Thurber and Edward Weeks (Atlantic-Little Brown; $15). In a letter to one of his friends, Thurber described the pains he took with his prose (in contras to the pains he didn't take with his drawings) and with the rewrites—sometimes as many as twenty-five—that he felt were necessary before a piece of writing was artistically presentable. In a way, the letters in this collection belie tha scrupulousness, since most of them for all their spontaneity, are graceful, pithy, and felicitously phrased They are in large part to friend and colleagues—Harold Ross, Wolcott Gibbs, E. B. White, Katharine White, and others—and in large part they are full of anecdote and funny stories and sharp observations on life. Thurber wa famously egocentric and cantankerous, and some of these letters reflect vexations, angers, and resentments, but many more show how generous he could be in praise o others' achievements, and how solicitous he could be of the welfare of those around him. Th book is illustrated with good number of Thurber's drawings of human beings and their bes friends.

Elvis, by Albert Goldman (McGraw Hill; $14.95). An ugly biography o the king of rock and roll, whos reign (whether it lasted ten o twenty-five years is a matter o debate) began with a stunning cou (Presley's impact on country music in 1954, was akin to that of jaz musicians who began to swing traditional tunes twenty years earlier), followed by a series of increasingly slick and shallow performances and recordings, in which Presley imitated singers who imitated Presley and quickly became parody of himself; by a movie career that infuriated his fans, who did not want to see their surly, thuggish idol bumbling about at beach parties; and by an obscene life offstage and off-camera at Graceland, his tacky estate outside Memphis, where he recruited teen-age girls to baby and tease him and a corps of bodyguards to roughhouse and salaam, on order. Presley's millions bought him houses and cars and drugs and guns, and also the collusion of everyone—doctors, federal authorities, relatives, hangers-on—in his slow self-destruction. Albert Goldman works too hard to convey (with adjectives, mostly) his disgust for his subject, and not hard enough to prove some of his more lurid assertions, but there are two valuable early chapters: a thoughtful survey of popular American music—black and white—at mid-century, and an amusing account of his investigation of the variegated past of Presley's cagey manager, "Colonel" Tom Parker, who got all the training he would ever need working with a travelling carnival.

THE COMPUTER ESTABLISHMENT, by Katharine Davis Fishman (Harper & Row; $20.95). Mrs. Fishman has written a splendid study of the computer revolution. This is not the book from which to learn the details of computer technology (although such technical material as it contains is presented with great economy and clarity), but it definitely is a book from which to learn about the computer industry. Mrs. Fishman has interviewed a fair sampling of the industry's leading figures, and she has learned a vast amount about the workings of companies like I.B.M. from transcripts of trial proceedings. (I.B.M. has been engaged for a decade in an anti-trust suit, whose outcome is still obscure.) She also deals with general issues, such as invasion of privacy, that are raised by the new technology. Toward the end of her book, she writes, "There is no significant issue pertaining to computer technology that cannot be described clearly in plain English and understood by real-estate brokers, sculptors, and teachers of nineteenth-century French literature."

EASY STREET, by Susan Berman (Dial; $13.95). In this fascinating memoir, the author recalls her happy childhood in Las Vegas in the nineteen-fifties, which ended with

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the death of her adoring father, David Berman, ostensibly a hotel proprietor, when she was twelve, and the death of her attractive but mysteriously depressed mother two years later. Miss Berman was next raised by a loving, lavish uncle, who, greatly to her surprise, was later imprisoned for stock fraud. In time, hints reached her about the family business. By then a working journalist, she set out to investigate and find the truth her family had concealed from her. She learned that her father had been a child prodigy of organized crime, who had begun assembling his Middle Western gambling empire at the age of fourteen. Varied sources—friends, colleagues, and F.B.I. files—contributed to the portrait of an underworld hero who never informed and whose word was utterly reliable in his milieu; besides his gambling enterprises, he had been at various times a bootlegger, a bank robber, a kidnapper, and, possibly, a killer. After combat service in the Second World War, he organized Las Vegas for the combined mobs—a task he performed with notable success, although his wife's anxiety about his associates cost her her sanity. Miss Berman finds this much coherence in the tale: the desperation of early poverty drove her father to support his family by any means, and his love for them and concern for their survival eclipsed broader moral considerations. Her shock and her sympathy are both credible.

NOTE: "One for the Rose," a collection of poems by Philip Levine, some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Atheneum ($10.95 cloth, $5.95 paper).

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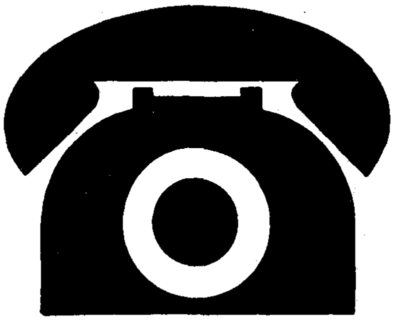

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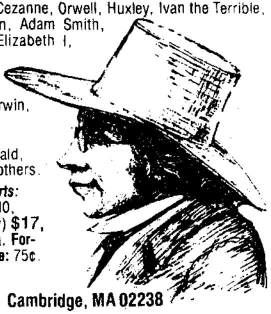

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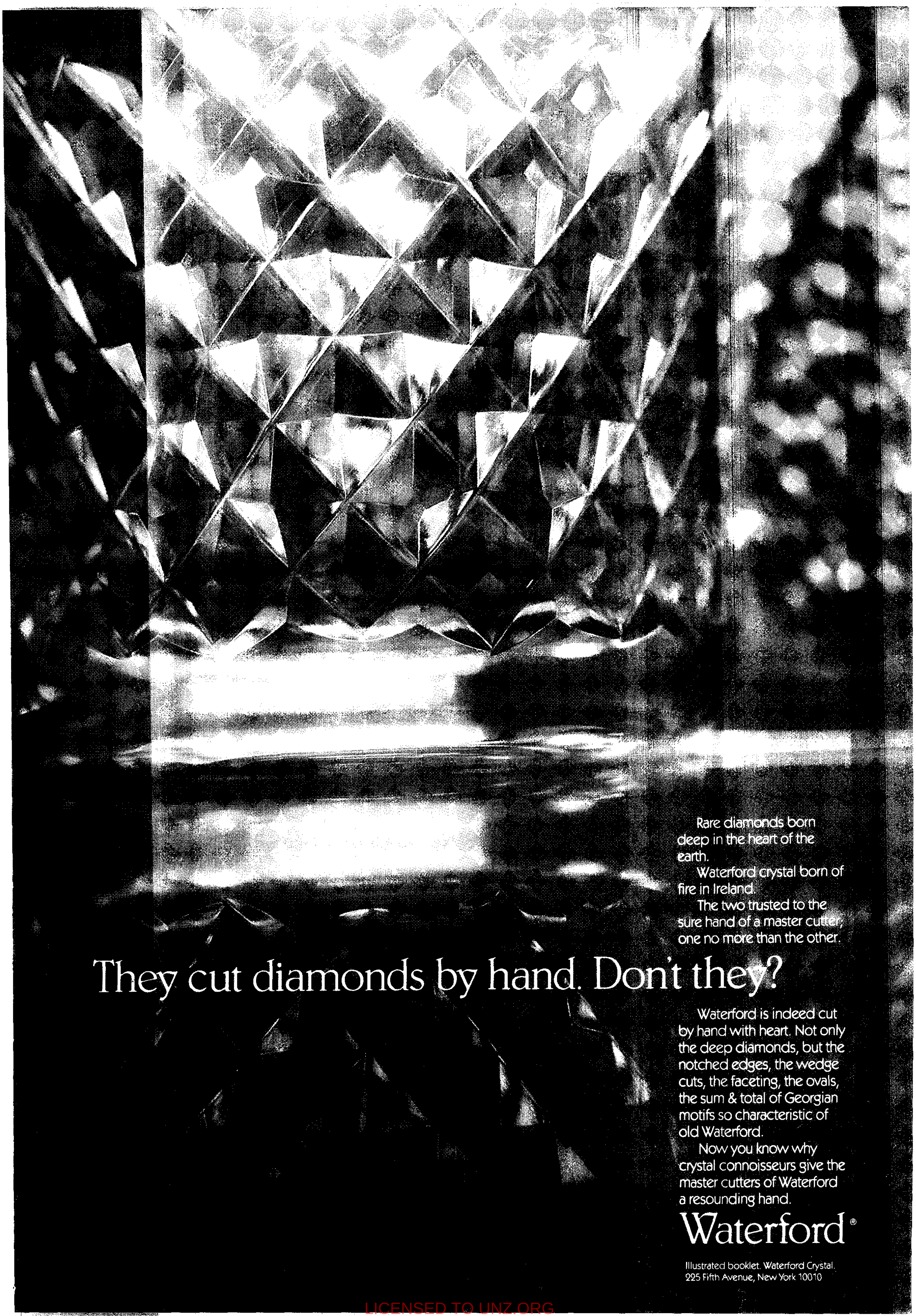

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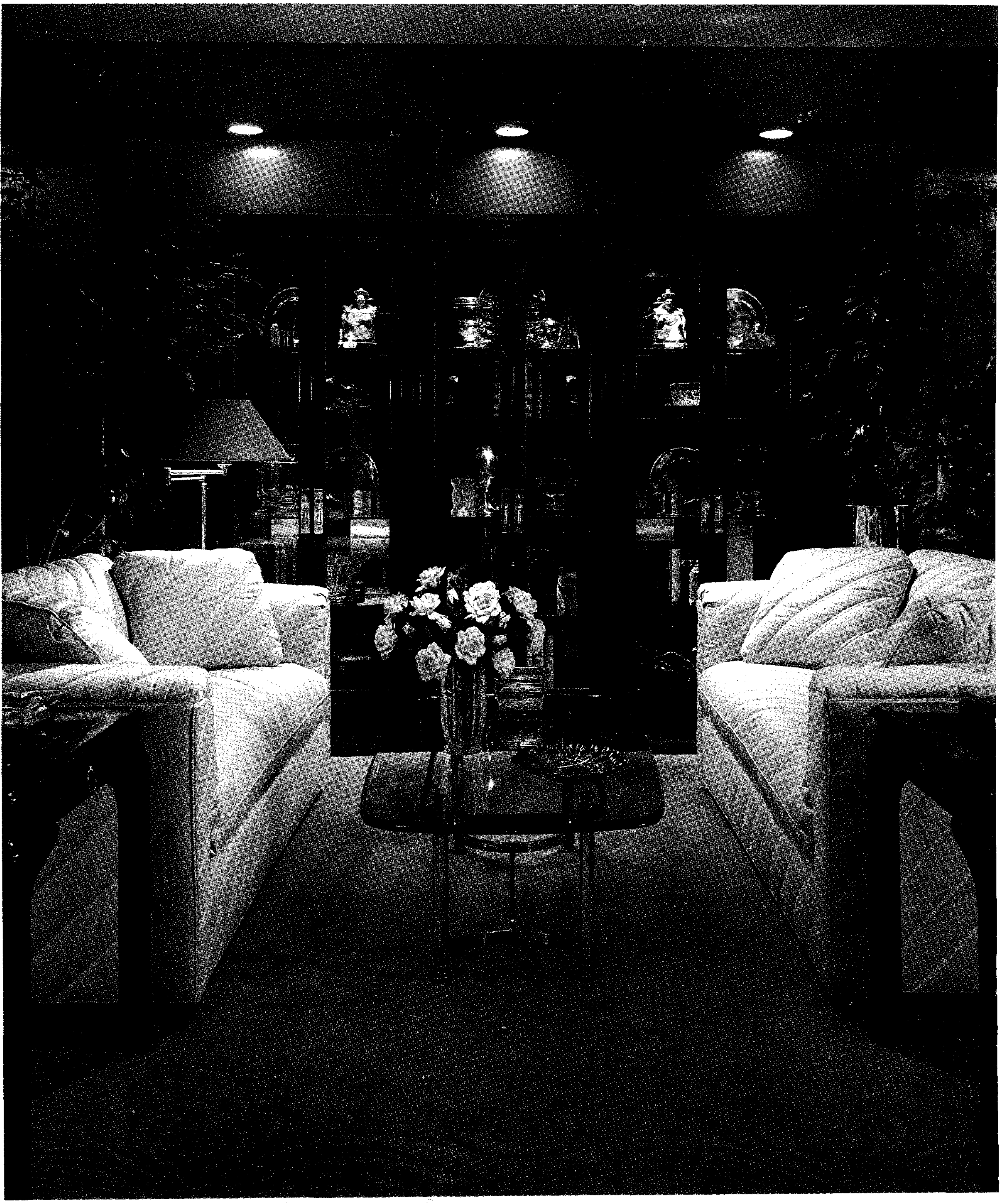

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